

COLLEGE FOOTBALL '90

Sports Illustrated

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MIAMI HURRICANES
NO. 1 (AGAIN)

**M.I.T., SWARTHMORE,
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PLAY THE GAME

TODD MARINOVICH

GROWING PAINS AT USC





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KENNETH JANECH/CONTACT

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

WITH THIS ISSUE, STAFF WRITER AUSTIN MURPHY begins his second season on the college football beat, an assignment that frequently puts him in the company of coaches whose teams are in the Top 20. "As nice as these coaches are," says Murphy, "as knowledgeable as they are and as proficient as they are at hitting that little Styrofoam cup with tobacco juice, they occasionally miss when it comes to judging talent."

Which is why Murphy set out this summer in turboprop airplanes and on poorly paved roads in search of the nation's sleepers (*page 103*), players who are likely to earn a living in the NFL someday but now labor in obscurity at such schools as Arkansas-Pine Bluff and Eastern Illinois. His quest began with phone calls to small-conference coaches and officials who were, as

Murphy puts it, "congenitally unable to say no" when asked if any member schools had any future pro stars. "That's why I have two legal pads filled with defensive ends who weigh 185 pounds and running backs who run five-flat 40s," says Murphy. "I was looking for sleepers and getting the comatose."

Murphy finally seized on six underrated players after conferring with insiders like Miami Dolphin scout Joe Bushofsky. (Bushofsky may have been motivated by guilt to be forthcoming; as player personnel director of the Detroit Lions, he is the person who bore the bad news to Murphy's brother Mark when he was cut as a defensive end by the Lions last summer.) Murphy's sources, reluctant to reveal exact identities, nonetheless steered Murphy to certain hinterland areas where he might find his men.

Murphy: A tireless pursuit of sleepers.

After landing in Cheyenne, Wyo., on his way to see Wyoming defensive end Mitch Donahue, Murphy was given a four-wheel-drive vehicle at the car-rental counter—a reminder that sleepers are found somewhere off the beaten track. On the 90-mile drive Murphy passed a sign that read simply: POINT OF INTEREST, 1 MILE. What he eventually found was a tree growing out of a rock. "I thought, What a wonderful metaphor for the sleeper—verdure blooming from a barren source," says Murphy. "And then I thought, Who the hell am I kidding?"

Mercifully, Murphy filed his sleepers' story without having to force any metaphors, and he returned safely home to Brooklyn before embarking on one more trying journey—the New York City Triathlon. As you can tell from the picture above, Murphy's spells on the couch are infrequent, and even then tend to be work related. "The next time I'm sitting there watching the halftime scoreboard," says Murphy, "and Jim Nantz is speed-reading the small-school scores, I'll realize some terrific football is being played out there, in front of hundreds of fans instead of thousands."



PAUL BRENSWILL

Donald J. Barr

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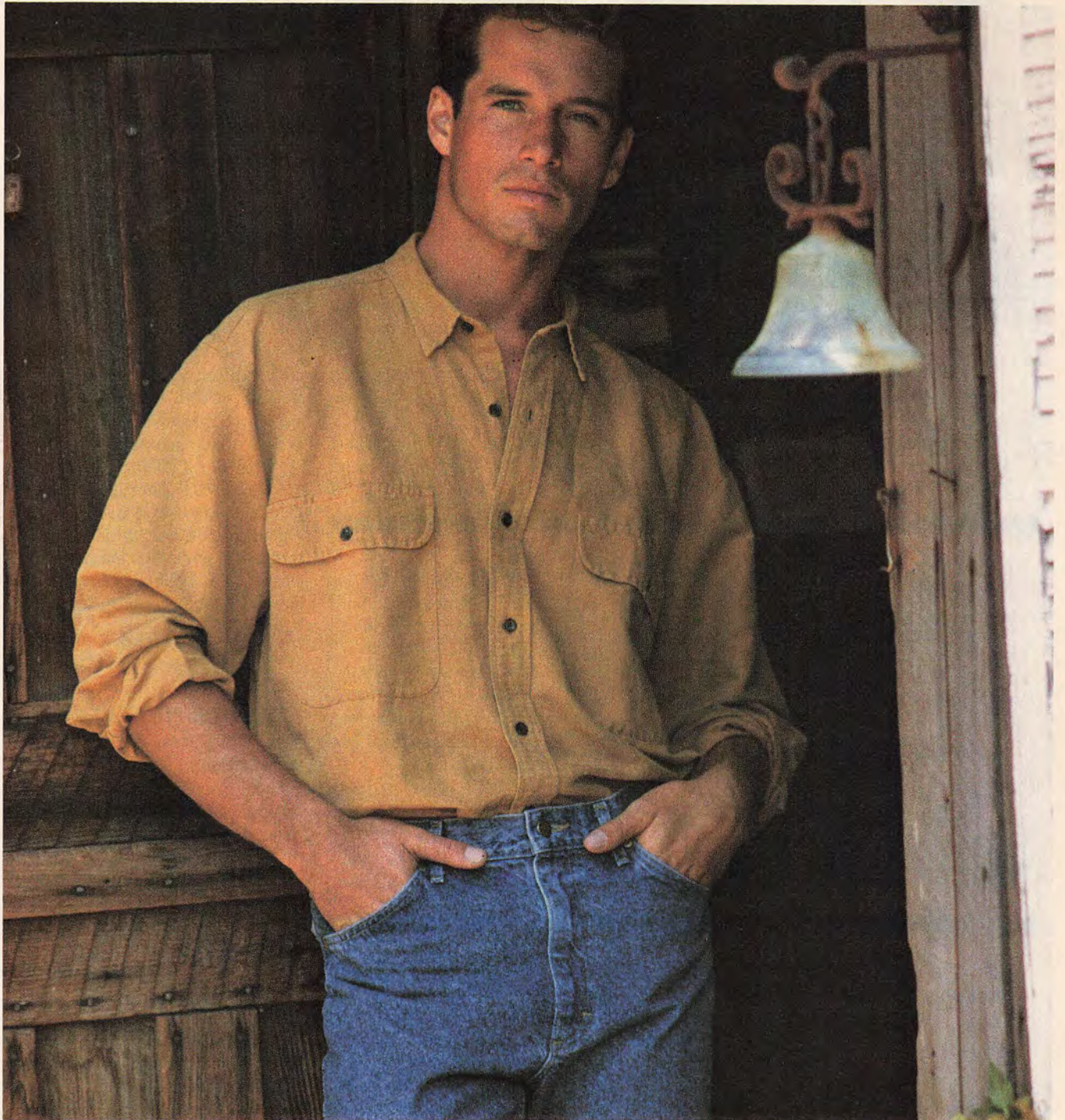
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LETTERS

■ JOE MONTANA

Congratulations on Paul Zimmerman's story about Joe Montana (*Born to Be a Quarterback*, Aug. 6). Being a devout Notre Dame fan, I wondered why coach Dan Devine didn't use Montana more often. Too bad Ara Parseghian didn't stay around past Montana's freshman year. He knew and used the talent on his squads—just ask (then) skinny, 160-pound Joe Theismann.

JACK F. KRACH
Fort Wayne, Ind.

You would think the people in the Monongahela Valley would be proud of Montana. He has represented his birthplace in a positive way and will be remembered for his accomplishments on and off

one day Ringgold High's stadium will bear Joe Montana's name.

JAMES CARLOCK
Fort Worth

When I read that nine-year-old Joe Montana liked eating his mom's ravioli and playing catch with his dad, I thought, What else can a kid ask for? What else can a parent ask for? As a single parent raising two boys, I respect family closeness like that, no matter what the outside world sees or thinks.

FRED EHRLICH
Las Vegas

Any reason why Dr. Z did not include two others, Babe Parilli of Rochester and Jim Kelly of East Brady, on his list of

● That's true. Tarkenton does lead in rushing attempts (675) and in yards gained rushing (3,674).—ED.

■ THE OLD REDHEAD

I am deeply pleased and touched by Lisa Twyman Bessone's *UPDATE* about me in your Aug. 13 issue. It is a wonderful tribute to my years as a broadcaster.

RED BARBER
Tallahassee, Fla.

The members of my car pool (Stan Weiland and Ron Shaffer) and I enjoyed the story about Red Barber immensely. We are on the road to San Francisco at 6:30 every workday morning. We ride in my old 1963 Buick (Barber would approve) Monday through Thursday, but on Friday I am required to drive my newer car, a '71 Jaguar. The old Buick's radio is AM only. Red and Colonel Bob are heard in these parts on FM radio at about 6:45 Friday mornings. We never miss his broadcasts. It's our "TGIF."

RON PENGILLY
Piedmont, Calif.

■ THE STEROID GAMES

Your July 9 *SCORECARD* contained an item about the Steroid Games in which "all the competitors will be on anabolic steroids" because all are recipients of transplanted organs. The steroid drugs used in the Steroid Games, which took place Aug. 3 through Aug. 5 in London, are corticosteroids, not anabolic steroids. Corticosteroids are used in the care of transplant patients to prevent tissue rejection. They are of value for their immunosuppressive properties as well as for being a potent anti-inflammatory medication. Anabolic steroids cannot suppress the immune system nor can they reduce inflammation. Anabolic steroids are on the USOC list of banned drugs, and corticosteroids are subject to certain USOC restrictions: They may be used topically with a doctor's permission, but not by mouth or injection.

S. KATHLEEN HIRTZ, M.D.
Springfield, Ore.



TERRY CLARK



FOCUS ON SPORTS

■ LOOK-ALIKES?

Is it just me, or is Jim Matice, the Young Adult Indoor National Bare-Bow Archery champion (*FACES IN THE CROWD*, July 16), a dead ringer for Phillie centerfielder Len Dykstra?

CHRIS NAQUIN
Schriever, La.

● Matice looks more like the younger Dykstra, when he was a Met.—ED.

the gridiron when his few detractors will be nothing more than dust in the wind.

JIM MCKENNA
JEFF JAQUES
Bishop Wickford, R.I.

I grew up in Donora, Pa., the home of Deacon Dan Towler, Stan Musial and both Ken Griffey's. Like Joe Montana, I graduated from Ringgold, which is the high school for both Donora and Monongahela, Montana's hometown.

The fact of the matter is, the Mon Valley is very proud of Montana. In 1982 Ringgold retired his football jersey, and today the gymnasium is decorated with banners acknowledging his Super Bowl accomplishments. I feel confident that

outstanding quarterbacks from western Pennsylvania? I was born and raised in Mount Lebanon (Pa.) and was surprised that these two were not mentioned.

BILL RANKIN
Yardley, Pa.

I was interested in the chart of stats of outstanding quarterbacks that accompanied Paul Zimmerman's second Joe Montana article, *The Ultimate Winner* (Aug. 13). It's too bad rushing attempts and yards gained for each quarterback weren't included, because then Fran Tarkenton might have led in seven of nine categories instead of only five of seven.

MARK GEVIK
Hoffman, Minn.

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TWO VIEWS OF A FAMED DALLAS COACH

Tom Landry takes it on the chin in one book but sets forth his side in another

BY RON FIMRITE ■

Sinners abound in *God's Coach* (Simon and Schuster, \$19.95), Dallas *Times Herald* sports columnist Skip Bayless's unforgiving account of Tom Landry's 29 years with the Dallas Cowboys. And anyone who says you can't tell a book by its cover need only examine the bold subtitle of this one—*The Hymns, Hype and Hypocrisy of Tom Landry's Cowboys*—to see the error of his ways. Bayless proclaims himself a born-again Christian on page 48, but the

reader has learned 33 pages earlier, from prose as overwrought as any frothing evangelist's, that the subject of *God's Coach* will be exposed to high-minded scrutiny: "Perhaps coach Tom Landry's spiritual life was 'founded upon a rock' (Matthew 7:25) but his 'business,' as he called the Cowboys, was built on prairie dust. On Texas-sized egos. On greed. Excess. Sex appeal. Adultery. Lies. Oil. Alcohol. Arrogance. Gusher luck. On a towering media-made facade known as Cowboys mystique. . . ." And so on.

Bayless sees Landry, Cowboy president Tex Schramm and personnel director Gil Brandt—all of whom left the organization last year when the team was sold to Arkansas businessman Jerry Jones—as an "unholy trinity." Schramm, who built the franchise from scratch, is dismissed as a bibulous blowhard whose steadfast promotion of the Cowboys as America's Team served primarily as a motivational tool for opponents enraged by such presumption. As wide receiver Drew Pearson

told Bayless, "This 'America's Team' [stuff] is killing us." Another Schramm creation, the Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders, became nothing more, writes Bayless, than a shameful pandering to the lecherous patrons of Schramm's Million Dollar Saloons (luxury boxes) in Texas Stadium.

Brandt, widely credited with introducing computer technology to scouting, is, in Bayless's hard-eyed view, a phony who knows virtually nothing about either football or technology. Bayless suggests that Brandt lasted 29 years in the game only by calling in markers from college coaches he had treated to favors. And team owner Clint Murchison was, for Bayless, an incorrigible philanderer who sank so low as to steal the wife of one of his employees—Brandt's, as it turned out.

But these rogues never professed to be anything other than what they were. Landry, on the other hand, was for Bayless "a force for the Lord." And when he, too, turned out to have feet of clay, Bayless was apparently moved to rage. How,

Driven to work, but loves to play.

This could be fun. The body looks lean. It's definitely asking to be noticed. Power moonroof. Fuel-injected

he asked himself, could a man who inspired countless thousands at Billy Graham's crusades and Fellowship of Christian Athletes conventions coexist with the degenerate likes of his closest colleagues? How could such a man, a born-again Christian like Bayless, coach a team that at one point or another seemed to be peopled by an uncommon assemblage of drunkards, deviates, racists and drug addicts? Where was the fabled Landry influence on such wayward souls as Hollywood Henderson, Lance Rentzel, Rafael Septien, Bob Hayes, Duane Thomas and Larry Bethea? And in his later years at the helm, Landry wasn't even much of a coach. In one of his newspaper columns cited in this book, Bayless even suggested that the once-revered stone face had grown senile. At his best, says Bayless, Landry wouldn't have won the "big ones" without quarterback Roger Staubach countermanding his orders and calling his own plays.

There is throughout this debunking



HEINZ KLUTMEIER

book an irritating strain of the holier-than-thou. "I often asked, 'Use me for Your good,'" Bayless writes. The response from on high is unrecorded, but it would seem that the author was instructed to wield a terrible swift sword.

Landry gives himself a chance to answer this dogged critic in *Tom Landry: An Autobiography* (Harper Collins/Zonderman, \$18.95), written with Gregg Lewis,

Bayless writes off Landry as a success in spite of himself—and in spite of his associates.

which hit the bookstores almost simultaneously with *God's Coach*. But Landry is neither as interesting nor as sanctimonious as his literary assailant. In fact, he is at his best recounting the roisterous and brutal days of pro football in the early 1950s, when he was a standout defensive back for the New York Giants and a Bobby Layne could party all night and throw touchdown passes all the next day. Landry explains a fact of athletic life that Bayless should have understood: A good coach never gets too emotionally attached to his players. Landry also seems to think that his associates, the infamous Murchison, Schramm and Brandt, were pretty damn good at their jobs, just as he himself was. The evidence—20 straight winning seasons, 18 playoffs, five Super Bowl appearances, two Super Bowl championships—would seem to substantiate this uncritical view. ■



engine. Double wishbone suspension. So after work, you want to go out and play? Prelude 2.0 Si **HONDA**

OUT OF A BAR, INTO A BALLPARK

Ken Levine takes off from 'Cheers' to broadcast baseball

BY MIKE D'ORSO ■

As general manager of the Tidewater Tides, the New York Mets' Triple A affiliate in Norfolk, Va., Dave Rosenfield gets about 200 tapes a year from would-be radio announcers. After 35 years of hiring and firing the men behind the mike, Rosenfield has seen and heard it all—most of it awful. "Bad voices, bad knowledge, bad description," says Rosenfield. "There's a lot of ways to be awful."

Three summers ago Rosenfield received a package with the return address reading "Ken Levine." The tape was nothing special, but the résumé that came with it demanded a second look. After all, how many play-by-play men have been head writer for *M*A*S*H*? How many have produced *Cheers*? How many have won an Emmy?

Levine has. Which begs the question Rosenfield asked himself. "I said, What the hell is going on here?" recalls the Tides' G.M. "This guy's making a zillion dollars, with all the success you can imagine, and he wants to broadcast minor league baseball?"

Yes, he does. And here he is, on a sweltering summer night in Norfolk, calling the action on WTAR-AM 790 as the Tides host the Columbus Clippers. The game is low-scoring and smooth, which leaves plenty of room for between-play patter with partner Bob Rathbun. And Levine is loving it, lacing the afternoon scores and baseball news with lines that could easily come straight from the mouth of Sam or of one of the rest of the gang down at Cheers. On the pronunciation of Clipper second baseman Jim Walewander's name: "Try saying *that* after

you've had a few beers." On two-sport athlete Deion Sanders's .126 batting average with the Yankees: "I hear the writers in New York have changed his nickname from Neon to Freon."

Rosenfield is not the only one wondering what Levine is doing here, swatting bugs in a tiny box behind home plate, pitching the Pizza Hut Pizza Puzzler question into the airwaves of a farm-team town. Levine's Hollywood friends thought he was nuts when he announced he was launching a second career, leaving L.A. to spend the summer of 1988 in Syracuse, N.Y. It was that city's Triple A Chiefs, not the Tides, who thought enough of his demo tape to sign Levine to his first season in the booth.

"I wasn't surprised at all," says Levine's writing partner, David Isaacs. "But every-

one else thought he was *crazy*. Our agents and everyone we work with said, 'You're going to do *what*?' "

At first glance it seemed at best a lark; at worst, a midlife crisis. But three seasons later, Levine is still at it. Which doesn't surprise his wife, Debby, at all. "Surprised?" she says. "This is a job Ken's been preparing for since he was eight."

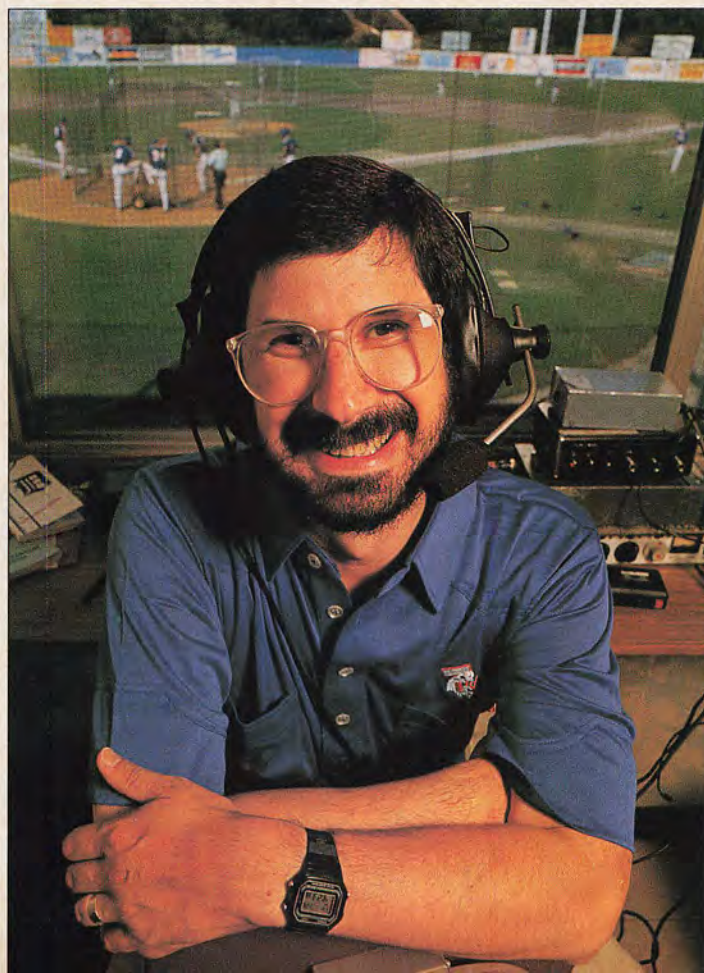
That was 1958, the year the Dodgers moved from Brooklyn to Los Angeles. For a baseball-starved kid in the San Fernando Valley, suddenly being able to hear the exploits of Duke Snider, Pee Wee Reese and Carl Furillo on the radio was a dream come true. But more enchanting than the players was the voice that described them. Three decades later, Vin Scully remains Levine's idol. "He had a way of introducing the game beyond simply being a sport. He made it an ongoing *story*, and each night was a different chapter, like a soap opera."

After graduating from UCLA in 1971, Levine focused on a career as a disc jockey. He spent the next three years bouncing from Bakersfield, Calif., to Detroit

to San Francisco, spinning Top 40 hits. Then one afternoon, as he was sitting in a theater watching Woody Allen's *Sleeper*, it came to Levine. "I'm sitting in this theater and I start thinking, *Schlemiel*, this guy writes movies, he's making millions, he's having his stuff *seen* by millions, and you're killing yourself trying to make jokes to fit 16-second record intros for four guys who are working the 7-Eleven stores, and two of *them* are tied up in the back. Have you perhaps set your sights a little *low*?"

So along with Isaacs, whom he had met in the Army Reserves, Levine spent 1974 pitching scripts to various sitcom producers and drawing nothing but blanks. In 1975 they broke through with a story for *The Jeffersons*. The next year they made it to *M*A*S*H*, selling a script in which Hawkeye and B.J.

Emmy-winner Levine spends his summers in headphones for the Tidewater Tides.



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Levine and co-writer Isaacs made ex-pitcher Sam (lower left) the main man at Cheers.

re-create a major league ball game on the base radio. "Once we did that first *M*A*S*H*," says Levine, "it was off to the races."

By the end of that season, they were the show's story editors. In 1982 they joined *Cheers*, winning an Emmy and a Writers Guild Award, the latter for an episode titled *Boys in the Bar*. In that script, a roommate of one of the characters is a former catcher who publishes a book announcing he's gay. The title of the catcher's book is *Behind the Mask*—the same title former National League umpire Dave Pallone used for his memoirs, published this summer, in which he reveals he is gay.

But not everything Levine touched in Hollywood turned to gold. He and Isaacs were creators, writers and executive producers of a new Mary Tyler Moore show, which debuted in 1985 and soon died. Isaacs spent that off-season seeking solace in the Caribbean. Levine headed for the upper deck of Dodger Stadium. With him went a friend named Steve Leon. Staking their turf "above the timberline,"

Leon's and Levine's calling the games quickly became a fixture in the cheap seats. Soon he was getting stat packets from the Dodgers' front office. A headset came next. Then a crowd mike and a minimixer. Before long, Levine was buying two tickets per game, one for himself and one for his equipment. By the next summer, Levine was doing Angel games as well.

During the winter of 1988 Levine made his move, mailing a tape and résumé to 20 minor league towns. Three days later, he got the call from Syracuse. The next summer he, Debby and their two children headed east—just as the Writers Guild went on strike. When the Levines came home 146 games later, the strike was settled. "Ken was all everyone talked about," says Isaacs, who spent that summer on the picket line. "I'd show up and the first thing every-

body'd ask me was, 'How's Levine doin'? What's going on? God, I envy him.' He was the only one of us who was working."

"Yeah," says Levine. "I was the highest-paid writer in America that summer. Twelve hundred dollars a month and meal money—\$14 a day."

Not to mention material. Levine and Isaacs now have a screenplay in the rewrite stage with Columbia Pictures. The working title is *Play by Play*, and it's about a comedy writer who goes off to Syracuse to become a baseball announcer.

"I'm having fun, but I'm also busting my butt to do a damn good radio broadcast," Levine says. "I don't want anyone to tune in and say, 'Oh, man, here's some comedy writer getting his kicks fooling around with a baseball game.'" Besides spending last winter in typical fashion—studying the baseball trade magazines—Levine took voice lessons from the same coach who works with Sean Connery and Albert Finney.

"Everybody thinks they can do it," Rathbun says. "So there's always a touch of skepticism when somebody comes from another profession, albeit a related field. But my fears vanished when I talked

to Ken and saw how serious he was about this. And after I watched him actually work, well, that was it. I could see he's the real thing. Most of all, he knows how to pick his spots, how to find and fit into the rhythm of the game, and how to play off his partner without pushing in to show how much baseball he knows or how clever he is. Nobody tunes in to see how cute we are."

Even while he was at Syracuse, Levine decided that a future of uprooting his family annually and working two full-time careers—when the television and baseball seasons overlapped—was too much. Scriptwriting came first, and paid better, so Levine mailed off his tapes again, but this time he requested that he work for only half of the minor league season. Dave Rosenfield was the first to agree to the arrangement.

Levine figures he can easily continue to split his time between baseball and Hollywood, where he and Isaacs work out of an office at Paramount. Currently they consult and write for *Cheers* as well as for other programs, including *The Simpsons*. A Levine-Isaacs episode, to air this fall, has a predictable setting. "Homer goes to the local minor league park on Nuclear Power Plant Family Night to watch the Springfield Isotopes play the Shelbyville Shelbyvillians," explains Levine. "He gets sloshed on ballpark beer, winds up dancing on the scoreboard, the team rallies and wins, he becomes the mascot and ends up being called to the big leagues."

The question is, What happens if Levine gets the same call? It might happen.

In the meantime, Levine's got to wrap up tonight's 3-1 win for the Tides. The stands are empty. The groundskeepers are spreading tarp. Levine leans forward, toward whoever's still tuned in. "The star of the game," he says, smiling toward Rathbun in their cramped broadcast booth, "and there was some heavy discussion about this, even some gunplay—is pitcher Doug Sisk." Sisk will get a free tankful of gas for his efforts. For Levine, he already has his bonus. As he leaves Met Park, he shouts to the empty and echoing grandstands, "Can you think of a better way to spend a night?" ■

Mike D'Orso is a writer with "The Virginian-Pilot" and "The Ledger-Star" in Norfolk, Va.



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CASTING A SHADOW

With the XI Asian Games scheduled to begin in Beijing in late September, no one is sure who, if anyone, will represent Kuwait. International Olympic Committee president Juan Antonio Samaranch says his organization supports "100 percent a true Kuwaiti team," but by last week's deadline neither the government-in-exile nor the current Iraqi-installed regime had submitted a roster of athletes to the games' Chinese organizers. If both governments eventually apply, a decision on which team to recognize would rest with the Beijing regime, which joined a dozen other nations on the United Nations Security Council last Saturday in voting to extend and to strengthen trade sanctions against Iraq.

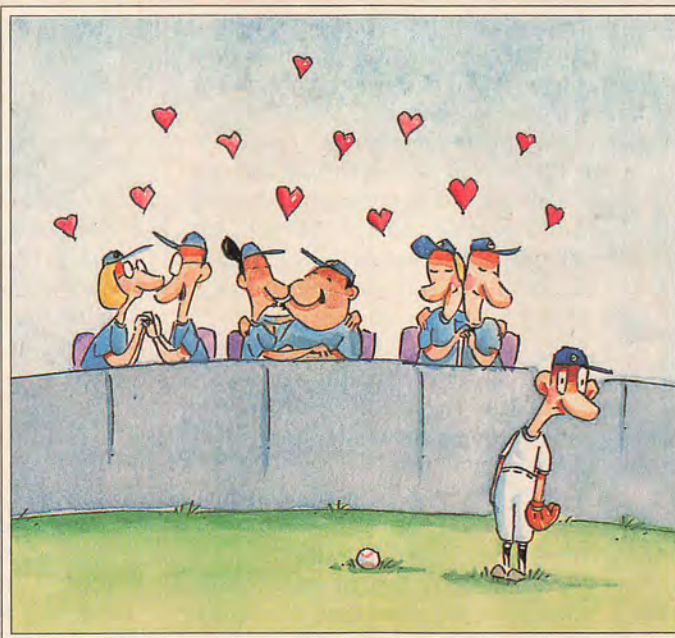
Whatever the fate of the Asian Games, Iraq's annexation of Kuwait has already left its mark on sport. Among the 200 Kuwaitis who died during the invasion was IOC member Sheikh Fahd al-Ahmed al-Sabah, 45, the brother of exiled Kuwaiti emir Sheikh Jaber al-Ahmed al-Sabah. He was shot while defending the palace. A distinguished figure in an array of international sports organizations, Sheikh Fahd had, ironically, helped smooth the way for Iraq's and Iran's participation in the Seoul Olympics. The Chinese took his death particularly hard, for as president of the Olympic Council of Asia, he would have presided over the Asian Games.

Other repercussions from Iraq's invasion of Kuwait:

- New England linebacker Ed Reynolds, a captain in the Army Reserve and a Patriot in more ways than one, may be activated as part of President Bush's move last week to call up some 50,000 reservists. By law, the Pats must hold a

spot for him on the team as long as his unit is activated—even if he's never sent to the Middle East.

- Itzik Cohen, 22, a 6' 8" forward from Israel, had planned to play basketball at Wake Forest this season, but tensions in the Persian Gulf have prompted him to scrap those plans. Cohen has chosen instead to serve a three-year stint as a navigator with his country's air force. "As important as ACC basketball is," said his would-be coach, Dave Odom,



"it's not the same thing as war."

- Three thoroughbreds entered in the forthcoming Arlington Million stakes race were scratched because officials couldn't reach their owners, including Prince Yazid Saud, a member of the Saudi royal family and owner of Ile de Niski. "Many European horse owners are from the Middle East, and these same owners are important members of their governments," said Nick Clark of the International Racing Bureau. "Their overriding preoccupation is the safety of their countries."

- The second annual Saddam Hussein invitational basketball tournament, a competition for Arab national teams that was scheduled to open two weeks ago in Baghdad, was canceled.

MARITAL BLISS

We're not making any guarantees, but one secret to an enduring marriage may be having a major league baseball team to watch. According to a study of census data by psychologist Howard Markman, director of the University of Denver's Center for Marital and Family Studies, the divorce rate in cities with major league baseball teams is 23% lower than the rate in cities now seeking big league franchises, among them Buffalo, Denver, Indianapolis, Miami and Phoenix. (All the aforementioned towns *do* have pro football teams, a fact that might be worthy of another study.) "I wouldn't want to overestimate how big a factor baseball is," says Markman, who is determined to have fun with his findings, "but [the numbers] are interesting."

Markman has speculated that big league baseball keeps couples together by providing them with "a cheap and enjoyable form of entertainment"—having fun is one of the most crucial elements of a successful marriage, Markman points out—and by enhancing a city's economic strength. "The worse the economy, the higher the rate of divorce," he says.

Markman notes that Denver has a divorce rate 20% higher than the national average and "is a city in which many of the inhabitants feel unrooted. Many have come from somewhere else. There is a real need here for a sense of community." Markman believes that a major league franchise might help provide that sense. So let's raise a cheer: On Aug. 15 voters in metropolitan Denver began a courtship of sorts. They approved a sales tax to raise money for the construction of a new stadium, which they hope will attract a big league team.

GETTING HIS KICKS

Strange as it may sound, comedian-actor-Cleveland Browns booster Martin Mull's principal form of exercise is placekicking. Twice a week he totes a sack full of footballs to a high school field near his home in Los Angeles, laces up a pair of square-toed shoes and boots field goals for an hour or more. "I kick off a tee, which is cheating, but hey,

give me a break," says Mull, who employs a head-on, Lou Groza style.

Two years ago the Browns invited Mull to a practice and had him try a 20-yard field goal under game conditions. "They even called timeout to make me think about it," says Mull. He recalls that the team "gave me [jersey] number 38, the one worn by Sam Baker, the worst kicker the Browns ever had. That way I had no expectations to live up to."

Mull was disappointed that his kick just barely made it through the uprights, so he stepped up his training. A year later, with the help of some tips from Browns kicker Matt Bahr, who has become a good friend, Mull hit three 40-yarders before a Cleveland-Tampa Bay exhibition game. "He works very hard at his routine, he's deadpan in his delivery and he's funny to watch," says Bahr.

Mull, 46, hit a personal-record 47-yarder during one of his practice sessions this year, and he says his goal is to "kick my age until I'm 64, at which point I'll eclipse Tom Dempsey's NFL record for the longest field goal."

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON

AS LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL WAS PREPARING TO CROWN A NEW CHAMPION (page 24), the hero of last year's World Series, Chris Drury, was celebrating his 14th birthday in a leafy cul-de-sac in Trumbull, Conn., with a half-dozen pals and Series vets. They gathered at the home of his next-door neighbors, the Wheelers, and Drury drove a Wiffle ball over the two-story house. "Did you see it?" shrieked 13-year-old Bobby Wheeler. "Chris hit the longest homer ever!"

The boys of last summer are still very much boys. Chris, who pitched the U.S. past Taiwan 5-2 for the 1989 title, has shed 15 pounds to make himself quicker on hockey skates. First baseman Kenny Martin has shot up three inches to 6' 1". Third baseman Jason Hairston has passed up Babe Ruth ball for soccer. Leftfielder Danny McGrath has returned to his native Australia. And catcher Todd Halky has come to grips with the disappointment of not getting to play in the final game. Says Todd, "I've got to get on with my life."

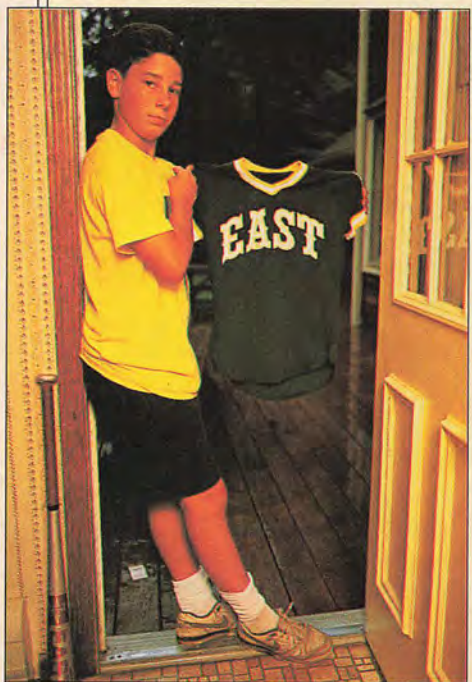
At a reunion bash the day before Chris's birthday party, the kids chose to play ball rather than rehash their victory and subsequent visit to the White House. "We get together all the time, anyway," says Martin with a shrug.

Outfielder Matt Sewell may have grown up the most. He had been a stalwart on the Trumbull team before breaking his left wrist in a bicycle accident just before the '89 state tournament. Because he was replaced on the roster and didn't travel with the team to

Williamsport, Pa., for the Series, Little League pooh-bahs wouldn't let him keep a commemorative jersey. Only after news of his case created a minor uproar—hockey star Wayne Gretzky was prepared to spring for the cost of a jersey—did they reverse themselves. "I felt left out," Matt says. "Then I was relieved when I finally got it. I guess you could say I was kind of naive before this."

But has having the jersey at last helped him meet girls? In a word, says Matt, "No."

—HANK HERSCH



Matt no longer feels that he got shirt shrift.

BARD OF THE BUSHES

Readers of a literary bent may have been intrigued by the haunting verse quoted in Leigh Montville's piece on the minor league Toledo Mud Hens (July 23). Scribbled in the clubhouse of Ned Skeldon Stadium are verses like "Heed the warnings of past Mud Hen ghosts/Whose own psyche has transformed into burnt toast," and bittersweet references to Detroit manager Sparky Anderson as "the albino general" of "the S.S. Minnow."

It turns out that the primary author of the doggerel is outfielder Scott Lusader, who has added to his oeuvre intermittently since 1987, when he began shuttling between Detroit and Toledo. Lusader's muse, he admitted to Jerry Green of the *Detroit News* last week after his most recent demotion, is disgruntlement at his treatment by the Tiger organization. "I've really been soured by the game, so I no longer look at my future as a ballplayer," said Lusader, who was hitting .241 in 87 at bats this season before he was sent down. "I love my future. It's great. Whether it's in this game or not is not important."

THEY SAID IT

• Lynn Gottschalk, a volunteer driver at the ATP Championships in Cincinnati, to Andre Agassi, who balked at leaving the gate at the airport in northern Kentucky before security arrived: "Andre, it's 11 p.m. and you're in Kentucky. Unless you've been on *Hee Haw* recently, no one's going to mob you." ■

IF THEY LOOK LIKE COLLEGE FOOTBALL PLAYERS, YOU'RE ONLY SEEING PART OF THE PICTURE.

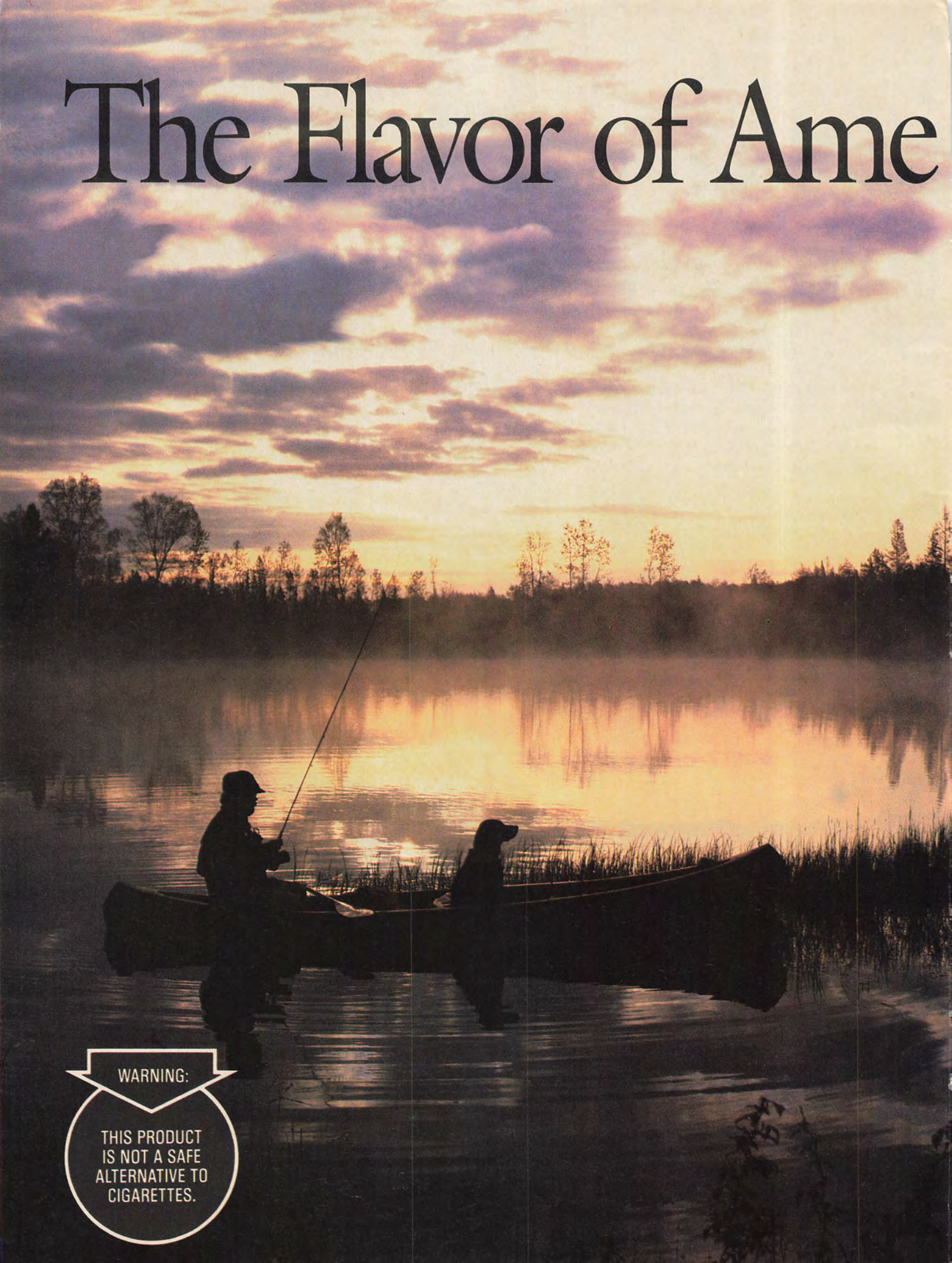
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*The surprisingly strong-armed Red Sox
blanked the Blue Jays three straight*

BY STEVE WULF

TRY THESE RED SOX ON FOR SIZE: the pitching-rich Red Sox. The scrappy Red Sox. The 25-guys-in-one-cab Red Sox.

Incredible as those appellations might have sounded a few years ago, or even back in April, Boston proved them absolutely, positively accurate in a four-game series last weekend in Toronto. The Red Sox took three of four, winning the last three games by World Cup scores of 2-0, 1-0 and 1-0, to put four games between themselves and the second-place Blue Jays. O.K., you knew Roger Clemens would have one of those blankings. But Dana Kiecker, with an assist from Jeff Gray? Greg Harris, with another Gray save? All of a sudden, Boston is deploying pocket Rockets.

Let's back up for a moment to last Thursday, when, in Toronto, the roof of the SkyDome was opened to reveal, *ta-da*, a pennant race. Only two games separated the American League East-leading Red Sox from the second-place Blue Jays, but even beyond that, this was a very intriguing matchup. It was old franchise versus new, the Wall versus the Roof, we versus me, character versus talent, over-achievers versus underachievers. It was a confrontation aptly characterized by Boston's Dwight Evans, who has seen a few of these races. "We know we're not the rabbit," said Dewey. "We're the tortoise."

Score a big one for the tortoise, and for baseball in general. Even Blue Jay fans had to appreciate these hair-raising (as opposed to hare-raising) games, each of which left the sellout crowds on the edges of their nice new seats. There is more than a month remaining in the season, but in the word of Red Sox manager and Walpole, Mass., native Joe Morgan, this one was a "monstuh."

The Red Sox aren't exactly monstuh anymore, but they're a lot better than they should be, or better than people thought they would be. Consider that the Sox are next to last in the league in home runs and last in stolen bases, that four of their pitchers have been previously released, that two of their starting pitchers languished in the minors for years, and that their bullpen has become a Gray area. "I've been on lots of Red Sox teams with

more talent than this one," says Evans, who first came up to Boston in 1972, "but never one with more character."

Strange words for a franchise that once inspired the "25 guys, 25 cabs" tag. The way the players talk now, though, you would expect to see them all pile out of the same taxi like circus clowns. And they've done their share of clowning this season. In Milwaukee recently, leftfielder Mike Greenwell tried to exorcise a team batting slump by performing an elaborate ritual involving many candles, 30 bats, assorted toy spiders, snakes and insects, a statue of Buddha and a number 13 Red Sox jersey. In Seattle two weeks ago the Red Sox became so caught up in a rally-cap duel with the Mariners that the normally reserved Clemens could be seen on the bench with cap inside out, white towels hanging over his head, shaving cream all over his face and paper cups attached to his ears.

Much of the credit for the new spirit on the team and the blossoming of the staff goes to catcher Tony Pena, who signed as a free agent in the off-season and is a sort of Luis Tiant with face mask. "He's amazing," says Kiecker. "With men on base he'll call for a pitch in the dirt, knowing that the batter's going to swing and miss and that he won't let it get by." Says Mike Boddicker, "Tony's added new meaning to the word *understanding*. I can't understand a word of his Spanglish when he comes out to the mound, yet somehow I know what he wants and that it works."

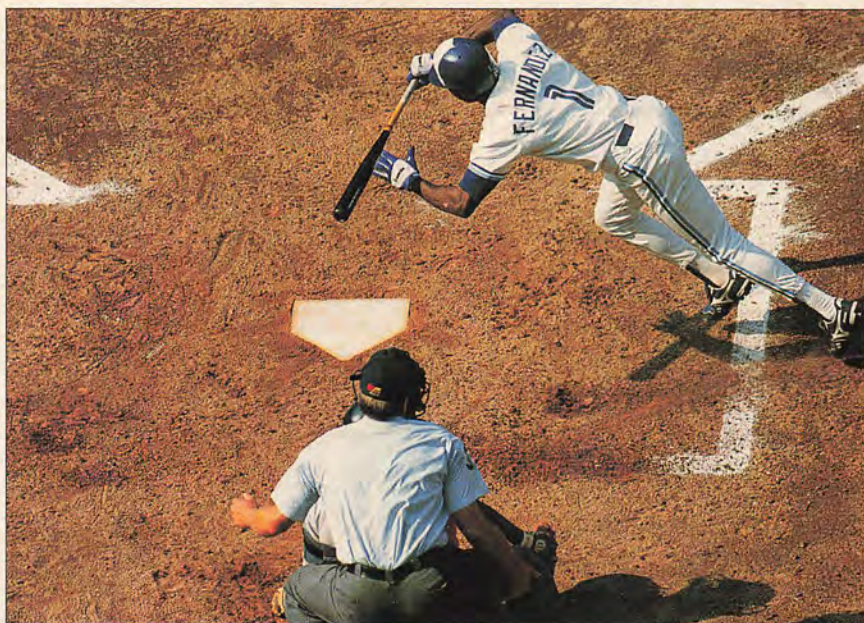
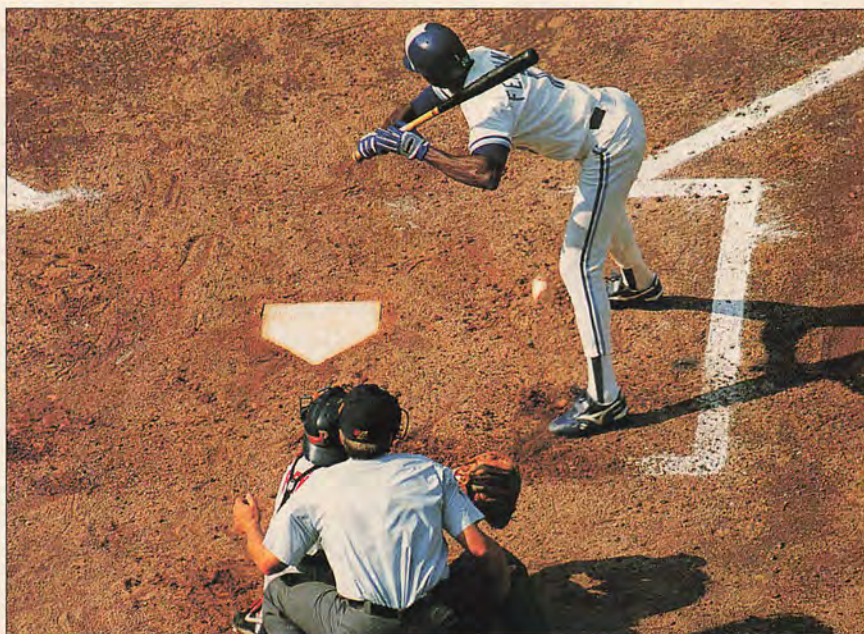
As for the Blue Jays, well, they are even more puzzling than the Red Sox. Why has a team so long on talent refused to take over a mediocre division? They're short on fundamentals, for one thing. Their baserunning mistakes are legion and legendary, and they seldom bunt or hit-and-run, not because manager Cito Gaston doesn't want to, but rather because most of his players are incapable of either. Asked what he can do about his team's lack of basics, Gaston says, "Not a damn thing at this level."

Another reason the Jays are treading water is that they have not been able to seize a home-field advantage in their pleasure dome. Their home record of 33-32 is eighth in the league. When the roof is open, they are a particularly dreadful 9-17. Amateur physicists say the ball doesn't carry when the top is down. The pitchers complain about the mound, the outfielders complain about the lights, and

Boston had more errors (3) than runs (1) on Saturday, but Clemens was overpowering.

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 3, 1990



reliever Tom Henke complained the other day that the fans aren't loud enough to intimidate the other team.

But then the Blue Jays have been something of a mystery the last few years, averaging 91 wins from 1983 to '89 with nary an American League pennant to show for it. They even inspired a whodunit, *The Dead Pull Hitter* by Alison Gordon, published last year. Although the book was clearly fiction—for one thing, the Toronto Titans play “in the tough Eastern Division”—one of the characters, first baseman Tiny Washington, hits home when he says, “Seems like there are too many people on this team thinking about themselves. . . . How 'bout we save [the fighting] for the Red Sox?”

The Blue Jays did save some good pitching for the Red Sox last weekend. But they also took a few pages out of their own book of blunders. The Jays rode the arms of Dave Stieb and Henke to a 4-3 victory in the opener but had to survive two misplays by leftfielder George Bell. In the third, Bell lost Jody Reed's fly ball in the lights and it fell for a double, and in the eighth, he let a fly ball by Ellis Burks drop at his feet. Stieb was visibly annoyed at Bell, but the important thing was that the Jays won, right?

Wrong. Bell compounded his misplays by talking about them. “A \$300 million ballpark and it's got the worst lights in the league,” said Bell. As for the fans who had booed him, he said, “Toronto fans should be happy they've got a \$2 million-a-year player who goes out there and plays every day. Oakland's got a \$25 million guy who can't play every day like I can. . . . They would have only been happy if the ball hit me in the face.”

Still, first-place hopes were running high in the SkyDome for the series' second game. But through eight innings, Toronto starter Jimmy Key was matched goose egg for goose egg by Kiecker. After Boston scored twice in the ninth to take a 2-0 lead, Gray retired the Jays in order, two on strikeouts, for his fifth save of the year. The win was typical of the Red Sox season, what with a tiny bit of offense and big performances by two surprising pitchers. Kiecker, born in Sleepy Eye, Minn., the son of a soybean and hog farmer, is a 29-year-old rookie who finally caught Boston's sleepy eye this spring. Gray was

Toronto's Tony Fernandez took some inside heat courtesy of the Gibsonesque Clemens.

JOHN IACONO (3)



Kiecker, one of several newfound heroes on the Sox staff, got the shutout streak started.

RONALD C. MODRA

released by the Phillies in April and picked up by the Red Sox. A forkballer with only a medium-rare fastball, Gray does not lack for confidence. Asked what he would have said if someone had told him last spring he would be the Red Sox stopper, Gray said, "Great. Let's go."

As good as the second game was, Game 3—Clemens versus David Wells—was better. The tone was set early when Bell took himself out of the game after three pitches from Clemens because he was having trouble focusing his right eye. Gray later said Bell might have had an attack of "Clemenitis." The game came into focus quickly, though, and neither pitcher blinked for the first six innings. In the seventh, Wells threw Evans a low breaking ball, a good pitch, and Evans knocked it over the fence in left. Troubled by back problems, Evans had hit only 11 homers all season, but eight of them had either tied the score or put the Red Sox ahead. So if this game was a whodunit, you could have predicted Dewey dunit.

In the meantime, Clemens, now 19-5 with a 1.95 ERA, gave one of the finest performances of his career, even if it goes down in the books as a mere five-hit shutout. His infielders made three egregious errors, which meant he had to get 30 outs to win the game. In the sixth, seventh and eighth the Blue Jays had a runner on third and left him stranded. "You could see the look in Roger's eye," said Evans. "It was a nasty, Bob Gibson look."

Trailing 1-0 in the bottom of the ninth, the Jays loaded the bases with one out. Clemens got Greg Myers to lift a fly to short rightfield, leaving it up to Manny Lee. On a 1-2 pitch Clemens threw a slider in the dirt—just as Pena had ordered—and Lee swung at it. This, mind you, was with the tying run on third base.

After the game the Red Sox gave a clin-

ic on team unity. "I can't say enough about Roger," said Evans. "Whatever it takes to win, he does it."

"I can't say enough about Dewey," said Clemens. "He always rises to the occasion." Asked about the errors, Clemens said, "I was thrilled to be able to pick those guys up. They've saved me so many times before. I knew if we lost, they would be the focus of the game, and I didn't want that to happen."

On Sunday, Bell showed up in the Jays' clubhouse wearing glasses, much to the delight of his teammates. He was not suffering from Clemenitis, as it turned out, but from a buildup of fluid behind his right retina. When asked about his eye, Bell, who had obviously read the Toronto papers, said, "Why don't you ask Jeff Gray? He's been in the league a long time." That wasn't all Bell said. "The Red

Harris was cast aside by six other big league teams before finding his place in Boston.

RED SOX-BLUE JAYS

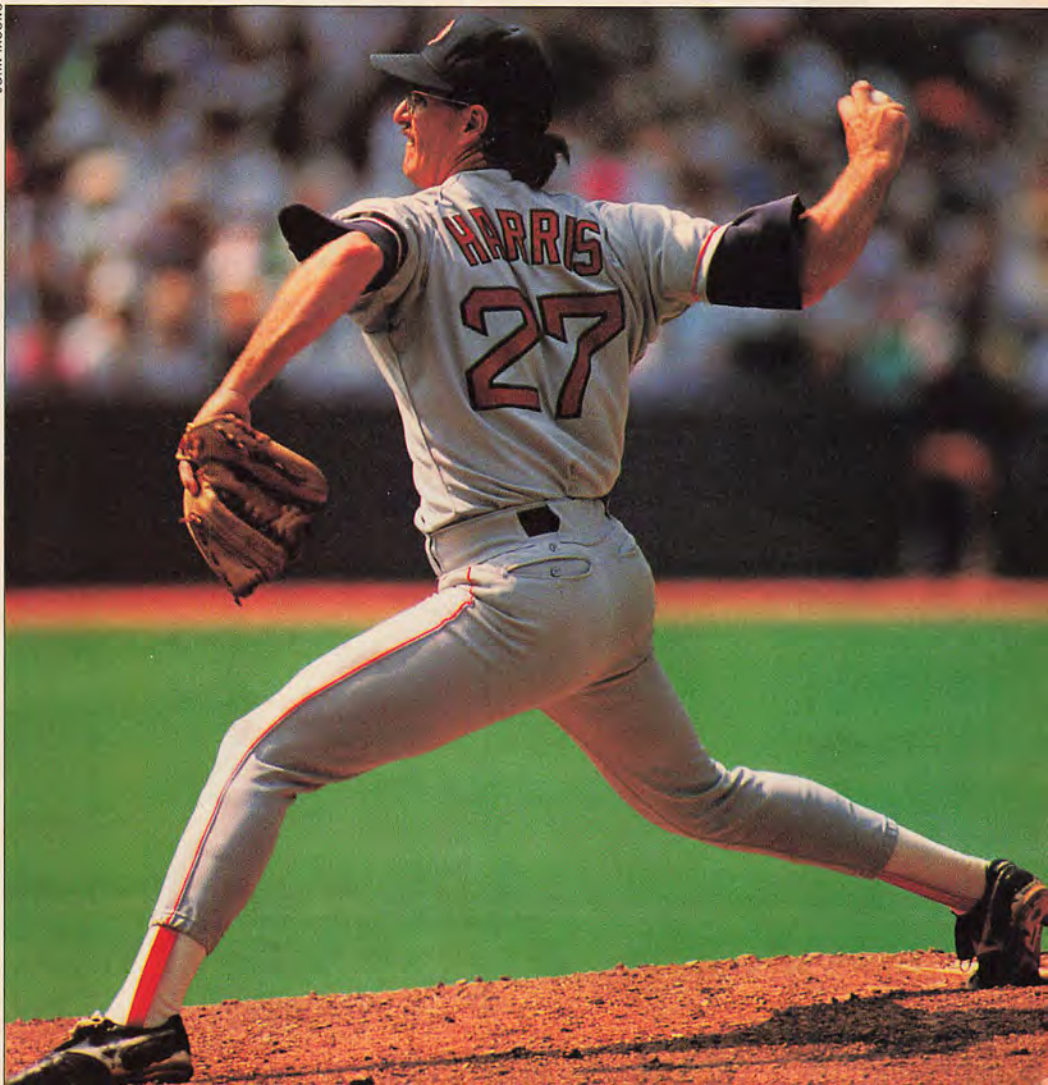
Sox are talking like they've won this thing. I guarantee you we finish two or three games ahead of them."

Bell was not in the lineup, and his wasn't the only bat missing. For the third straight game, both starters—Harris for Boston, Todd Stottlemyre for Toronto—became locked in a duel. It wasn't until the top of the eighth that a run scored—with the aid of another Blue Jay bungle. Tom Brunansky walked, moved up to second when Stottlemyre threw a pitchout past the catcher, Myers, and scored on Reed's two-out single.

Harris, the ex-Met, ex-Red, ex-Expo, ex-Padre, ex-Ranger, ex-Phillie, gave up only two hits in 7½ innings of work, and Gray shut the door, striking out John Olerud to end the game. The last time the Blue Jays were shut out three games in a row was in 1981. The last time the Red Sox pitched three shutouts in a row was in 1962, and the pitchers were Gene Conley, Bill Monbouquette and Ike Delock.

Delock, huh? That's what the Red Sox are starting to look like in the American League East. ■

JOHN IACONO



LITTLE LEAGUE

CHILD'S PLAY

Taiwan outscored its three foes 43-1 en route to a romp in the World Series

BY HANK HERSCH

THE BASEBALL PHILOSOPHY OF manager Wang Tzyy-Tsann mixes the martial with art. For three games at the Little League World Series in Williamsport, Pa., last week, he imposed a drill sergeant's discipline on his preteen troops from Taiwan. Wang lifted a slugger, who had driven in seven runs during a game, after the player committed an error at third base, replaced a hitter in the middle of an at bat for whiffing at a pitch and issued as many rebukes as a man can when his team is cumulatively outscoring the opposition 43-1. Said Glen Orndorff Jr., manager of the Shippensburg, Pa., team, which lost 9-0 to Taiwan in Sunday's championship game, "We got ballplayers. They got robots."



Wang demanded; Chao-Chi and the rest of the team delivered.

Wang, a tight rope of a fellow, puts it this way: "The game of baseball is very beautiful. You can play it to perfection if you pay attention to the fundamentals."

His players did just that—hitting .404 in their three games and pitching superbly—to give Taiwan its 14th World Series title in the last 22 years. In the finale, right-hander Sun Chao-Chi fanned 16 of the 20 batters he faced and allowed only two hits. "It's no big deal," he said afterward, wearing a face to match his words.

Shippensburg had drawn its power from battery mates Bobby Shannon and David Orndorff, the manager's son, and from the charged-up home-state crowd. Bobby struck out 14 hitters in Shippensburg's 3-1 quarterfinal win over Mobile, Ala., on Friday. Between pitches, he moped around the mound as if he had just been told to clean up his room. "I was telling myself to calm down," said Bobby. "Then I just started to throw, and they didn't touch me."

On Saturday about a third of Shippens-

Bobby was a better stopper as a catcher on Saturday than he was as a pitcher on Sunday.

burg's 7,000 citizens headed 2½ hours north to Williamsport to see their team's semifinal against Cypress, Calif. They passed up Shippensburg's big weekend event, the annual corn festival, during which all manner of corn edibles and corn crafts are available on Main Street. The sacrifice proved worthwhile. In the top of the fifth, with Cypress ahead 3-2, David legged out a two-out run-scoring hit to tie the score. Up stepped Bobby. "Bob-BEE! Bob-BEE!" chanted the crowd. He responded by belting a two-run homer to left on the first pitch.

The drama continued in the bottom of the sixth. With a runner on third and the score 5-4, Joe Katchka of Cypress laid down a bunt in front of the mound. David, who was pitching, fielded the ball and threw Joe out. Then the runner, Eddie Zamora, broke, and first baseman Bob Knox fired to Bobby at the plate. Bobby is 5' 7¼", 160 pounds, and as his brother John says, "Ain't too many people going to push through him." Eddie was no exception. Bobby made the tag and ended the threat.

Shippensburg seemed well poised for Sunday. No matter that Taiwan had blasted the European champion, Ramstein (West Germany) U.S. Air Force Base, 14-0 in the quarters and the Canadian champ, Trail, B.C., 20-1 in the semis. No matter that Taiwan's number-9 hitter was batting .800 going into the final game. No matter that Chao-Chi, the team's ace, who towered over the tournament field at 5' 9½", had yet to pitch.

Shippensburg's hopes remained high until the fourth. Bobby had allowed Taiwan only one run, thanks largely to an off-speed "dart" pitch he had learned from the coaches of Trumbull, Conn., which stunned Taiwan in last year's title game. But Bobby tired, and a bevy of Taiwanese hits and Shippensburg errors followed.

After the game, Taiwan's players showed Shippensburg's with two paper bags full of gifts—baseballs, banners and collapsible lanterns. Then the Taiwanese players gathered in a circle and doffed their caps to the crowd of 40,000, revealing their matching buzzcuts. "It is so they stay cool in the summer," said Wang. "And so they look more like kids." ■



RIGHT LEFTY

Two-time NCAA champ Phil Mickelson won the U.S. Amateur going away

BY JOHN GARRITY

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT the 1990 U.S. Amateur champion, Phil Mickelson, is that he conceded a 30-foot par putt on the first hole of a match *before* sinking his own two-footer for birdie. "I wasn't going to try to lag a two-footer," said Mickelson, an Arizona State junior, after his 5 and 4 victory on Sunday over his close friend and former high school teammate Manny Zerman in the 36-hole final at Denver's Cherry Hills Country Club. "I thought it was a gimme."

All week, spectators flocked to the tall Californian with the turned-up collar and Brat Pack good looks, oohing at his booming drives and aahing at his high-flying long-iron shots. On Aug. 22, Mickelson—the best lefthanded golfer since Bob Charles—shot a course- and tournament-record 64 in a stroke-play qualifying round at nearby Meridian Golf Club, good for a two-round total of 135 and medalist honors. From that point on, Mickelson, winner of the last two NCAA championships, hogged the spotlight like no U.S. amateur since Ben Crenshaw.

"It's his short game that's so remarkable," said TV commentator and former USGA executive Frank Hannigan. "He just might be a world-class player."

Mickelson beat Zerman, a South African transplanted by way of San Diego to the University of Arizona, in a spirited final. Asked if he ever felt he was losing it in the afternoon, Mickelson said, "On 2 and 3, on 4, on 8 when he chips in, on 6 when he knocks it to an inch. . . ."

In the semifinal, Mickelson's victim was a 1989 Walker Cup teammate, 38-year-old David Eger, tournament director for

the PGA Tour. Eger was asked if he thought spectators were pulling for him against the much younger Mickelson; he smiled wanly and said he detected no such support. "It's lonely inside those ropes," he said. "That's why I hit it outside."

Eger was fortunate. Defending champion Chris Patton, the 310-pound heavyweight from Fountain Inn, S.C., quickly found himself *on* the ropes against his first-round opponent, Chris Zambri, a sophomore at Southern Cal. Patton lost six of the first seven holes and was 7 down with seven to play when he reached the 12th hole, a 203-yard par-3. Waiting for the green to clear, the easy-going Patton sprawled on a bench, whistling tunelessly. Zambri's caddie asked him, "When are you turning pro, Chris?" The glassy-eyed Patton replied, "In about five minutes."

Zambri then stepped up to his ball and aced the hole with a five-iron, punctuating the worst first-round beating of a defending champ in U.S. Amateur history. Patton, classy in defeat, gave Zambri a high five but didn't realize the match was over until he was addressing his own ball, at which point he murmured, "Oh, jeez." Taking a half-swing, he intentionally chipped into the lake, making his last splash as an amateur a small one.

With Patton gone, the compelling question was whether Mickelson could survive the week pretending the fearsome par-5, 555-yard, island-green 17th was a waterless par-4. The moat hole is where Ben Hogan lost the 1960 U.S. Open, dumping a wedge shot into the drink after laying up. Mickelson, a psychology major, wouldn't even acknowledge the water was there. "You can't see it from the fairway," he said, "so I just let 'er rip." In his third-round match, against Washington senior Mike Swingle, Mickelson flew a two-iron 245 yards to the green to set up a birdie. On Saturday, in a tight match with Oklahoma State's Bob May, he sailed a three-wood over the putting surface but

chipped back and made another birdie. "He's got a little more confidence than the rest of us," Swingle said.

Mickelson's battering-ram approach to the 17th almost proved costly on Sunday. Four up on Zerman after 16 holes of the morning round, he attacked anyway, going for the green with a three-wood from the left rough. This time, though, Mickelson sliced the ball into the lake and lost



Mickelson stole the show with stylish looks and a fine short game.

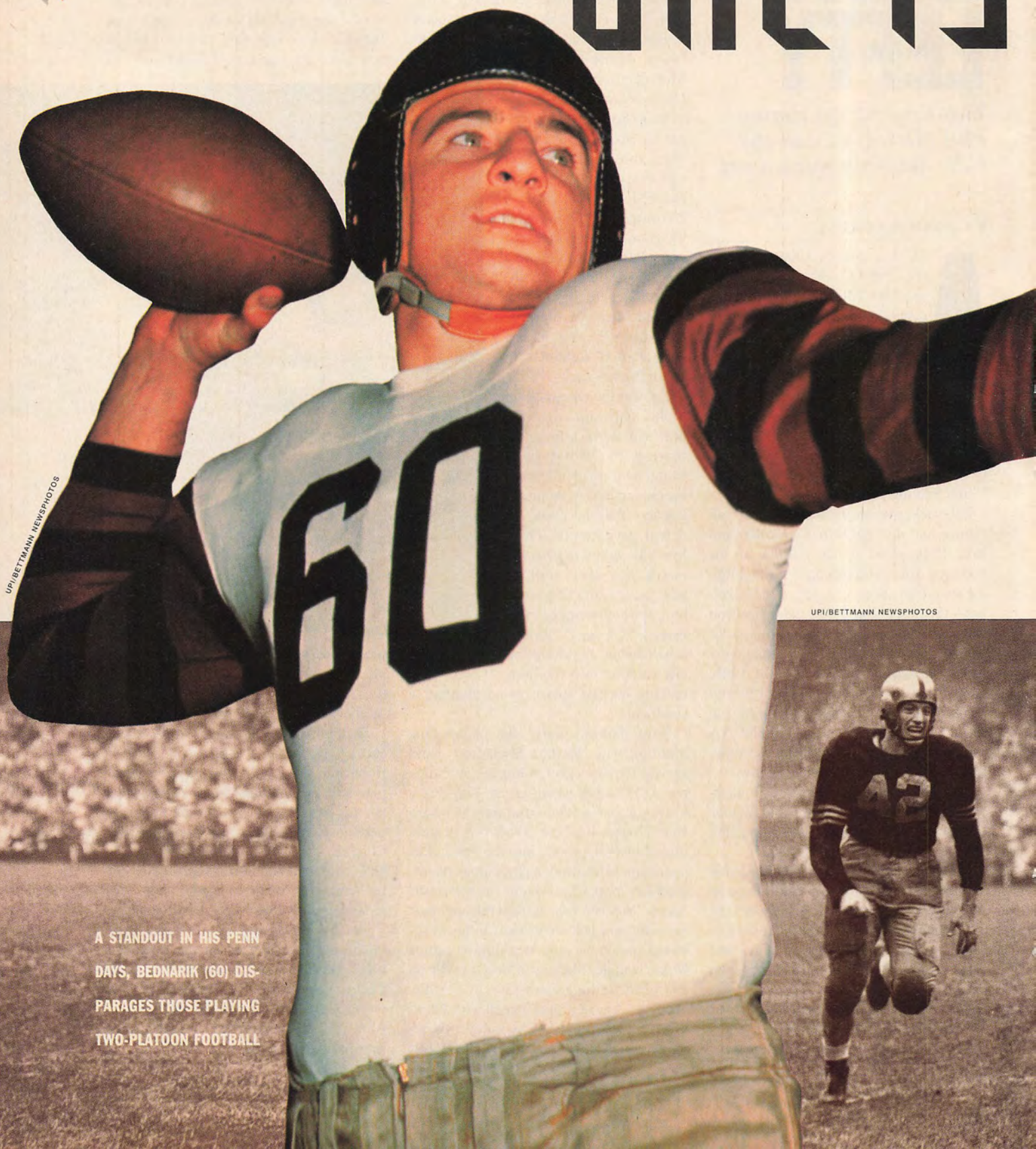
the hole. "I'd do it again," he said later. "I'm just not one to lay up."

Zerman played brilliantly after lunch, cutting Mickelson's lead to one with a front-nine 32. Could the son of Italian parents from Durban, South Africa, who left his father and mother for adoptive parents in San Diego after winning the Chilean Amateur and before getting a golf scholarship at a desert university not far from the Mexican border—are you following this?—win the U.S. Amateur?

No. Mickelson regained command at the turn and won four of the next five holes, closing out his buddy with a tap-in par on the 14th. He thus became the first player since 1961 to win the NCAA and Amateur championships in the same year. Who did it then? Jack Nicklaus. ■

[COLLEGE FOOTBALL '90

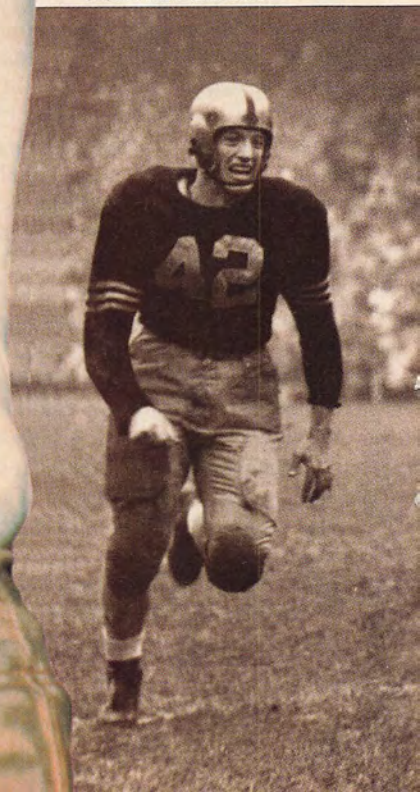
ONE IS



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

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A STANDOUT IN HIS PENN
DAYS, BEDNARIK (60) DIS-
PARAGES THOSE PLAYING
TWO-PLATOON FOOTBALL



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"College football's costly two-platoon era, which introduced the gridiron specialist and bankrupted the football programs of many small colleges, came to a sudden end today."

by Douglas S. Looney

—ASSOCIATED PRESS, JAN. 15, 1953



ONE PLATOON



ouldn't it be wonderful to pick up the morning paper, nearly 38 years after those words were written, and see that news reported once again? Except things have gotten so much worse that today the word *small* would have to be deleted. Imagine a return to iron-man football, a time when men were men and football players played real football. Which is to say, a time when the same guys played offense, then defense, then offense. All afternoon.

Remember Chuck Bednarik, possibly the best linebacker ever and among the best centers? In four years at the University of Pennsylvania he practically never left the field, and he didn't let up when he arrived in the NFL, either. Bednarik played on both sides of scrimmage during nearly all of his 14 years, 1949-62, with the Philadelphia Eagles. He put the New York Giants' Frank Gifford out for a year with a world-class hit, and he stopped the Green Bay

Packers' Jim Taylor, one-on-one, to preserve the Eagles' NFL championship in 1960. And he hardly ever flubbed a center snap to such greats as Norm Van Brocklin and Sonny Jurgensen. It's time for another Bednarik. That was down and dirty football, before prissy wide receivers started streaking onto the field as play-carrying messengers and myriad other substitution travesties multiplied.

"They couldn't do it. They'd run out of gas," Bednarik, now 65 and a sales rep for a corrugated box company, says of today's athletes. "Before the half, they'd be suckin' and huffin' and puffin'. We keep hearing how great they are. One-platoon football would let us really find out how great they are."

"If it were up to me," says Penn State coach Joe Paterno, "I'd love to go back to one-platoon football right now. It would get us back to a lot of basic values." He falls silent, then says, "Wouldn't that be great?"

Former University of Pittsburgh coach Mike Gottfried says, "It would get college football back to where college football was." Glory be and hallelujah.

Sadly, those marvelous days lasted only through 1964, when unlimited substitution—otherwise known as the two-platoon system, so named by Colonel Red Blaik, the Army coach who naturally thought in military terms—was again foisted upon us. Just as sadly, almost nobody today is seriously talking about a return to the good old days. But they should be, for seven quite sensible reasons:

1) *Expenses would be cut.* Dramatically. Kansas State president Jon Wefald thinks one-platoon football could result in at least a 40% savings. And that is directly in line with the sentiments of the NCAA Presidents Commission, which, says Wefald, "is in favor of cost reduction in all sports. But football is the sport most associated with overemphasis. We've got to bring this thing under control, because football has become the tail that wags the dog."

Dave Nelson, the secretary-editor of the NCAA Rules Committee since 1961, suggests that if one-platoon rules were reinstated, the NCAA's current limit of 95 scholarships per school could easily be reduced to 60. As things stand, the 106 Division I-A schools can award a total of 10,070 scholarships, at an average cost of \$10,000 each, which is \$100.7 million a year. The rein-

troduction of one-platoon football would mean that schools could cut their scholarships back to 6,360, at a cost of \$63.6 million. Bingo, a savings of \$37.1 million.

Nelson estimates that the average major school would save about \$350,000 a year in scholarships. Stanford, where a football scholarship is valued at \$20,805 a year, would save \$728,175. And that's in scholarships alone. There would be additional savings in uniforms, transportation, recruiting and so on.

And to those who express concern



ROLAND (23) STARRED ON BOTH OFFENSE AND DEFENSE FOR MISSOURI IN THE '60S

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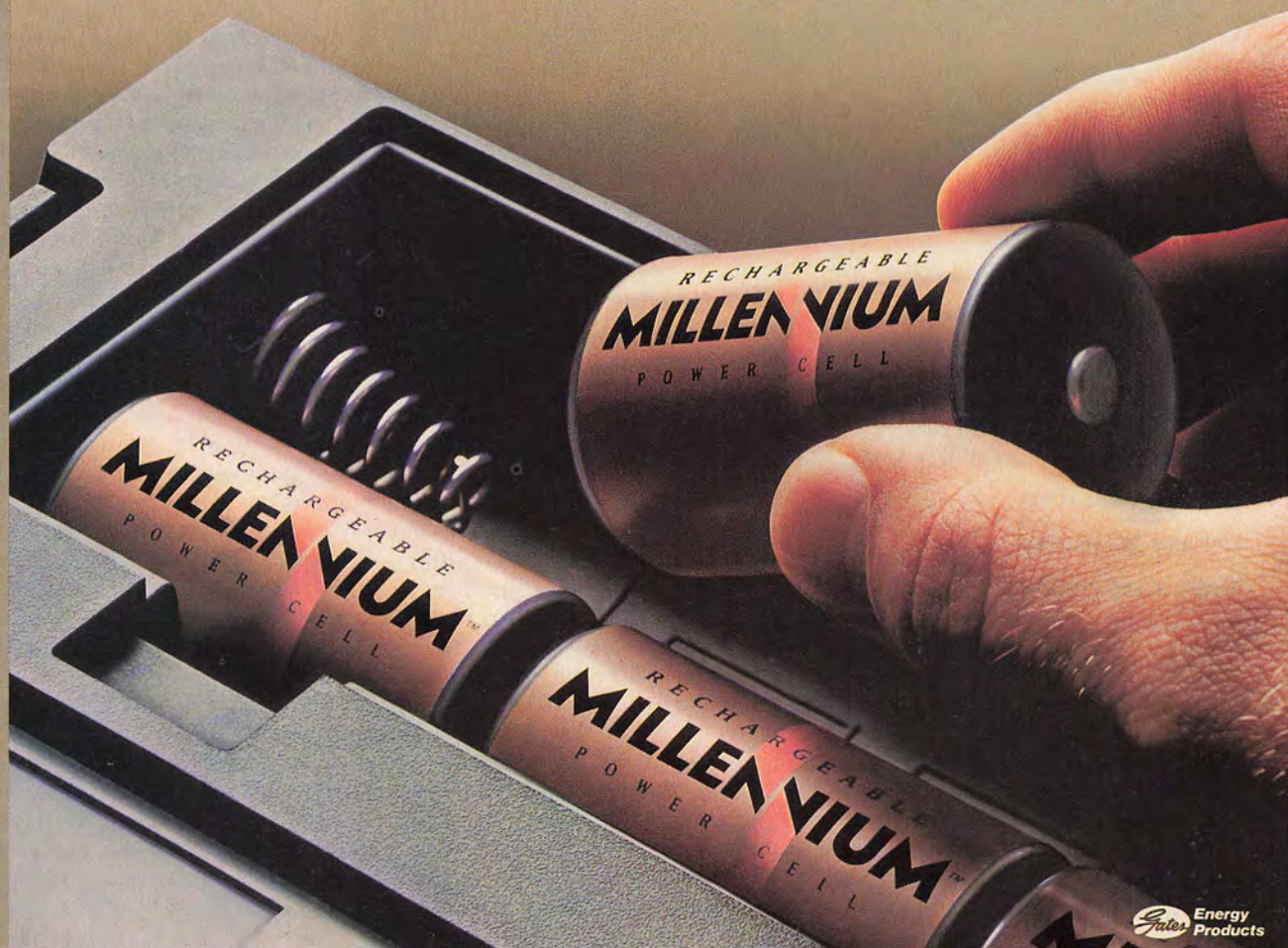
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KEYES (WITH BALL) PLAYED BOTH WAYS EVEN AFTER THE ADVENT OF TWO PLATOONS

for those 3,710 players who would lose out under a new 60-scholarship rule, Iowa State coach Jim Walden says, "Nobody promised we'd have trees to cut down forever or that people would burn coal forever or that we'd have 95 scholarships forever." Even at Iowa State, where a scholarship for an in-state player is valued at only \$4,900, that would represent an annual savings of \$171,500.

At least one athletic director at a major university has run the figures for his entire program and concludes that one-platoon football would save his school nearly \$1.5 million a year all told (*chart, page 35*). There would be savings at smaller schools, too. John Gagliardi, coach at Division III St. John's in Collegeville, Minn., for the past 37 years, estimates that total savings for his

broaden the players' horizons."

Players who have played both ways get misty-eyed at the memories. Leroy Keyes, who played halfback and cornerback for Purdue from 1966 to '68—even though two-platoon football had just been made legal—says, "To play both ways gave me the highest degree of confidence. It was an honor. I believed in my ability to do it all."

Four years ago, another Purdue player, Rod Woodson, played in 137 plays as the Boilermakers whipped Indiana 17-15. "Apparently," says Woodson, now a defensive back for the Pittsburgh Steelers, "God gave me the ability to play offense and defense." Apparently. He rushed for 93 yards on 15 carries in that game and caught three passes for 87 yards. As a cornerback, he was in on 10 tackles (with seven solo stops), caused a fumble and broke up a pass. He also returned two kickoffs for a total of 46

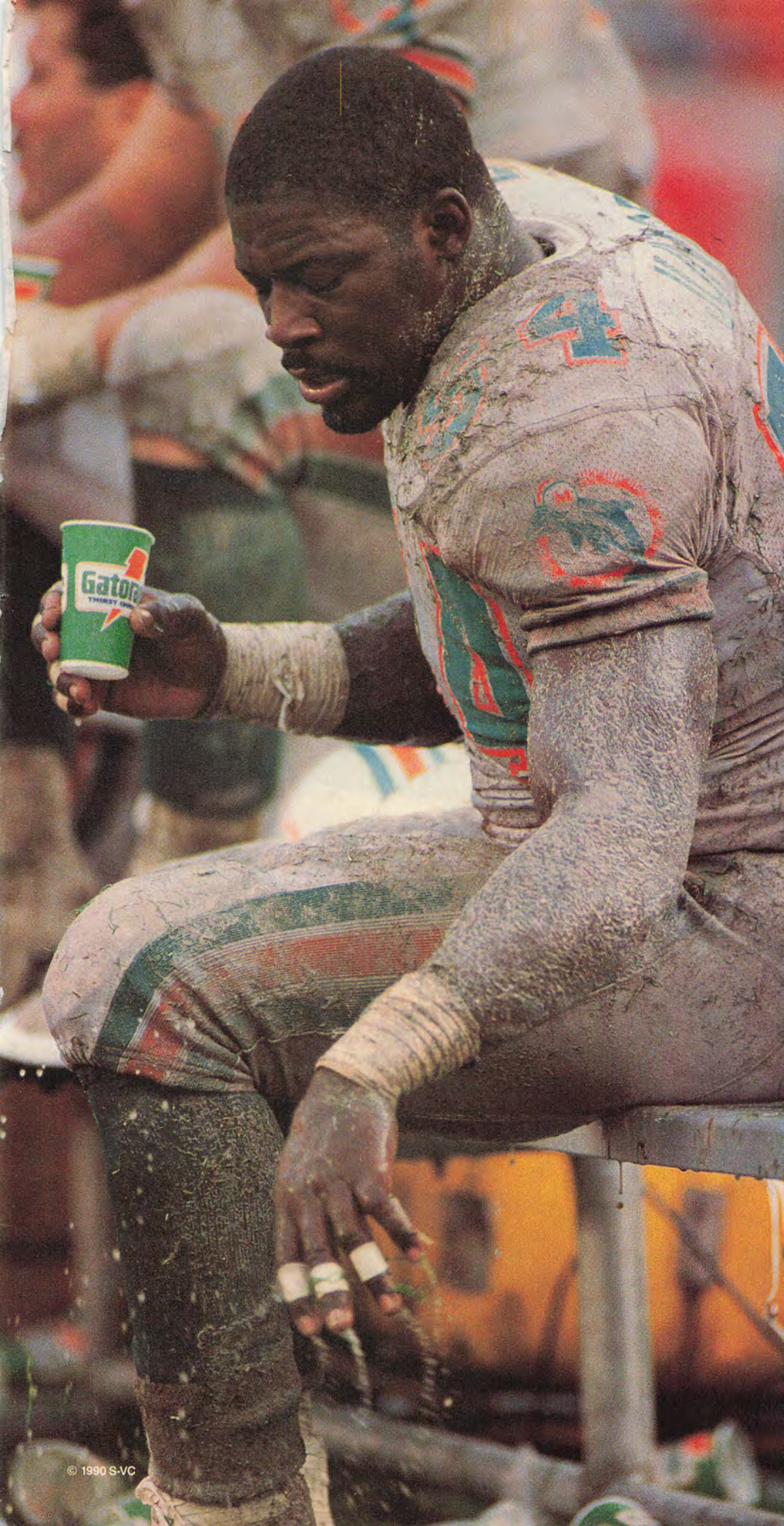
school would amount to "at least 50 percent."

2) *The players would love it.* Former Michigan coach Bo Schembechler and former LSU coach Paul Dietzel, among others, allow that this would be the case. Both Schembechler and Dietzel choose the exact same words for their thoughts: "Well, the players would enjoy it more." That might sadden these two old drill sergeants, because most coaches hate anything that makes the coach less important and the player more important, and one-platoon football would make the player more important.

It's instructive to recall why football was started in the first place—as a nice diversion for male college students who happened to like knocking each other around for a few hours on pleasant Saturday afternoons in the fall. Ask any college football player if he would like to play both offense and defense and, without exception, every one lights up at the prospect. Even quarterbacks.

3) *The game would bring out the best in players.* Says Paterno, "Players would have to work hard to make themselves good at something they were not good at." For instance, a star running back would need to learn how to cover a receiver in order to be able to play cornerback. Or a linebacker would have to learn to pass block. Ron Schipper, the coach at Central College in Pella, Iowa for the past 29 years, says, "They would be able to get down in the trenches, play after play, and just go after it. And it would get rid of some of these prima donnas. Players would have to be great, great competitors." Walden agrees and says, "It would

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yards, and had three punt returns. "It was a great opportunity, and it was fun," says Woodson. "I like offense because it's exciting, and defense because it's challenging. I think players should be given the opportunity to try both. Why not?" Woodson has talked to the Steelers about playing a little wide receiver. The Steelers, of course, told him not to hold his breath.

4) *The all-around athlete will predominate.* Walden likes the idea that a one-platoon system would "eliminate the one-dimensional athlete and do away with the big lug who can't get out of harm's way." There would be more players like Johnny Roland, who was an All-America defensive back in 1965 and the next year was the NFL Rookie of the Year at running back for the St. Louis Cardinals. Or Gordie Lockbaum of Holy Cross, who wasn't real big or real fast, but starred at tailback and defensive back for the Crusaders from 1984 to '87 and finished third in the voting for the Heisman Trophy his senior year.

At Washington State, coach Mike Price, a former quarterback and defensive back for the Cougars ("I wasn't good enough to play either offense or defense, so I played both"), says that the "all-around athlete would become a star again. He would play all the time. And the fans would get to know him." Which, except in the case of a handful of stars, doesn't happen with the current cast of thousands. Who, for example, was the starting pulling guard for the national champion Miami Hurricanes last season? But this season, a fellow at Tennessee named Carl Pickens could become as famous as Lockbaum if he continues the success he had last season playing both receiver and free safety.

"Blocking doesn't teach you to tackle, so what two-platoon football does is make a man a lesser player," says Walden. At its core, football is blocking and tackling, and former Missouri coach Dan Devine finds it wrong that "we have these kids who have never blocked and the other half who have never tackled."

5) *The players will be better conditioned and there will be fewer injuries.* Price says there would be a shift "from training to be a sprinter to being a marathoner, from an emphasis on explosive mass to conditioning the overall body."

Having smaller players—Purdue coach Fred Akers thinks the 6' 5", 315-pound offensive tackle would be no more—as well as better-conditioned ones would mean a decrease in the number of injuries. That's partly because now, as Price points out, the typical 185-pound player is bulking up to 220, "and

he doesn't have the bone structure to support it." With athletes having more all-around abilities, there would be less speed, which combined with smaller size would lessen the severity of collisions—especially on artificial turf.

The argument that playing both ways means the players would be tired and therefore injury prone makes no sense. First, Delaware's Nelson says his studies show that the ball is actually in play a mere 14 minutes a game. To think that a young, healthy, well-conditioned athlete can't suck it up enough to put out top effort for 14 minutes on 11 Saturday afternoons borders on the absurd. At the very most, having to play both offense and de-

fense would mean that athletes might have to be tougher mentally. And that's no drawback.

In the continuing domino effect, better conditioning and fewer injuries might help ease a serious problem: helmets. As recently as 20 years ago, 20 companies made football helmets; now there are four. Liability concerns, and the cost of insurance, have simply become too onerous. To the extent that collisions become less severe, the number of head and neck injuries presumably would decline.

6) *The playbook would be simplified.* "It would do away with the hot reads and safety blitzes and all that stuff," says Walden. "If I were to tell my players, 'Here are 72 offensive plays and 55 defensive plays for you to learn,' they would look at me like I was stupid." BYU coach LaVell Edwards sees "a far more conservative game."

Alabama's new coach, Gene Stallings, grouches that "Today we put in a player to rush the passer, another to run a deep route, someone else to catch a pass out of the backfield, somebody to cover that. . . . When I played, the only time we came out was when we did bad."

One-platoon football would decrease the game's alleged sophistication and bring it back to basics. Nelson contends that specialization has had a bad effect on the game. For example, he says conversion kicks succeed at a rate of 96%, which, he says, is "ridiculously easy." And field goals—which are not even close to being as entertaining as watching a touchdown—have gone from 103 in 1958 to 2,380 last year. Ideally, under a strict one-platoon system, the quarterback would be replaced by the kicker on field goals and punts, and only one other substitution would be permitted.

7) *The balance of power could very well be altered.* As it stands now, anyone can de-

CUTTING COSTS

One big-time athletic director calculates that one-platoon football would enable his school's program to cut its annual budget by 23%. The figures assume 60 scholarship players, compared with the current 95.

Budget Line Item	Current	One-Platoon
Salaries/wages ¹	\$1,301,750	\$ 930,000
Scholarships	1,010,480	753,000
Physical plant costs	720,000	720,000
Distributed expenses ²	710,000	550,000
Overhead ³	483,000	375,000
Team clothing/uniforms	260,000	150,000
Team travel/autos/lodging	210,000	170,000
Game operation	200,000	200,000
Recruiting expenses	200,000	160,000
Training exp./room/board	200,000	125,000
Individual/general travel	110,000	50,000
Telephone	100,000	70,000
Printing/publishing	90,000	90,000
Team supplies/misc.	70,000	40,000
Officials' fees/travel costs	50,000	50,000
Repairs/maintenance	50,000	30,000
Training/medical supplies	45,000	30,000
Advertising	40,000	40,000
Hospital/medical costs	40,000	30,000
Coaches' clothing/supplies	35,000	20,000
Mailing/postage/shipping	30,000	25,000
Drug testing	20,000	15,000
Insurance	20,000	15,000
Office supplies	20,000	10,000
Office equipment/furniture	20,000	10,000
Film/photography	15,000	15,000
Rented equipment	11,000	5,000
Individual consulting	10,000	10,000
Programs	10,000	10,000
Other equipment	10,000	5,000
Auto repairs	5,000	3,000
Dues/memberships	2,000	2,000
Special stadium repairs	2,000	2,000
Total	\$6,100,230	\$4,710,000

¹ Projected staff cuts would leave five assistants instead of the current nine.

² General athletic department expenses—such as tickets and public relations—that are charged to football.

³ Special "auxiliary enterprise" fee owed to the university by football.



ALLEN DEM STEELE/
ALLSPORT USA

**PICKENS'S RARE VERSATILITY
COULD HELP MAKE HIM AS
WIDELY RENOWNED AS ...**

vises a credible Top 20 list for this year simply by using the teams that were on it last year. Which, with few exceptions, were on it the year before. New guys at the party would spice up the conversation a bit.

Kansas State's Wefald says, "This would mean that 35 players who might have gone to Notre Dame or Michigan or Oklahoma will be going somewhere else. It would provide a fairer opportunity for the rest of us to get better players." At TCU, coach Jim Wacker predicts, "The schools struggling would jump up and down in support of this." So would it make TCU, which was 34-72-4 during the 1980s, more competitive? "No doubt about it," says Wacker.

So there you have it. Yes, one-platoon football would result in smaller size and less speed. But the beauty is, the fans wouldn't care. Again, it's Walden who gets to the heart of the matter: "All they want is to see the 11 who have got it against the 11 who are trying to get it. They just look at it as us and them."

To those who say that one-platoon football would diminish the quality of the game, Nelson says with a shrug, "Quality in relation to what? The NFL? We're talking about college football, aren't we?" Besides, a number of the best college football teams in history were fielded during the 1953-64 one-platoon era. Oklahoma, '55-'56, was unbeaten and untied, and between 1953 and '57 ran off an NCAA record of 47 straight games without a loss. Other one-platoon teams that easily rank among the Top 25 ever include Syracuse in 1959, LSU in 1958 and UCLA in 1954.

One of Devine's favorite memories is of a game in 1959 that his Missouri Tigers played against Michigan at Ann Arbor. Because of intricate one-platoon rules restricting substitutions, he couldn't get his star player, starting quarterback Phil Snowden, back in the game. The Tigers were behind in the fourth quarter and needed to drive 80 yards in two minutes in a driving rainstorm to win. Which is precisely what backup quarterback Bobby Haas did. Does that lack drama?

The question of one platoon versus two platoons is a hot football topic nearly as old as college football itself. From the game's birth until 1941, everyone played both ways. There was unlimited substitution from 1941 through '52, mostly because of concerns about getting enough versatile players during the war years. But Michigan coach Fritz Crisler gave birth to the modern concept of two platoons in a 1945 game in Yankee Stadium, against Army, when he used eight players who lined up only on offense and eight who played only defense; three played both ways. Although Michigan lost 28-7, Army's Blaik quickly saw the possibili-

ties, and he developed them. From 1946 to '50, Blaik's teams twice finished second in the final Associated Press poll, and did not rank lower than 11th.

Passions have always run high on the substitution rule. When the Rules Committee abolished two platoons in 1953—citing costs, primarily—General Bob Neyland, then the athletic director at Tennessee, was thrilled to do away with what he saw as "chicken ——" football. At the same time, no issue has caused more indecisiveness in football than the substitution rule. The rule has been tinkered with 37 times since 1876, often in horribly convoluted ways. For example, in 1953, the rule read: "A player withdrawn from the game shall not return during the period from which he was withdrawn, except that a player withdrawn before the final four minutes of the second or fourth period may return during the final four minutes of the period from which he was withdrawn." Complained a critic at the time, according to Nelson, "It's like playing poker with queens, fours, one-eyed jacks and the joker wild in a high-and-low game."

Those who are against the idea of one-platoon football marshal a familiar litany of objections: fewer players get to participate, less sophistication, more injury, less fan interest, a move backward instead of forward. Grouses Nebraska AD Bob Devaney, "I don't see a single advantage to one-platoon." He refuses to even consider any advantages. That's a common response. There remains that prevalent feeling among the sport's big shots that they would rather deal with the devil they know than with the devil they don't.

And yet, a simple return to simple football requires only a simple rule: Two players may be substituted after every play. Period. A coach could still have some flexibility, and he could get his quarterback out of the game to protect him.

"What all this would do," says Nelson, "is give the students the opportunity to run their game." There have been worse ideas tried in college football. ■



**... LOCKBAUM (17), WHOSE
ARRAY OF TALENTS PUT HIM
IN THE HEISMAN PICTURE**



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It's a grand old feeling, that flow of adrenaline that comes with the flags and the fervor, the bands and the bravura, on a college football weekend. As the pregame pageantry of Ohio State-Michigan so vividly demonstrates, football is as much spirit as it is spirals. Turn the pages for more



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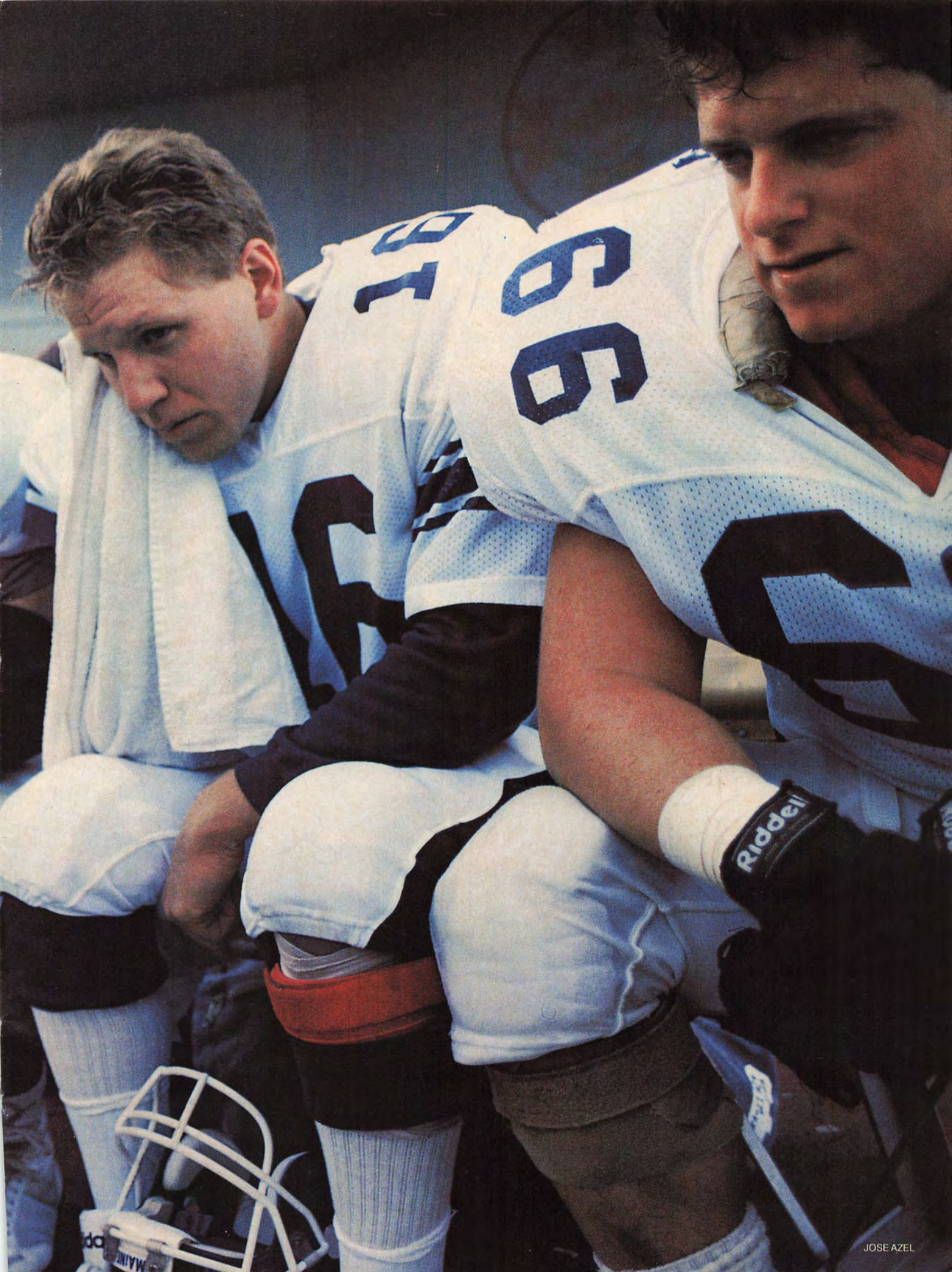
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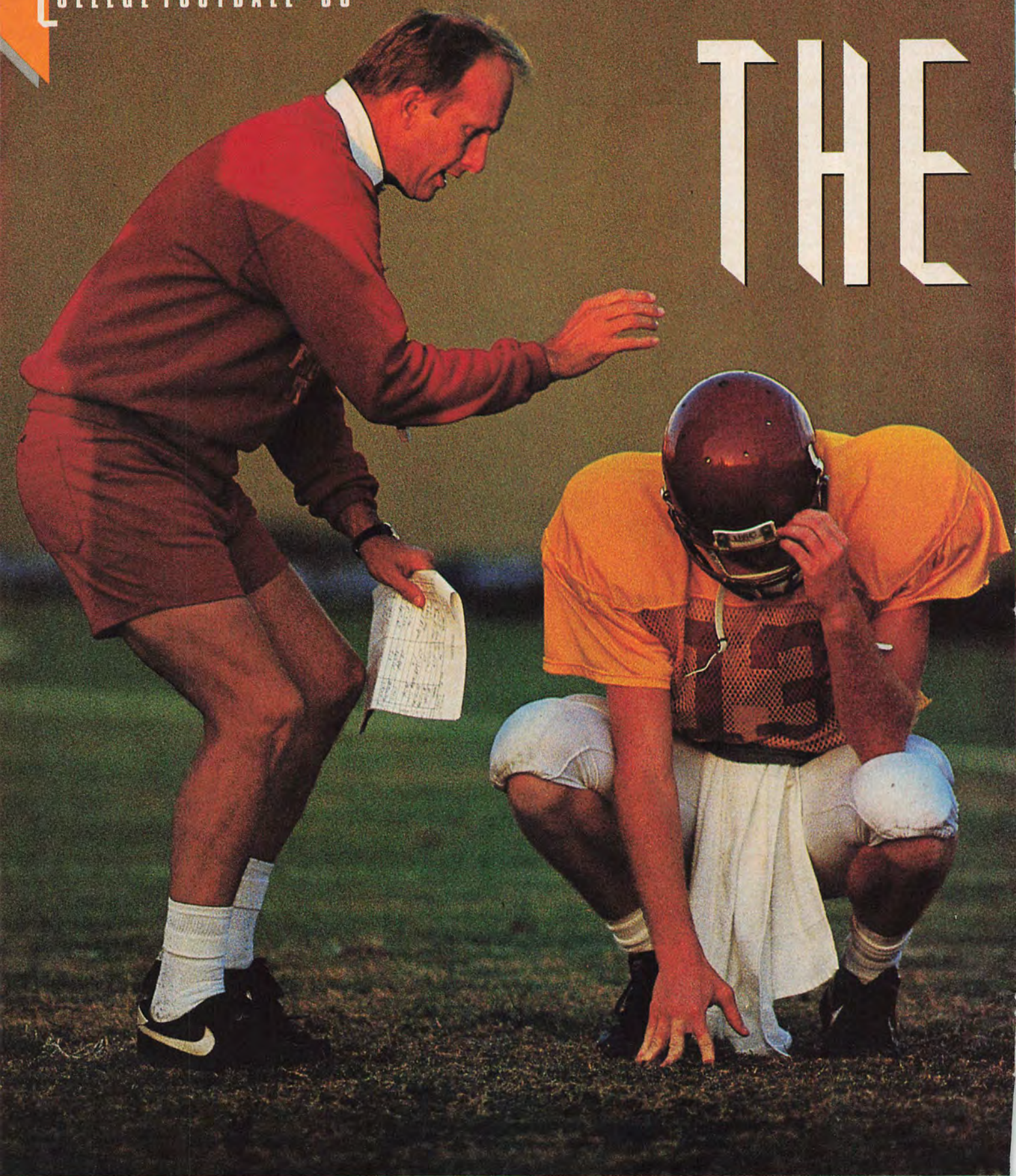


TUDENTS AT BYU TIDY UP AFTER A WIN AT OREGON



COLLEGE FOOTBALL '90

THE



MINEFIELD

by
Douglas S.
Looney

For USC quarterback Todd Marinovich, fame and talent may not be enough to see him safely through

"I *have* to discipline myself," Southern Cal quarterback Todd Marinovich said recently in what sounded like a hope, a prayer and a plea. "I just

have to. I'm finally away from my dad telling me everything to do. And I've got to say I have taken advantage of it. Full advantage. He keeps telling me, 'Come on, you've got the rest of your life to fool around. Not now.' I know he's right. But there are a lot of distractions at SC." At that very moment, two of them walk by. In shorts. "See what I mean?"

Last season, his first as the Trojans' starting quarterback, Marinovich, now a 21-year-old sophomore, had some awful lows and some awesome highs as he struggled to assume the mantle of leadership in one of the most glamorous positions in sport. It is not yet a snug fit. Indeed, USC quarterback coach Ray Dorr told Marinovich's father, Marv, at the end of the 1989 season, "Todd has to prove his ability before he can prove his leadership. And I don't feel he is as focused as he was. He plateaued after our 10th game. To succeed, he has to really be on a mission for the next three years." Todd shrugs the comment off, saying, "I'm pretty much where I want to be."

The 6' 4", 210-pound Marinovich is a conglomerate of contradictions. Does he want to be a great quarterback or not? Will he emerge this fall as the pre-eminent player in the land, which many experts think he could be, or will he become another should-have-been? What does USC truly think of him? Is it possible that he may simply go off into the Sierras with his oil paints and exist on fruits and nuts while painting craggy pines?

In sum, the No. 1 question for college football in 1990 is: Whither Todd Marinovich?

Indeed, it has been—and almost certainly will continue to be—a difficult life at USC for Marinovich, who burst upon the world of college football during his hysteria-filled recruitment in the winter of 1988 (SI, Feb. 22, 1988). Almost every football-playing college in the U.S. made a pitch for him. Schools

DORR TOLD TODD'S DAD
THAT THE PLAYER STILL
HAS MUCH TO PROVE

MARINOVICH

begged. Got on their knees and pleaded. It was not only Marinovich's ability that attracted attention, but also the fact that he was born and bred to be a quarterback. Every decision regarding his young life was made with one goal in mind: that Todd grow up to be a quarterback. Included was the food his mother, Trudi, consumed while Todd was in the womb.

For much of his life Marinovich has been surrounded by a team of advisers who worked on his throwing, running, thinking, sleeping, relaxing and exercising. Others worked with him on strategy, attitude and poise. And eating. Never did a Big Mac or a Twinkie cross Marinovich's lips. Carrots and celery and pasta did. An American kid who had never had a Big Mac? The populace couldn't believe it. The Robo QB, he was called. Hey, come watch the mechanical boy throw spirals. Unquestionably, he had too many people telling him what to do; unquestionably, it seems

to have worked—so far.

**MARV, WHO IS OFTEN AT
PRACTICE, HAS MADE HIS
SON HIS LIFE'S PROJECT**

Project Marinovich was engineered by Marv, an offensive lineman at USC and co-captain of the 1962 national champions. He was the prototypical stage father. In most ways, Marv didn't

have a life. He had Todd's life. In 1987, Marv and Trudi were divorced. "I had a captive audience," says Marv. "I told him when to eat, what to eat, when to go to bed, when to get up, when to work out, how to work out. Now I have a hard time getting him on the telephone. He seems to be leading a life-style that is wearing. The interviews, missing meals, bad sleeping habits. Things are just starting to slip. I told him, 'You are making bad decisions, but I can't make them for you anymore.' He went directly from an environment where everything was regimented to a totally open door."

Says Todd, "Distractions, distractions." He's right; there goes another one. She tosses her hair. He rolls his eyes.

Marinovich stares at the ground, then slowly looks up. "Man, it's tough every day to live up to the image of the all-American boy who has never eaten a Big Mac," he says. "And I do get tired of people looking at me funny. Sometimes I just don't want to deal with it."

That probably is why Marinovich sometimes comes across as downright surly. He lives with far too much pressure for a 21-year-old, and here's an example: In December, Marinovich was at an offensive team meeting at the Irvine Marriott during prep-



arations for the Rose Bowl. Assistant coach John Matsko was holding forth:

"Todd, do you know what we want?"

Silence.

"Completions."

Silence.

"To our guys."

Silence.

"This could be a home run play."

Silence.

So was Marinovich being surly? Or did he just figure Matsko's questions required no response? Said Marinovich later, "I was thinking." It could be worse.

In a desperate moment a year ago, Todd went home to his mother in Balboa, Calif., 40 miles from the USC campus, and told her, "I wish I could go somewhere else and be someone else. I don't want to be Todd Marinovich."

Trudi understood, but that sort of attitude has not pleased Marv. Last Thanksgiving, Marinovich had a couple of days of vacation. Marv viewed it as a splendid opportunity for Todd to get

MARINOVICH CONFIDED IN

TRUDI DURING THE PRES-

SURED WEEK BEFORE UCLA



in some extra work; his son viewed it as a splendid opportunity to goof off. Todd goofed off. One day in December, during those Rose Bowl preparations, Marv didn't like the way Todd was transferring his weight while throwing. So he arranged for former San Jose State quarterback Steve Clarkson, who previously had worked with Todd on his mechanics, to come by for a refresher session. Todd said he was too busy. He remained too busy. The old man was beside himself. "If Todd had to choose between being a top quarterback or one of the boys, he'd prefer to be one of the boys," Marv fumed.

Whither Todd Marinovich?

The real difficulty is that Marinovich can't decide who he wants to be. He almost always talks in a flat tone, as if speaking with exuberance would somehow indicate weakness. He is not sure what he wants his public style to be. He can't decide if he wants to be a free spirit living on the edge or a guy with a briefcase and calculator who wears both belt and suspenders.

Marinovich's confusion is apparent. At one point, he sits with his chin resting in his hand, projecting a thoughtful air. Moments later, his arms are draped over chairs next to him, a study in nonchalance. He can be hopelessly shallow. Asked to name the main thing he likes about football, he says, "It's the closest you can get to being a rock star."

That's it?

"That's it."

But moments later, talking about art (he is a fine arts major at USC and is just now moving from pen-and-ink sketching into oils) and football, he draws an insightful parallel: "Neither has limitations. The quarterback has the most leeway and the most control on the field. That's just like an artist. In both, it's fun watching nothing turn into something good." Yet, ask Marinovich who he is and he fidgets. He seems to think that if he sits long enough and says nothing the question will go away. It does not. "I am a guy who is really lucky," he finally says, "because I'm doing things that I like and that I'm good at—football and art—all the time. That will keep you happy."

Alas, truth be told, he has a hard time keeping happy, for one reason: No matter how well Marinovich does, it is not good enough. Incredibly, the better he does, the more he falls behind others' expectations. Both UPI and *The Sporting News* named Marinovich the College Freshman of the Year for 1989. He was the only freshman on the All-Pac-10 team and the first freshman quarterback ever named. He was also the first freshman quarterback to start a season opener for USC since World War II.

Last season, Marinovich completed 197 of 321 passes during





course, we want Todd to proceed at his own pace." Of course. As long as it's 70%. Fans expect even more. Buttons appeared last year that read, IN TODD WE TRUST.

Not long ago, Smith was asked to evaluate Marinovich's performance in spring practice, during which he had completed 306 of 461 passes with only eight interceptions. "I think he did well," said Smith. Period. No elaboration. Smith then lavishly praised the spring practice effort of backup quarterback Shane Foley. At the March 24 scrimmage, Foley was 18 of 22 for 174 yards while Marinovich was 12 of 22 for 154 yards. When Smith was asked if Foley could start this year in place of Marinovich, the coach didn't hesitate: "Sure it's possible. Foley would be starting any-

where else. I tell you, he pushes Todd."

the regular season (16 touchdowns versus 12 interceptions) for a 61.4% rate, just .1% behind the NCAA freshman record set in 1983 by Bernie Kosar at Miami. So, what does USC coach Larry Smith see as his team's primary need this fall? "Improved efficiency at quarterback," Smith says. In fact, Smith and Dorr are expecting—what a horrible word that can be—Marinovich to complete 70% of his passes this season. As an afterthought, Smith says, "Of

where else. I tell you, he pushes Todd."

Maybe Marinovich has had too much publicity. After all, he was a legend in the public's mind before he snapped on his USC chin strap for the first time. At Capistrano Valley High School, he set a national passing record of 9,194 yards. In fairness, even the Mona Lisa can seem disappointing if her good points have been wildly exaggerated. Maybe Marinovich's route to becoming the USC quarterback—all that born-and-bred-to-be-a-star stuff—was simply too weird.

Smith wants nothing to do with predicting Marinovich's future. "Don't ask me how a player might look three years from now," he says sharply. "By then I might be selling pencils on Figueroa." If he is, it won't necessarily be Marinovich's fault. However, it would be perceived as such because, as Smith says, "No matter whether problems are quarterback-related or not, the perception will be that he's not performing well." O.K., so what does Smith expect of Marinovich this year? "I expect him to be a lot better. He has the foundation, but there is plenty of room for improvement."

Arriving on the USC campus in a blizzard of acclaim presented an awesome challenge for Marinovich. Says Marv, "Nobody could have been more prepared coming out of high school, and he wasn't prepared." Not for the football, not for the freewheeling atmosphere of collegiate life, and certainly not for the celebrity. Recalling something she once read, Trudi often reminds Todd, "Fame is like perfume. It's great to be around and wonderful to smell, but you don't want to swallow it." The sweet aroma of expectation quickly wore off Marinovich at USC, and no-

**STANFORD FELL (ABOVE),
BUT SMITH AND MARINO-
VICH COULD ONLY TIE UCLA**

body was swallowing the theory that he would guarantee the Trojans a national championship. Marinovich was redshirted his freshman year and got to watch Rodney Peete play the position. During the following spring practice, he did not impress the coaches, and last year's preseason prospectus noted unenthusiastically that Marinovich "could see some action this season."

Then, in the Trojans' final preseason scrimmage, Marinovich's world spun 180 degrees. Smith had decided that Marinovich would back up junior Pat O'Hara, but on Aug. 25, O'Hara was hit, the ligaments in his right knee were ripped asunder, and he fractured his right tibia. Recalls Marinovich, "I felt sick. I saw Pat roll to his left. Then some of the players blocked my view, and I heard Pat scream in pain. My knees went weak, and I got sick to my stomach. The next thing I knew they were calling my name to take over with the first team. So I just had to block it out and try to concentrate. Later, my dad told me, 'Take advantage of the opportunity, go with it, and don't look back.'"

Nearly everyone else connected with USC was looking back at that awful moment on Aug. 25 and praying it was a bad dream. Dorr says, "We weren't ready to give Todd the job." Just 10 days later Marinovich was starting against Illinois, and he admitted to his mom—to whom he admits a lot—"I just realized I'm going to be playing in front of 80,000 people." Says Trudi with a laugh, "I didn't mention the millions who would be watching on TV."

Marinovich's former roommate, Lamont Hollinquest, recalls the feeling on the team that "most of the guys didn't know how well he would perform. Or even if he would." If Marinovich felt a groundswell of support from his teammates, he was badly misreading the situation. After all, here was a team with 18 returning starters, 10 of them on defense. Now, abruptly, a team with national championship aspirations had one perceived weakness: Marinovich.

On the evening of Sept. 4, the Fighting Illini visited the Colise-

um for the season opener—and won, in a stunning upset, 14-13. The Trojans were up 13-0, but Illinois scored twice within 3:41 of the last quarter. Marinovich completed 14 of 27 passes for 120 safe yards, but his indecision contributed to four sacks, and he suffered an interception late when USC still had a chance to come back. Most of the blame for the defeat properly lay elsewhere—the defense collapsed—but the coaching decision to, in effect, try to play around Marinovich and minimize his role was a mistake. Says Marinovich, "The coaches told me not to lose the game, that the defense would win it. But I guess I didn't impress too many people." Says Dorr, "What we tried to do was build his confidence and our confidence in him." Neither happened.

Predictably, the burden of defeat landed on Marinovich. Afterward, in the gloom of the locker room, he said, "We weren't bad." Nobody agreed. Steve Springer of the *Los Angeles Times*, who decided that the Illinois game was sufficient to judge Marinovich, wrote, "The launch of a new era had fizzled." While this was too harsh too soon, it was true that a national championship seemed to be out of the question—gad, 1 for 16 on third downs!—and everybody was furious that one weak link had fouled the works for USC. No one in Todd did trust.

Whither Todd Marinovich?

Then, incredibly, six major turning points ensued in the life of Todd Marinovich, quarterback. In each case, he did extraordinary things. In each case, there were naysayers.

1) After routinely dispatching Utah State 66-10 in a game in which Marinovich was asked to throw the ball only 18 times, the Trojans were not cheered by the prospect of facing Ohio State on Sept. 23. Still, Marinovich figured to do better than he did against the Illini. He did not. On the third play of the second quarter, he sprained his

**MARINOVICH DISCUSSED
THE STANFORD GAME
PLAN WITH HIS COACHES**



MARINOVICH

left wrist—he is a southpaw—and left the game with USC trailing 3–0. In raced Foley, who promptly led the Trojans on an 80-yard touchdown drive. Marinovich remembers thinking, “I could lose this job as easily as I got it.” Brushing aside the pain in his wrist, he told Smith he was ready to return, and the coach says he thought, Well, O.K., let’s find out just how tough this kid is. With his wrist tightly taped, Marinovich promptly threw a school-record 87-yard touchdown pass to wide receiver John Jackson; he added three more scoring tosses, and the Trojans smashed the Buckeyes, 42–3.

Caveat: Yes, but Ohio State obviously was not the Ohio State of old, so while it looked like a significant win, it wasn’t.

2) One week later, playing at Pullman, Wash., USC was dreadful. The Trojans found themselves with the ball on their own nine-yard line, trailing Washington State 17–10 with 3:31 remaining. Then, the Drive. Marinovich started off with three incompletions, but on fourth-and-10 he connected with flanker Gary Wellman for 15 yards. After being sacked twice and completing a pass for 20 yards, Marinovich confronted a fourth-and-five, and hit Jackson for six yards. Twice more he had difficult third-down situations, and twice he succeeded. With four seconds left in the game, and the Trojans on the two-yard line, Marinovich threw a strike to tailback Ricky Ervins in the left flat for the touchdown. Needing a two-point conversion to win, Marino-



vich went to Wellman for the completion and the 18–17 victory.

Said State coach Mike Price, “We made Marinovich that day. Give us credit. I should get a percentage of his pro contract.” For his part, Marinovich insisted, “I’m not amazed.” He should have been. Said an admiring Leroy Holt, the fullback, “I think Todd wanted to show the world he was a winner.” A monstrous win.

How monstrous? Former President Reagan called. “He gave me his phone number,” says Marinovich. “Told me if I was ever in Bel Air to stop by.” The win salvaged the season, which almost certainly would have been ruined by a loss in Pullman.

Caveat: Yes, but it was Washington State, which has a 5-41-4 record against the Trojans and historically is included in sentences that contain words like Oregon and Oregon State. So big deal.

3) Against Washington the next week, Marinovich completed 16 of 17 passes in the first half, the one incompleting being a drop. USC won 24–16.

Caveat: Yes, but Washington also was having an off year, the Huskies’ secondary was especially troubled, and winning by only eight points was not an impressive offensive performance. Just wait until Marinovich has to try to complete passes against Notre Dame.

4) Two weeks later, in South Bend, Marinovich paid no mind to the ghosts of Notre Dame’s past. He admitted he had no idea who Gipp was, who Rockne was, who the Four Horsemen were. Armed with this lack of knowledge, he was brilliant, hitting 33 of 55 passes for 333 yards and three touchdowns.

Caveat: Yes, but USC lost the game 28–24 because, in the waning moments, with the Trojans on the Irish 7, Marinovich threw three straight incompletions. (This after an afternoon of making the Notre Dame defense look ridiculous and helpless against his on-target and on-time arm.) See, biggest game since Illinois and the quarterback couldn’t get it done. Probably can’t win the big games.

5) Against Oregon State, Marinovich lit it up again, 14 of 18. Asked about his performance, he shakes his head. “I can’t remember anything about that game,” he says. USC won 48–6. But it’s no wonder. Beating Oregon State is not a mountaintop experience for the Trojans. Beaver coach Dave Kragthorpe remembers Marinovich as a “poised, calm, collected quarterback who didn’t play at all like a freshman.”

Caveat: Yes, but it was Oregon State. And wasn’t USC’s defense great?

6) In the Rose Bowl, against Michigan, Marinovich threw an early interception. But he pulled himself together-

**WITH SO MUCH CRITICISM,
TODD GENUINELY APPRE-
CIATES ALL THE ACCLAIM**



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MARINOVICH

er, connected on 22 of 31 passes and took the Trojans on a 75-yard game-winning drive, starting with 5:15 left. Three times he was in third-down situations, and he covered them all. He was calm, he was cool, he was determined, he was intense, he was smart, he was brilliant. The Trojans won, 17-10.

Caveat: Yes, but Michigan under former coach Bo Schembechler has been traditionally awful in the Rose Bowl (Bo's record: 2-8), hampered by poor preparation matched by poorer execution. Besides, this was not a great Wolverine team; West Coast speed often dominates teams from the Midwest; and the game had no serious impact on the national rankings.

See, Todd Marinovich just can't be good enough. Every time he's great, there is a body of thought that a) he should be greater, or b) lots of people could have done what he did because his teammates were so good. And all too often people are inclined to focus on the dark side. Illinois, for example. And UCLA. That game ended in a 10-10 tie with a pitiful Bruin team (3-7-1), Westwood's worst in years. Marinovich was awful, throwing

three interceptions and looking every inch a freshman—a high school freshman. With that debacle on his mind, it's no wonder Marinovich says, "When people tell me how well I'm doing, I can't hear it enough. That's because there have been times when I wished I could have heard it more."

Still, Marinovich could be heading for big-time trouble this fall. The Trojans are not the team they were last year when they went 9-2-1, were eight points from being undefeated and untied, won the Pac-10 and the Rose Bowl, had the nation's No. 1 defense against the rush (66.3 yards per game) and were second in total defense (238.4 yards). Only seven starters return this fall, the fewest for USC since the school started two-platoon football in 1965.

MARINOVICH SEES THE PARALLELS BETWEEN ART AND HIS QUARTERBACKING

With nonconference games against Syracuse, Penn State, Ohio State and Notre Dame on USC's schedule, the potential for disaster is real. Should losses mount, guess who will get the blame. Should the Trojans rise up and have a huge season, it's clear what people will say: A bunch of young guys in the offensive line, defensive line and secondary grew up in a hurry. But what about Marinovich? Naturally, the answer will be: "He was O.K. But we need a lot of improvement out of him. Quarterback is our key problem area."

This lack of confidence could send Marinovich to the pros early. "It's hard not to [go]," he says, "when people start flashing that kind of money at you." He has pro-style vision, throws the fades and deep routes well, and gets velocity on balls into the flat. Marinovich has a first-rate five-step drop but needs to pick up another couple of steps back for the pros, while learning to throw better on the run. Another indication that he might not stay at USC for the full term is that, as his 2.23 grade point average attests, he has little interest in being a student. Says Marinovich, "One of the first things the older guys laid on me when I got here was that C's get degrees, and sometimes D's." Says Smith, "His biggest academic weakness is getting up."

That's a problem. Or a hint. Because while Marv gets intense waiting for a traffic light to change, Todd gets intense about nothing. Could he be short in want-to? "When I was younger, I envisioned playing forever," he says. "But after only two years of college football, I have taken such a beating that now I know I will play just long enough in the pros." Which is how long? "Maybe four years."

Whither Todd Marinovich? ■





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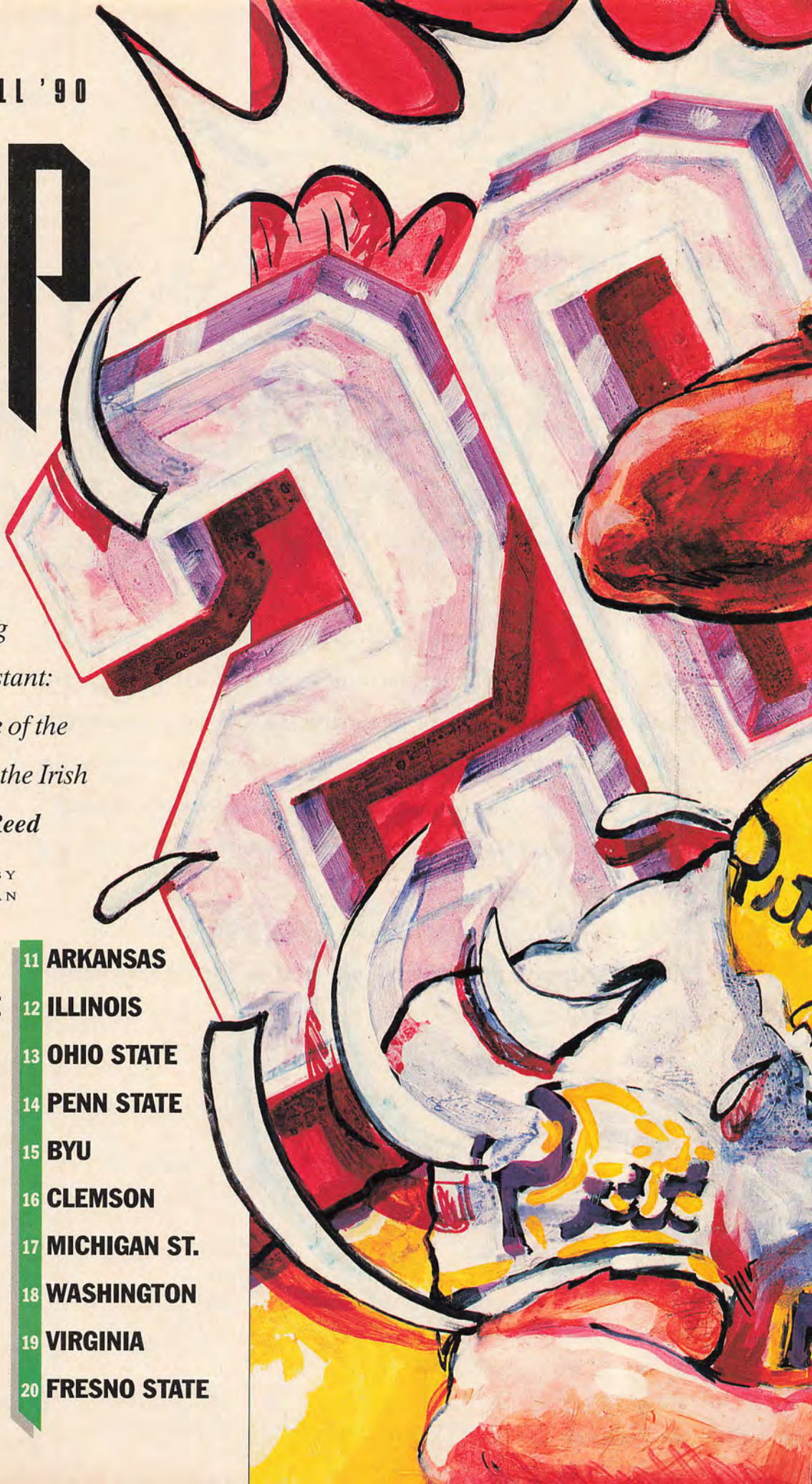
COLLEGE FOOTBALL '90

TOP

Although the game is facing major changes, at least one thing will remain constant: the preeminence of the Hurricanes and the Irish
by William F. Reed

ILLUSTRATION BY
GEORGE WITTMAN

- | | | | |
|----|-------------|----|--------------|
| 1 | MIAMI | 11 | ARKANSAS |
| 2 | NOTRE DAME | 12 | ILLINOIS |
| 3 | FLORIDA ST. | 13 | OHIO STATE |
| 4 | AUBURN | 14 | PENN STATE |
| 5 | MICHIGAN | 15 | BYU |
| 6 | TENNESSEE | 16 | CLEMSON |
| 7 | COLORADO | 17 | MICHIGAN ST. |
| 8 | USC | 18 | WASHINGTON |
| 9 | NEBRASKA | 19 | VIRGINIA |
| 10 | ALABAMA | 20 | FRESNO STATE |





COLLEGE FOOTBALL is changing so rapidly these days that before you reach the end of this story, the chances are good that three big-name coaches will have jumped to new schools, 49 outstanding juniors will have declared for the NFL draft and the Southeastern Conference will have added Hawaii to its new Pacific division. See what happens when Bo Schembechler retires? All hell breaks loose. Next thing you know, NBC will announce that, in order to strengthen two of its top programs, Lou Holtz and David Letterman will switch jobs.

All of this confusion makes it more difficult than usual to sort out the contenders for the national championship. Who knows if Michigan will still be Michigan under Gary Moeller? Or if Houston will continue to average a zillion points a game without Andre Ware? Or if Notre Dame has enough talent to handle a schedule that's as strong as NBC's prime-time lineup? There's so much uncertainty that the smart thing to do is declare that Miami, the defending champion, is No. 1 until some team proves otherwise.

It's possible, of course, that an Auburn or a Colorado or another team from a major conference could explode for a monster season. Possible, but not likely. It has been five years since a Big Eight team won the consensus championship (Oklahoma), 10 for the SEC (Georgia), 18 for the Pac 10 (Southern Cal), 21 for the Southwest (Texas) and—amazingly—22 for the proud Big Ten (Ohio State). So this season's rankings and bowl matchups are likely to revolve around two games: Florida State's Oct. 6 visit to Miami and the Hurricanes' Oct. 20 trip to South Bend for the game against Team Peacock.

At the end of last season, you may recall, Notre Dame and Florida State were the teams that protested the loudest when the national championship was awarded to Miami, the school's third title in seven years. In both cases the talk was sour grapes. Miami deserved the honor because it thoroughly outplayed Notre Dame 27-10, and because its only loss, 24-10 to Florida State, came when Hurricane quarterback Craig Erickson was out with a broken index finger.

Although no team has won back-to-back consensus titles since Oklahoma did it in 1955-56, Miami has the horses to win this season, a feat that would assure the Hurricanes a special place in the record book. Besides their national titles in 1983, '87 and '89, the Hurricanes were the national runners-up in 1986 and '88, which means that the Miami dynasty is comparable to those of Notre Dame and Army in the 1940s, Oklahoma in the early '50s and Alabama in the early '60s.

Unlike last season's team, which was built around the nation's most intimidating defense, the 1990 Hurricanes will try to live up to their nickname offensively. Although a starter for less than a season, Erickson has thrown 24 touchdown passes; this season—out of Miami's one-back set—he will throw even more often, mainly to big-play receivers Wesley Carroll and Randal Hill.

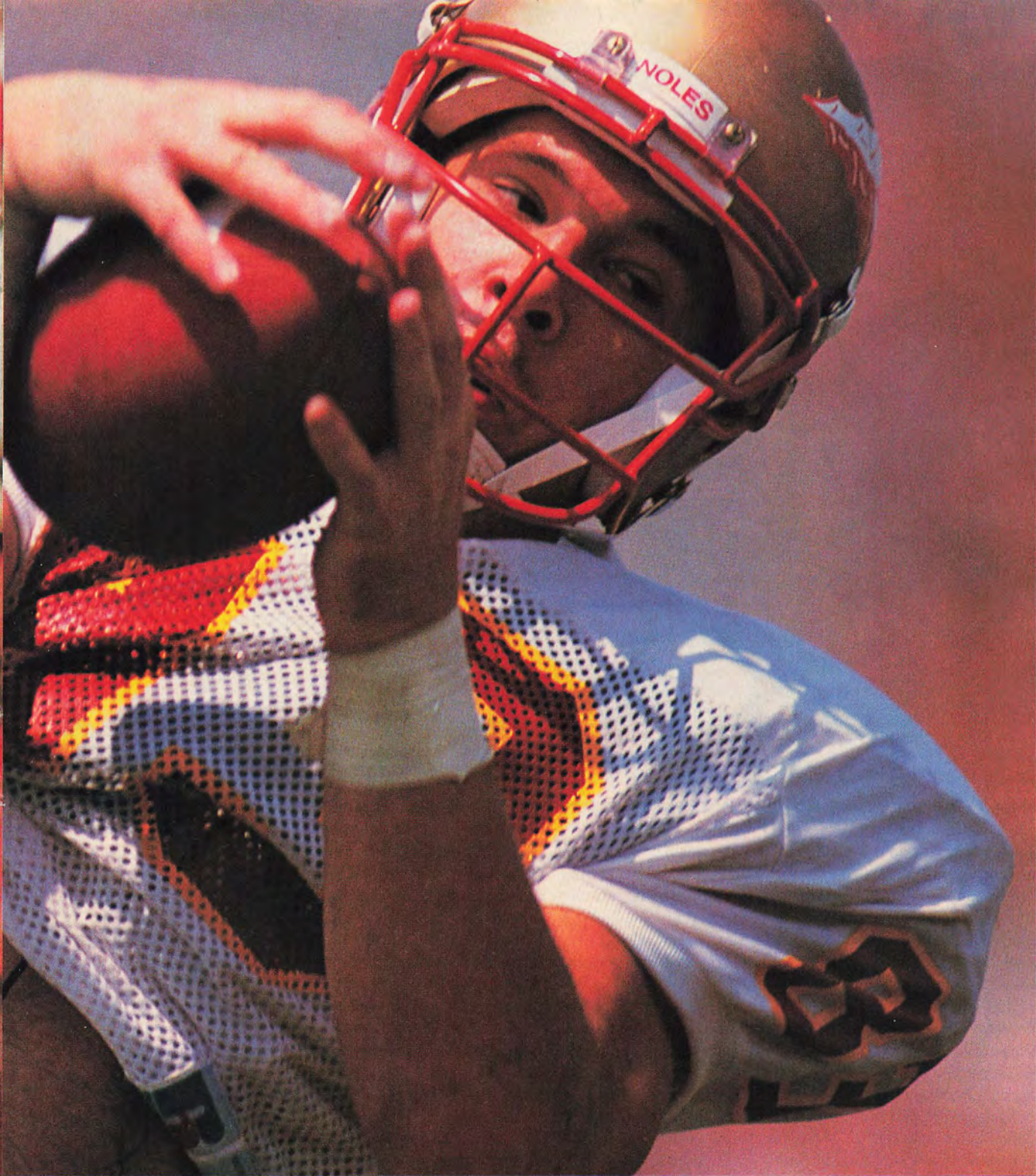
On defense, Miami will blitz more and implement more man-

JOHN BEVER

to-man coverage to compensate for the departure of four linemen. However, defensive tackle Russell Maryland, who is so valuable that coach Dennis Erickson asked him to sit out spring practice rather than risk an injury (Maryland refused), and outside linebacker Maurice Crum (*page 67*), the team's leading tackler for the past two seasons, are still around to raise cane, Miami-style.

At Notre Dame, on the other hand, the emphasis will be on defense. Or, as Coach Holtz told a Quarterback Club audience last spring, "Next fall, if you are inclined to go to the rest room or buy a hot dog, do it when we have the ball and you won't miss a thing." Replacing Tony Rice at quarterback will be sophomore





Rick Mirer, a stand-up-and-throw type who should be feeling lots of pressure now that his backup, Jake Kelchner, has been tossed out of school for academic reasons.

Mirer is nowhere near the running threat that Rice was, but he's such a promising passer that some people are making early comparisons with an Irish alum named Joe Montana. Mirer's adjustment will be eased by such talented receivers as Raghib (Rocket) Ismail and tight end Derek Brown. The swift Ismail will also operate out of the backfield, as will Ricky Watters, who averaged 6.7 yards a carry last season after playing flanker the previous year. Tailback Tony Brooks, defensive tackle George (Boo) Williams and linebacker Michael Stonebreaker—all of

DEFENSIVE BACKS GET AN EDUCATION FROM ROBERTS, A SEMINOLE GRAD STUDENT

whom missed last season because of off-the-field problems—are back in good standing. By winning the most valuable defensive player award in the spring game, Stonebreaker proved that he has recovered from hip and knee injuries suffered in a February 1989 car accident.

While Notre Dame will play another killer schedule, which includes eight bowl teams—too bad for NBC that its \$38 million deal to carry all the Irish home games doesn't go into effect until 1991—Florida State opens with four cream puffs: East Carolina, Georgia Southern, Tulane and Virginia Tech. Coach Bobby



GARTEN (62) AND HAGAN (3) WILL SPEARHEAD ANOTHER BUFFALO STAMPEDE

Bowden's team won't be tested until October, when it plays Miami and Auburn on the road. Before spring practice began, the replacement for Peter Tom Willis, the quarterback who was one of last season's biggest surprises, figured to be junior Casey Weldon. But one of his classmates, 6' 6" junior Brad Johnson, a reserve on the Seminoles' basketball team the last two seasons, wound up winning the job.

The Seminoles' most interesting receiver is tight end Dave Roberts, who has already earned his B.A. and is working toward a masters in communications. Roberts is also a rock guitarist who formed a band known as Oooz and Oz. Amp Lee sounds like a piece of equipment for Roberts's band, but he is, in fact, a tailback who gained 290 yards on 61 carries last season. Lee and Chris Parker, whose 6' 2", 221-pound frame invites comparison with ex-Seminole star Sammie Smith's, will share the position.

Florida State's best lineman is offensive guard Hayward Haynes, who can carry his 278 pounds over a 40-yard distance in 4.77 seconds, though Carl Simpson, a sophomore defensive tackle who played tight end last season, blossomed in the spring. Linebacker Kirk Carruthers, a contender for the Butkus Award, is back, and at cornerback the Seminoles have another Deion Sanders, sans the jewelry, in Terrell Buckley. Asked how many interceptions he would get in the spring game, Buckley said, "However many they throw over here, divide by two." He picked off one and returned it 48 yards for a touchdown.

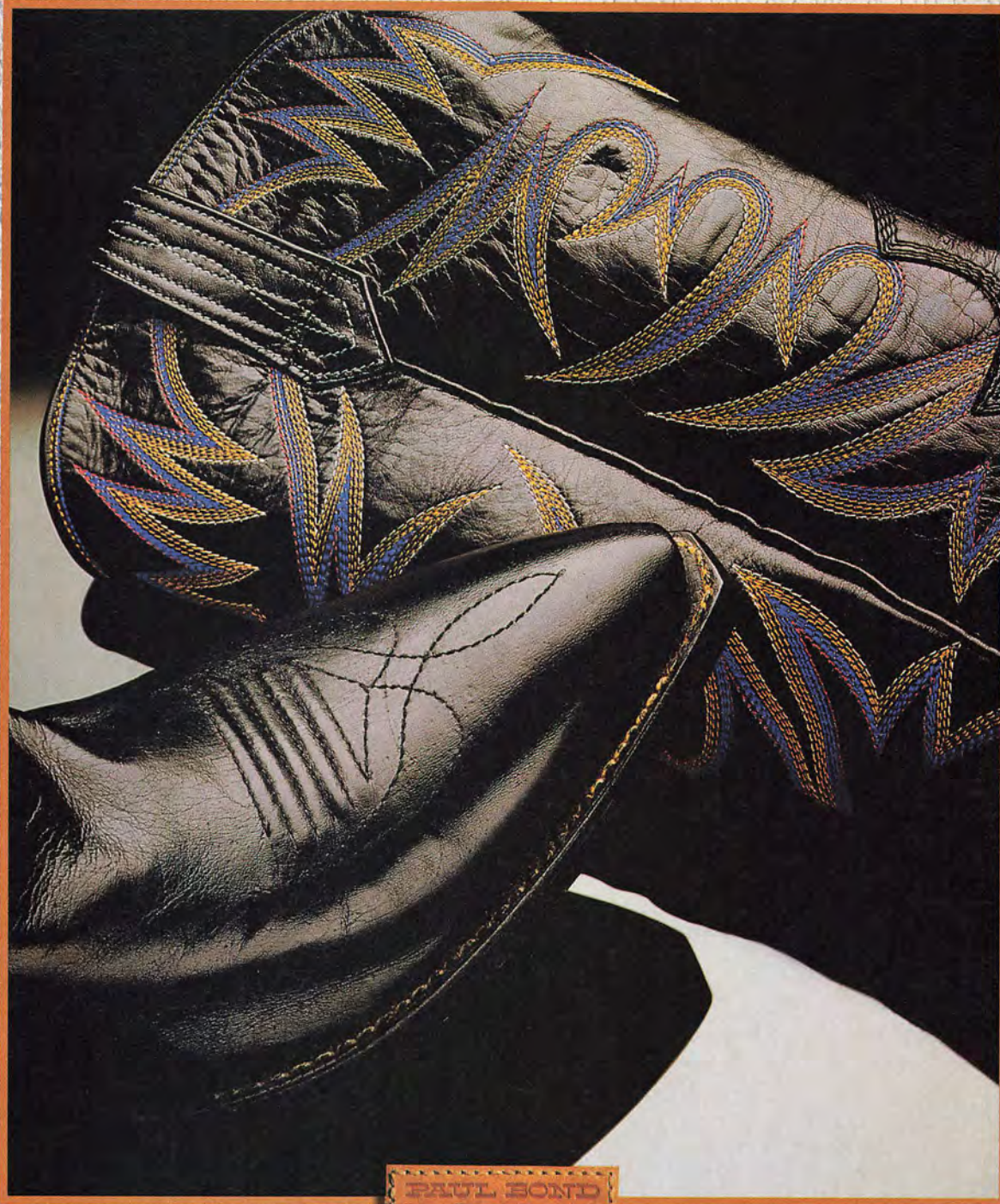
Like Bowden, Auburn's Pat Dye never seems to run out of talent. The Tigers are shy eight starters and a placekicker from last season's 10-2 team, which won a share of the SEC title (with Al-

abama and Tennessee) for the third straight year, but so what? The defense, according to senior tackle David Rocker, "will be the best of any of the four I've played on." That's saying a lot, since last season's unit was ranked sixth in the nation. The offense will pull its weight, too, even without Reggie Slack, who finished his career as Auburn's second-ranked passer. The Tigers have three outstanding runners in James Joseph, Stacy Danley and Darrell (Lectron) Williams, who will all enjoy darting through holes opened by Ed King, the 6' 4", 284-pound junior guard who will probably leave after this season for the pros.

Auburn even has its own Fridge, Walter Tate, a 6' 2", 306-pound noseguard who carried the ball twice for seven yards in the spring game. The crowd loved it more than Tate, who later said, "I don't want to ever be a ballcarrier after today. What I did will get you killed in the SEC."

At Michigan what might get you killed—well, at least fired—is not measuring up to the record achieved by Schembechler in his 21-year career at Ann Arbor. Moeller's first Michigan team will have a typically stingy defense—Moeller was the Wolverine defensive coordinator from 1973 to '76 and from '82 to '86—led by strong safety Tripp Welborne. The offense, though, will have a somewhat different look. "We have to throw more, with the type of quarterback we have," says Moeller, referring mainly to Elvis Grbac, who was 4-0 as a starter last season while Michael Taylor was out with an injury. Under Moeller, Grbac—who, for the last time, was not named for You Know Who—hopes to get opposing defenses all shook up by passing at least 25 times a game.

Understand, however, that the Wolverines aren't quite ready to install the run-and-shoot. Their main weapon, as always, will be the run, which is wise considering that, though Tony Boles has



Nogales, Arizona.

"...and they don't take American Express."

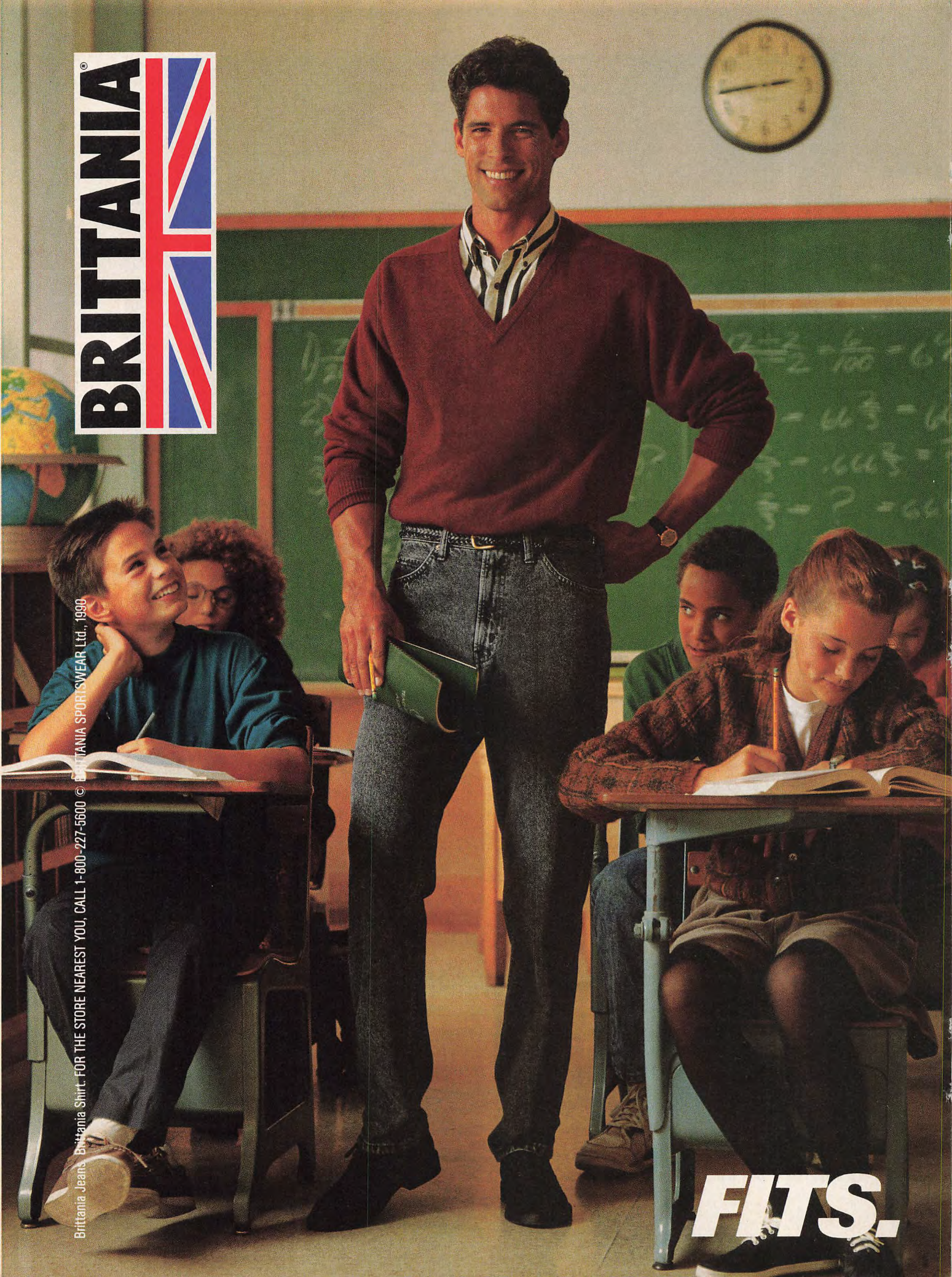
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FITS.

been lost to poor grades, they have three fine tailbacks—Allen Jefferson, Dennis Washington and Jon Vaughn—to follow the blocking of Greg Skrepenak, the 6' 6", 322-pound strongside tackle. And if any of those rushers falls by the wayside, Moeller can turn to Ricky Powers, a freshman from Akron who was ranked as one of the nation's best prospects.

At Tennessee, the Volunteers should come a lot closer to duplicating last season's 11-1 record than their 5-6 of 1988. Coach

Johnny Majors has his top two quarterbacks, two of his top three receivers, four of his five leading tacklers and three of his top four rushers returning. In addition, Majors offset his meager losses by signing nine junior college players, three of them All-Americans.

The Vols have never before had players quite like tailback Chuck Webb, who gained 1,236 yards and scored 12 touchdowns in '89 despite not starting until the sixth game, or Carl Pickens, a

HURRICANE MAURICE

MIAMI'S MAURICE CRUM SMILES WHEN he walks across campus and hears the chant "Mo knows football... Mo knows baseball." The teasing began this past spring when Crum, a six-foot, 222-pound senior linebacker, decided to renew his longtime love affair with baseball after not having played the sport for two years.

A lefthanded hitter, Crum was not as adept at drilling baseballs as he was at drilling ballcarriers; he hit .234 with one home run and seven RBIs while serving as a backup first baseman and designated hitter. But he did show Miami baseball coach Ron Fraser the potential that led the Chicago White Sox to draft him out of high school and offer him a \$37,000 bonus. "You could see the talent was there," says Fraser. "He's a pressure-type guy."

Ditto in football, only more so. Linebackers coach Tommy Tuberville calls Crum "the best natural linebacker we've had," and the Hurricanes have had some good ones. Against Notre Dame last season, he made 17 tackles in Miami's 27-10 victory.

Crum wasn't a football fan as a youngster. He grew up in the Belmont Heights section of Tampa, which has produced major leaguers Dwight Gooden, Gary Sheffield and Floyd Youmans, and where baseball is the game of choice. Maurice starred on the local Little League team, which, with him in the lineup, twice advanced to the final game at the Little League World Series in Williamsport, Pa. His late start in football was not strictly a matter of choice. When Maurice was six, a sickle-cell anemia trait was detected in his genes. He suffered from

headaches and was forbidden to play contact sports until high school. There, he became a good enough football player to get scholarship offers from Miami, West Virginia, Ohio State, Minnesota and Florida State.

Still, baseball remained his first love. "It was always my dream to come to Miami and play baseball, not football," Crum says. "I never really paid much attention to football. If a game was on TV, I might have watched a couple of plays and just kept going. I never watched a whole game."

The offer from the White Sox was tempting, especially because, at age 18 Crum was the father of a two-year-old boy, Maurice Jr. But Crum's mother, Geraldine, a cook at a Tampa junior high, argued that he should go to college and become the first member of the family to get a degree. When Crum decided to go to college, Jimmy Johnson, then the Miami coach, convinced him that his chances of having a pro career would be better in football.

As a freshman, Crum

played on special teams and in reserve duty at linebacker. The next year, starting only six games, Crum led the team in tackles—as he did again last season—unusual for an outside linebacker playing on the weak side.

Crum decided to return to baseball this spring partly because some NFL scouts feel he is too small to play linebacker in the pros. "It's better to have two shots than one," says Crum, who will have a third option next May when he graduates with a degree in criminal science, with an eye on becoming an FBI agent.

Crum will give baseball another try next spring, but first he hopes to enhance his football reputation by helping Miami to what would be its third national title in his four years on campus. "This year it's his team," says Tuberville. "He's got to have a good year for us to have a good defense."

Mo knows. "Ever since I've been here, I've always been in the shadow of other players," Crum says. "But that never really bothered me, because I'm more of a team player than anything. But I'll have to be more vocal this season. I'm looking for big things, as usual."

—WILLIAM F. REED

CRUM IS A HITTER IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE

BILL FRANKS



SCOUTING REPORTS

two-way threat who caught seven passes as a wide receiver and intercepted four as a free safety. So it's understandable that national-championship talk is being heard around Knoxville. "I feel it's in the back of everybody's mind," says fullback Greg Amsler. However, the schedule may not cooperate: The Vols, who tied Colorado 31-31 on Sunday, play Auburn on the road and host both Notre Dame and Alabama in Knoxville.

The Buffaloes, unbeaten last season until their 21-6 loss to Notre Dame in the Orange Bowl, could make another run at the national title. This season's team slogan is Can You Trust Me? Explains Colorado quarterback Darian Hagan, "Each individual has to ask himself if he can be trusted in a critical situation. In turn, can everyone on our team rely on each individual?"

The answer should be yes, at least in the cases of Hagan, who became the sixth player to both rush and pass for at least 1,000 yards in the same season; tailback Eric Bieniemy, who needs only 647 yards to surpass Charlie Davis (who played for Colorado from 1971 to '73) and become the top rusher in Colorado history; guard Joe Garten, a 6' 3", 280-pound All-America who will become the school's first four-year starter; outside linebackers Kanavis McGhee and Alfred Williams, the twin terrors from Houston; and punter Tom Rouen, who last year led the nation with a 45.9 average. As far as sophomore linebacker Chad

Brown is concerned, his teammates can only hope he can be trusted to keep his pets, three pythons, two boa constrictors, six other snakes and four lizards, at home.

Snakebit is probably how Southern Cal coach Larry Smith felt after defensive back Mark Carrier and linebacker Junior Seau each gave up his final year of eligibility to sign a fat pro contract. Their exits left the Trojans with only seven returning starters and their most inexperienced team in at least 25 years. And the Trojans will not be able to build early confidence against a bunch of nonconference patsies; they open with Syracuse, Penn State, Washington and Ohio State—all but Penn State on the road.

Still, Southern Cal always finds a way to a bowl game, usually the one in Pasadena. In quarterback Todd Marinovich (page 48) and tailback Ricky Ervins, the Trojans have the key elements of an attack that ranked eighth nationally in total offense last season. The defense will be anchored by linebacker Scott Ross and noseguard Gene Fruge, the only returning starters. "You look around and see all that inexperience and you realize what a challenge this is going to be," says Smith. "But I like challenges. This is fun."

Fun? If playing Southern Cal's schedule is fun, then playing Nebraska's must be a veritable Disney World. Sorry to harp on this, but the Huskers just can't be taken seriously as national title contenders until they beef up a nonconference schedule that this season includes Baylor, Northern Illinois, Minnesota and Oregon State. The only suspense will come when Nebraska plays Colorado on Nov. 3, and the Huskers get that one in Lincoln.

Only two starters return on offense, but don't be deceived. The Huskers suited up 163 players for their spring game, and among them are a lot of guys who can catch, run and throw. Mike Grant and Mickey Joseph will share quarterback early in the season, and junior Tim Johnk will start at fullback. One preseason practice casualty was wingback Nate Turner, who broke his collarbone and will be out at least three weeks. The defense is so tough—seven starters, including strong safety Reggie Cooper and linebacker Pat Tyrance, preseason All-Americans, return from a unit that ranked eighth nationally in '89—that the Huskers won't need to score that much. The I-back job belongs to Leodis Flowers, who gained 493 yards last season as a backup, with 7.5 yards per carry.

Unlike Nebraska, Alabama has a schedule that will enable new coach Gene Stallings to moan every bit as much as did his mentor, the late Paul (Bear) Bryant, who never saw a schedule he didn't loathe. After a relatively easy opener, against Southern Mississippi, the Tide plays Florida at home and then Georgia on the road. Down the line are toughies against Tennessee and Auburn. Stallings will need a lot of breaks to match the 10-2 record that Bill Curry forged last season before he got fed up with the constant criticism and bolted for Kentucky. Curry didn't leave the 'Bama



RUSSELL (81) HOPES TO HELP THE TIDE BREAK THE AUBURN JINX



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cupboard bare. On offense, the returnees include quarterback Gary Hollingsworth and two players who are among the best in the nation at their positions, tailback Siran Stacy and tight end Lamonde Russell. The entire line returns, as well. And the defense might not miss linebacker Keith McCants if Antonio London and Derrick Oden fulfill their vast promise.

Arkansas has a lot of question marks, and as coach Jack Crowe puts it, "The biggest one may be about their new coach."

Crowe replaces Ken Hatfield, who moved to Clemson after going 55-17-1 in six years at his alma mater and winning back-to-back SWC championships the last two seasons. Of 11 starters returning from last season's Cotton Bowl team, the most important is Quinn Grovey, who may be the nation's best unknown quarterback. Last spring Grovey said, "This is it. I'm going for it. All-America, Heisman, everything." For that to happen, the Razorbacks will have to go 11-0 and get some TV exposure.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

CHECK OUT THIS FALL'S STARTING backfield at Ohio State: James Otis Graham, No. 35, fullback. Hey, wasn't there a Jim Otis who was an All-America fullback at Ohio State in the late '60s? Didn't he wear No. 35? Yup. Where's this Graham kid from? Long Beach, N.Y. Hold on, wasn't Pete Johnson, the former All-Big Ten fullback who set the Ohio State career scoring record, in 1976, from Long Beach? Yup. Wow! No wonder Graham is playing for the Buckeyes.

Certainly, you say, the folks at Ohio State had made the connection. "No," admits Steve Snapp, the Buckeyes' publicist. "For Scottie to wind up with No. 35 was coincidence."

O.K., but there's still the Johnson connection. "Pete Johnson. Sure, I had heard of him," says Graham. "I knew he played at my high school, and I heard of him when he was playing in the pros [the Cincinnati Bengals]. But, no, I never knew he played at Ohio State until after I got here."

"Besides," adds Graham, laying matters to rest once and for all, "nobody calls me James Otis. Everybody calls me Scottie. Grandma named me. No special reason. One day she just started calling me that, and I've been Scottie ever since."

Graham is not following in footsteps; he is creating them. Last season, his first as a full-time starter, the 5' 10", 225-pounder cannonballed through the Big Ten for 10 touchdowns and 977 yards on 183 carries, a 5.3 yards-per-carry average.

"This is the kind of offense a fullback loves," says Graham of the Buckeye attack. "You're just a big tailback. You run the ball, you catch passes, run decoy routes, and you have to block."

When Graham played tailback at Long Beach (17 touchdowns and 1,500 yards his senior year), blocking was not a required course for him. After he arrived at Ohio State, the coaching staff took one look at his short, massive frame—he bench-presses 450 pounds and runs the 40 in 4.45—and told him he had just become a fullback.

"I didn't know how to throw a block," says Graham. "In the beginning, I wasn't very good. But I worked at it. Now I love to throw blocks. When they switched me to fullback I said, O.K., if I am going to be a fullback, I'm not going to be an ordinary fullback. I'm going to run for touchdowns."

There is nothing ordinary about Graham. Two of his touchdowns last season were runs of 70 yards against Boston College and 60 yards against Indi-

ana. Some fullback: 40 yards and a cloud of dust.

Graham is special in other ways, too. Recently someone asked him for a meaningful quote. After a moment's reflection, Graham said: "'Suffering breeds character. Character breeds faith'—Jesse Jackson."

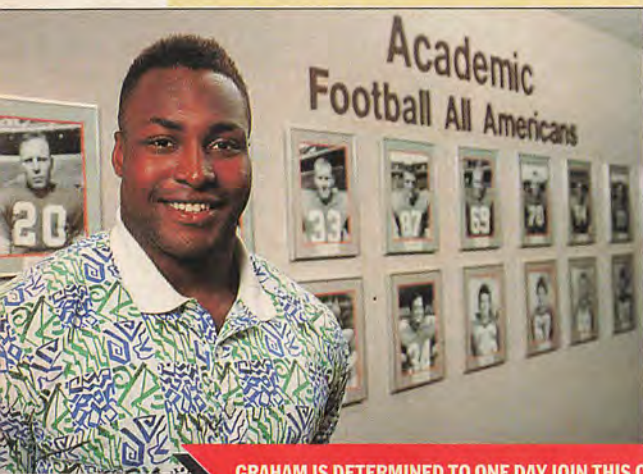
Graham's character developed as he watched his mother, Thelma Ruth, suffer under the burden of raising four children on her own. Graham is the youngest; his father died when Scottie was seven. "My mother is my inspiration," he says. "I made her a promise: I would get my degree. I believe God gave me this athletic ability for a reason, and that is to get a college degree. Football will pass, but no one can ever take away an education."

An academic senior with two years of football eligibility remaining, Graham says that if the NFL beckons after this season, he will tell them to wait. Graham intends to spend his fifth year at Ohio State, taking graduate courses in sports management, where he sees his future after football. Mention All-America to Graham, and he will guide you to the Woody Hayes Athletic Center, to the section where pictures are displayed of former Ohio State *academic* All-Americans.

"I want to be an All-America," says Graham. "But I also want this: I want to be the first African-American player with my picture on *this* wall. I got off to a poor start academically my first semester. Then they called me in and said: Study or go home. I got the message. It just took me a while to realize the importance of an education."

Then he adds softly: "Academic All-America. That means something. When I walk across the stage with my diploma, that will make me the son I want to be for my mother."

—PAT PUTNAM

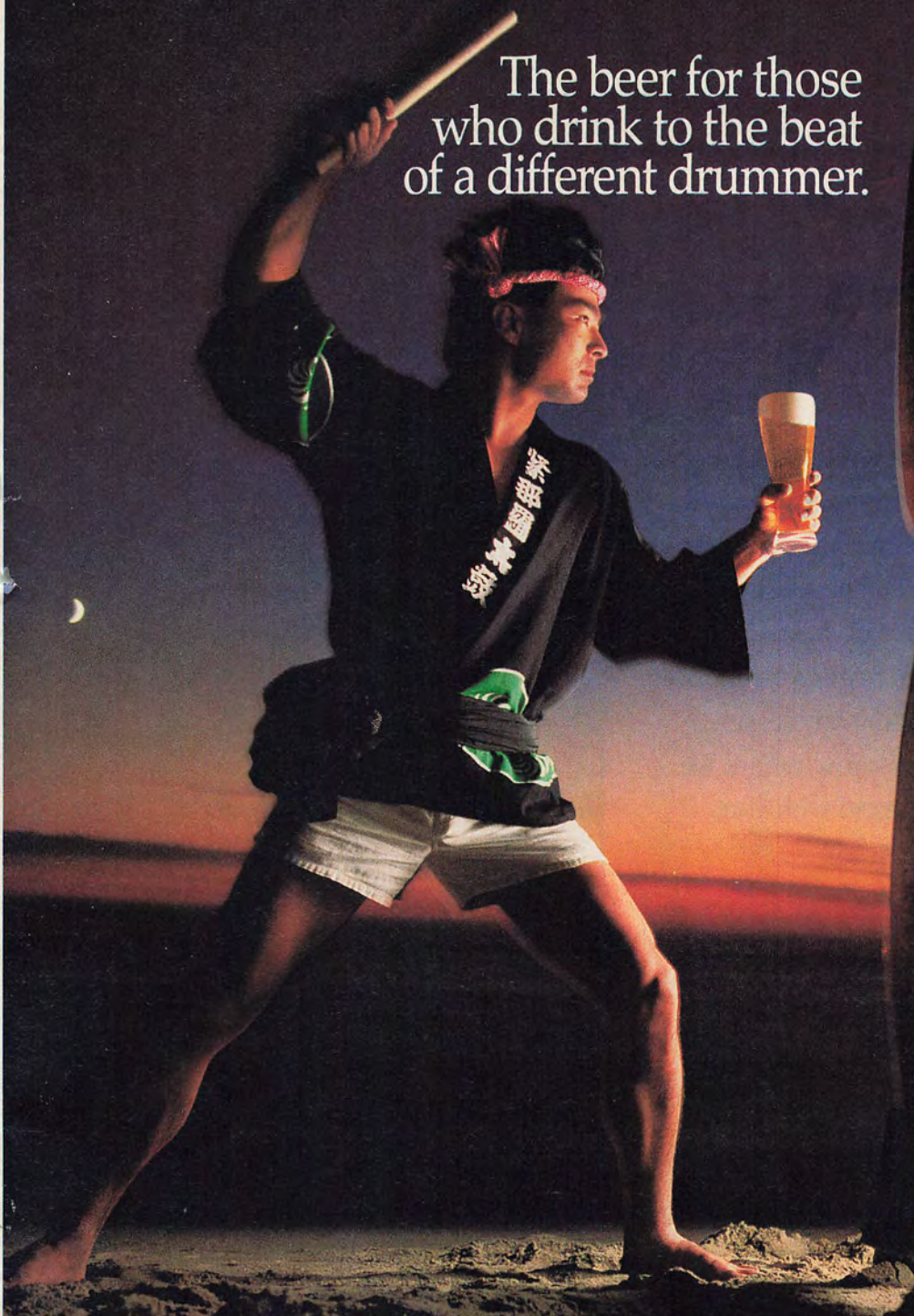


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If Michigan falters in the Big Ten, the teams most likely to pick up the pieces are Illinois and Ohio State. Though the Illini have lost quarterback Jeff George, who became the No. 1 pick in the NFL draft after giving up his final year of eligibility, they still have one of the nation's best all-around backs, fullback Howard Griffith, and a strong defense, led by nosetackle Moe Gardner. Illinois opens the conference season on Oct. 6 at Ohio State, whose hopes depend on how its young offensive line develops. Buckeye quarterback Greg Frey has two fine receivers in flanker Jeff Graham and tight end Jeff Ellis, along with a bruising runner in Scottie Graham (page 70). On defense, the Buckeyes will depend mainly on end Alonzo Spellman and linebacker Steve Tovar, both of whom are sophomores.

The departure of tailback Blair Thomas—a first-round draft pick of the New York Jets—would figure to make Penn State coach Joe Paterno a doubting Thomas, except that Paterno still has Willie Thomas at free safety and Tisen Thomas at cornerback, giving the Nittany Lions plenty of speed in the secondary. There's no Thomas to replace Blair in the offensive backfield, but there is a Thompson, Leroy, who will move from fullback to tailback. However, to cope with a road schedule that includes Southern Cal, Alabama and Notre Dame, Penn State will need a big season from erratic quarterback Tony Sacca.

At Brigham Young, naturally, quarterback is the least of coach LaVell Edwards's worries. Junior Ty Detmer, who has thrown for 5,812 yards and 45 touchdowns in two seasons, is such a treasure that Edwards put him off-limits to tacklers during spring practice. Detmer and tight end Chris Smith will form one of the nation's most formidable aerial combinations. To shore up the defense—remember BYU's 50–39 loss to Penn State in the Holiday Bowl?—Edwards has spent a lot of time consulting with the San Francisco 49ers.

Clemson fans who were unhappy over coach Danny Ford's departure might not notice he's gone, because new coach Hatfield also believes in a ball-control offense and an aggressive defense. When the Tigers travel to Virginia on Sept. 8 for what could be the ACC's decisive game, fans should get a kick out of watching the Tigers' unyielding defense, led by linebackers Ed McDaniel, Doug Brewster and Levon Kirkland and safety Robert O'Neal, go against Virginia's Moore-to-Moore combination. Quarterback Shawn had more than 2,500 yards in total offense last season, and wide receiver Herman had a school-record 10 touchdown catches.

Michigan State's hopes hinge on quarterback Dan Enos, who threw for 2,006 yards last season, and receiver Courtney Hawkins, who used his blazing speed for 60 receptions and 1,080 yards as a sophomore, both school rec-

ords. Nevertheless, the Spartans' hopes of representing the Big Ten in the Rose Bowl aren't nearly as bright as Washington's of representing the Pac 10. The best example of the Huskies' new emphasis on speed is redshirt freshman linebackers Andy Mason and Hillary Butler. "Me and Hillary are ahead of the times," Mason says. "We're the year 2000." Which, of course, is one reason the Pullman media call them the Hot Dawgs.

The city of Fresno, Calif., doesn't get a lot of respect: Several years ago, a report on the nation's cities called it the worst place to live in the entire U.S., and though Fresno State has gone 21–3 over the past two seasons, with back-to-back wins in the California Bowl, no one seems to take the team seriously. Well, the Bulldogs can no longer be ignored. Sure, the Big West is not the SEC, but all this program needs is a little network exposure so everyone can see that it's a big-time team. Quarterback Mark Barsotti, who passed for 1,741 yards and 14 touchdowns in 1989, is a real find for the Bulldogs, and tailback Aaron Craver, who rushed for 1,248 yards last season, is one of the most exciting runners in the country. ■

V.J. LOVERO



Craver could be the most exciting thing in Fresno

FROM SURFER TO CYCLONE

Southern California native Blaise Bryant is now, improbably, tearing up corn country for Iowa State

HE WON'T CALL IT AN IDENTITY CRISIS, BUT BLAISE BRYANT wonders if he hasn't left parts of his real self behind. Everywhere he goes, people give him quizzical looks. They size up his high-rise, flattop lobster-tail haircut and they ask, "How did you wind up *here*?"

And "here" can be Iowa corn country, the surfing beaches of Southern California, the end zones of the Big Eight Conference—even his own living room, where he sits like a stranger among contemporary furniture and abstract art.

"Gypsies," he says with a grin. "My parents are gypsies."

They aren't, of course. They are more like an idealized TV family. The Bryants have lived for the last 2½ years in an elaborately landscaped, shake-shingled house on a cul-de-sac in an expensive subdivision of Huntington Beach, south of Los Angeles. The sleek table sculptures and abstract paintings were created by Blaise's father, John, a data processing director with two master's degrees, in business administration and art. The house and its tasteful decor are otherwise the province of Blaise's mother, Frances, a former teacher who now divides her time between housekeeping and volunteer work.

Bryant, who would sooner shave his head than be mistaken for

what he calls a "fake yuppie type," tries to distance himself from his parents' success. "Personally, I'm broke," he says with a shrug. "My dad has money, but I'm as poor as the next guy."

John Bryant chuckles over his son's who-am-I dilemma. "I grew up in Detroit, and I saw life as a question of survival," he says. "Blaise was raised around whites because I always wanted the best for my family—the best houses, the best schools, the best neighborhoods. Blaise didn't always understand why we had to keep moving up. Even now, he calls home and says, 'You guys haven't moved again, have you?' I say, 'Blaise, that's what you call the American Dream.'"

The American dream, of course, is often distinct from the Football Coach's Dream. The football coach dreams of finding a speedy junior college tailback who can step in without a single down of major college game experience, gain 213 yards in his first game, and go on to rush for 1,516 yards and 19 touchdowns. If the coach dreams in color and Vista Vision, he will throw in conference Newcomer-of-the-Year honors and a passel of school records.

Blaise Bryant accomplished all of that last year for Iowa State coach Jim Walden, who thinks that Bryant's name should be on



BRYANT CAUGHT A FEW LATE-
SUMMER WAVES BEFORE RE-
TURNING TO THE HEARTLAND

by
John
Barrity

CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

the short list of Heisman Trophy candidates this fall.

"Just because you're at Oklahoma or Notre Dame, that shouldn't automatically make you a better Heisman Trophy candidate," says Walden. "Blaise should get credit for doing what he does *against* great competition. Those other guys are playing for the best against teams that are not as good."

The point is well-taken, but history does not favor the Cyclone senior: The only Iowa collegian to win the Heisman Trophy was Nile Kinnick of the University of Iowa, way back in 1939. The best Iowa State vote-getter of all time was George Amundson, a quarterback who finished eighth in 1972.

On the other hand, the 6' 1", 200-pound Bryant is the nation's leading returning rusher, and before transferring to Iowa State he was the nation's leading junior college rusher for Golden West College in Huntington Beach. It's hard, too, to discount the best runner in a run-happy conference like the Big Eight that—in addition to Oklahoma State's Barry Sanders in 1988—has produced three other Heisman-winning rushers since 1970. Walden's run-and-shoot offense suits Bryant's slashing, zigzag style, and the Cyclone blockers are experienced and aggressive. Last season, running out of one-back and I formations, Bryant set six Iowa State season rushing and scoring records, including most 100-yard games (seven) and most points scored (120). Defending against him, says Kansas coach Glen Mason, is "like hunting a fly with a sledgehammer."

"I *like* him," Walden says with a refreshing absence of flack-

ery. "We don't like everybody we coach, you know, but Blaise is so unselfish, he responds to coaching so well, he gives of himself so much. He stops after ball games and signs autographs for an hour. He's just a gorgeous person."

Frances Bryant, who is only slightly biased, agrees. "What I love most about my son is his really big heart. He has such great concern and compassion for everyone." Adds John Bryant, "At games we try to be very humble, but our chests are popping we're so proud."

Bryant is also living proof that a Southern California surfer doesn't have to be a sun-bleached blond with a minor in volleyball and a vocabulary built around the words *tubular* and *dude*. In the summer, when he isn't installing air conditioners to earn money for school, Bryant virtually lives on a surfboard or boogie board. If he is in a contemplative mood, he hangs out at secluded Seal Beach. If he wants to surf, he often drives down to glamorous Newport Beach. Sometimes he surfs after dark, working the waves dangerously close to the pilings of the Huntington Beach pier. "There's enough light from the pier that I feel safe," he says. "It's a great way to chill out."

The beaches were not always so hospitable. Blaise was in third grade when the Bryants moved from multiracial Culver City, Calif., where he was happy, to predominantly white Redondo Beach, a few miles south of Los Angeles International Airport. He and his older brother, Tony, were often unwelcome there, and the Bryants had to endure ugly epithets from the surfers.

"I don't hear that anymore," Bryant says. "Either the people have gotten a lot more liberal or they're afraid to say it now."

He quickly adds, "I don't care. If you take the skin off us, we're all the same."

If he tends to discount the effect of racism on his life, he does not minimize the jarring impact the move from L.A. had on him at the time. "It was hard at first," he says. "Culver City was a great place for people of every shade of color, but down here my brother and I were the only 'brothers' around. We stood out."

Frances, who grew up in mostly white Marysville in Northern California, confirms her son's negative first impressions of suburbia. "He kept saying, 'Mom, this sucks.' It was too rural for him. It wasn't sophisticated enough for him."

Another move two years later, to nearby Cypress, went down a little better. With his parents' encouragement, he got involved in Pop Warner football and later blossomed at Cypress High School. His senior year, Bryant rushed for 1,305 yards and 20

touchdowns and was a first-team all-state selection despite his team's 5-5 record. Two years at his hometown juco, Golden West, produced more sparkling numbers and first-team All-America honors.

IN A TEST AGAINST THE BEST,

BRYANT RIPPED INTO OKLA-

HOMA FOR 151 YARDS IN '89

And then—keep in mind his mom's remark that Blaise found Redondo Beach "too rural"—he accepted a scholarship from . . . Iowa State?

"To be honest, no one else really wanted me," he says with a laugh.

That isn't precisely true, but the two schools *he* wanted, UCLA and USC, didn't recruit him. "I could have picked some other local school, but I wanted to play against the best, and it was Coach Walden who gave me that opportunity."

When he saw Ames, Iowa, Bryant almost changed his mind. "There was never a problem with football," he recalls. "It was everything else. The humidity was killing me, there was nothing but corn everywhere, bugs everywhere. I *hate* bugs! It would have been different if I'd had a friend, but there was no one. I called my mom and said, 'I'm out of here.' I was ready to go."

Fortunately for Cyclone fans, Bryant stuck it out, and when he went home for Thanksgiving he made a surprising discovery: "What I was homesick for was gone." The people he had hung out with had drifted away and found new friends. And frigid, snowbound Iowa no longer seemed distant and unwelcome.

No kidding, he even missed his coaches. "Norm Andersen is a great running backs coach," Bryant says, "and Walden is an awesome guy, an innovator. I'm taking credit for a lot of stuff, but Walden's the one doing it."

So Bryant has gotten comfy in Ames, and alums aren't the only ones to cheer that development. "When he leaves for school, it's total devastation for me," says his mother. "But I'm thrilled he's in Iowa. He sees how other people live, and he gets away from all the plastic people who live in Southern California."

Bryant's immediate goal is to get into a bowl game—a seemingly Herculean task, given Iowa State's perennial middle-of-the-Big Eight status, but one he says he and his teammates are up to. He also seeks personal improvement as a pass receiver (he made 20 catches last year for 202 yards, no touchdowns) and as a ball hugger (he lost five fumbles). "There's a fine line between being good and being great," he says. "I don't think I'm a better athlete than anybody else, but I do think I have more heart."

Bryant's career ambitions—he's a telecommunications major—are a little less focused but fully in line with his dad's dreams for him.

"I got a little plan worked up," Bryant says with a sly grin. "I want to be an entrepreneur. I want a beach house. Those goals have nothing to do with football, but football looks like the quickest and easiest way to do that. And if everything goes as planned, I'll buy a house in Iowa, too. Just to hang out."

He explains: "I'm an Iowan."

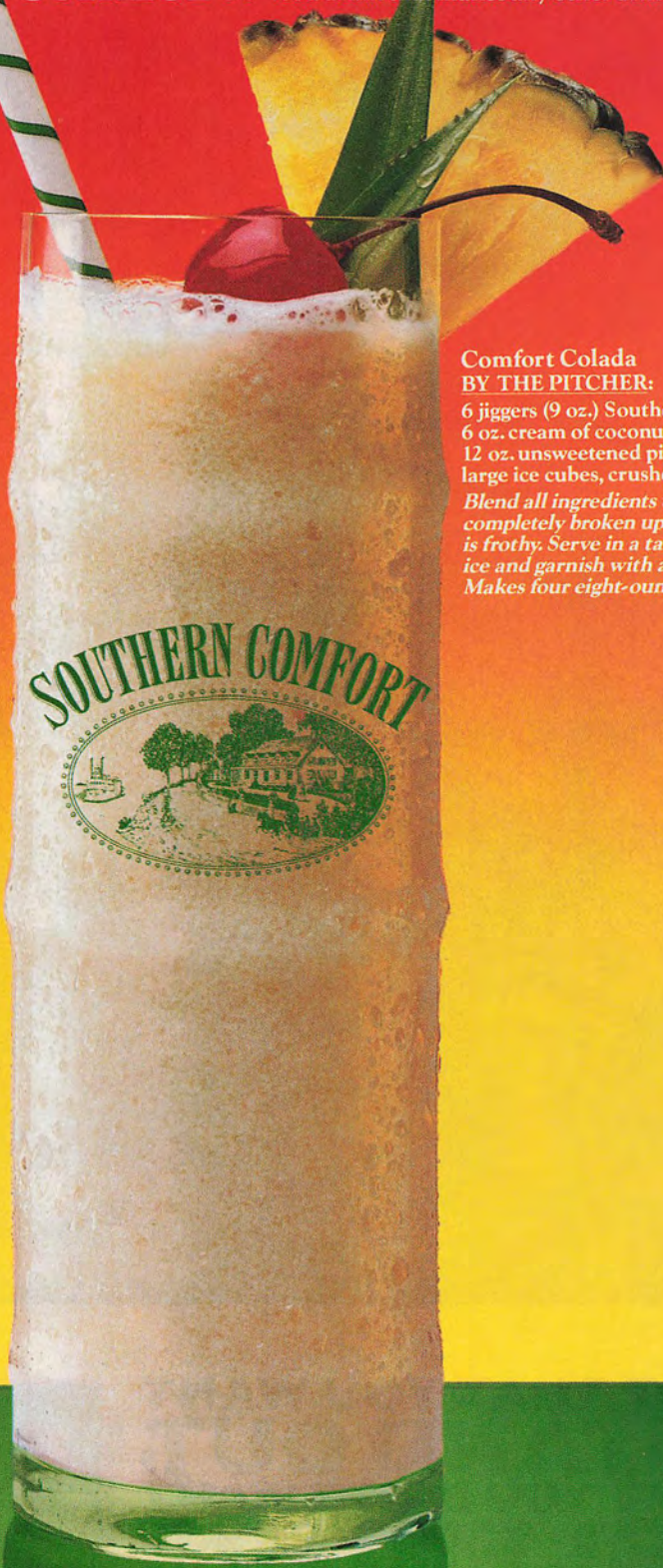
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6 jiggers (9 oz.) Southern Comfort
6 oz. cream of coconut
12 oz. unsweetened pineapple juice
large ice cubes, crushed

Blend all ingredients until ice is completely broken up and liquid is frothy. Serve in a tall glass over ice and garnish with a cherry. Makes four eight-ounce drinks.



IT'S NOT THAT YOU WANT
TO STAND OUT,
IT'S THAT YOU DON'T WANT
TO BLEND IN.



CONFERENCES

Look for tight races in the ACC, Big Ten and SEC in this last season before the conferences realign

HOW FITTING it is, given the colorful split personality of the **Atlantic Coast Conference**, that the league's two Top 20 contenders are the Skoal-spittin' Tigers of Clemson and the gentlemen Cavaliers of Virginia. As the two schools have at least one thing in common—their uniforms' hue—1990 will be something of an orange crush for the rest of the conference. Georgia Tech was truly a Rambling Wreck as it opened the 1989 season by losing three straight and lurched to within two defeats of the ACC record of 18 straight conference losses. But the Yellow Jackets became a wrecking crew, winning seven of their last eight games for their first winning season since 1985. As a redshirt freshman, quarterback Shawn Jones threw for 1,748 yards and 12 touchdowns, and he is the first returning starter under center in Bobby Ross's four years in Atlanta. The Yellow Jackets will replace tailback Jerry Mays, the conference's leading rusher in 1989, with T.J. Edwards, a rare intraconference transfer from Duke, or William Bell. On defense, NFL scouts will be swarming around All-ACC junior free safety Ken Swilling, the most talented Yellow Jacket in a decade.

"Come back, Shane" may be a familiar refrain at N.C. State, with the departure of quarterback Shane Montgomery, who led the ACC in passing yardage last season. This season, coach Dick Sheridan will go with a ground attack because Montgomery's heir, sophomore Charles Davenport, is an option quarterback. Davenport will pitch to speedy tailbacks Tyrone Jackson, a junior, and Aubrey Shaw, a sophomore, who were two of the Wolfpack's top four rushers from 1989.

Safeties Jesse Campbell and Fernandus (Snake) Vinson anchor a formidable defense.

Former Duke assistant head coach Barry Wilson, chosen to replace coach Steve Spurrier at the Blue Devil helm, served part of his Army duty as a sentinel at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. At the very least, his new assignment will be livelier, though equally unknown is the identity of the Blue

ANTHONY NESTE





John Bever

Devils' starting quarterback. Wilson has two fine résumés to choose between: Billy Ray opened '89 by leading Duke to a surprising 5-3 record before bowing out with a shoulder injury. Fill-in Dave Brown performed quite nicely in sparking the Devils to a 3-0 season finish, with 11 touchdown passes and an astounding average of 432 yards per game through the air. No matter which one wins the job, junior tailback Randy Cuthbert will be a prime target after catching 50 passes last season while becoming the first Duke ballcarrier in 17 years to rush for 1,000 yards.

You might think that North Carolina coach Mack Brown's two-year record of 2-20 would keep high school recruits away in droves. Nonetheless, Brown's 1990 prep crop was judged to be one of the best in the country. That's the good news. The bad news is that a couple of the Tar Heels' top prospects, quarterback Mike Thomas and tight end Oscar Sturgis, both from state champion Richmond Senior High in Rockingham, couldn't join the 700 Club on the SATs. They were sent packing to Fork Union (Va.) Military Academy this fall to bone up on their academics, and Thomas, who signed a minor league baseball contract with the Orioles, may never climb Chapel Hill. Brown is left with junior Todd Burnett at quarterback, who did not distinguish himself last season. The Tar Heels hope to get meaner on defense and are counting on tackle Roy Barker and linebackers Dwight Hollier, Eric Gash and Tommy Thigpen, who has been perfecting his technique by studying old films of former Heel Lawrence Taylor.

Whoever arranged the 1990 Maryland schedule has an odd sense of humor. The once-proud Terps, who haven't had a winning season since 1985, have nonconference dates at Michigan, Penn State and West Virginia. Coach Joe Krivak has chosen Scott Zolak to quarterback the lackluster Terps. A senior, Zolak has waited four years for this thankless assignment.

Free safety Lamont Scales led Wake Forest in tackles in 1989, a telling indication of the woeful state of the Demon Deacons' defensive front. Things won't improve much on a unit that yielded 435 yards and 29 points per game while registering just 10 sacks. On offense, ACC 110-meter hurdles champ Steve Brown is a deep threat at flanker. But for these Deacons, the hurdles will be too high.

Geographically, at least, Arkansas has always been odd man out in the All Texas Plus One **Southwest Conference**. Soon Arkansas will simply be out—gone to the Southeastern Conference, beginning in 1992. That conference doesn't make any more sense geographically, but it made a lot of financial sense to the Hog hierarchy, which couldn't resist the extra TV dollars. This season the SWC might as well pretend that Arkansas, a solid Top 20 contender, has already left. That will make the battle for the title of conference runner-up more exciting. Although the Razorbacks have won the crown two years running (and almost never passing), Texas A&M has not been far behind. Last year, a one-point loss to the Hogs separated A&M from a New Year's Day date in Dallas. This season the Aggies have an enforcer at outside linebacker named Tyrone (the first *n* is silent) Malone, a transfer from LSU. If halfback Darren Lewis can regain the spirit of the 1,692 yards he rushed for in 1988, the Aggies could ruin the Hogs' farewell.

Quarterback Andre Ware and his coach, Jack Pardee, have

both left the University of Houston for the major leagues, but that doesn't mean that the Cougars' run-and-shoot offense will be hobbled. David (Slinger) Klingler passed for eight touchdowns and 865 yards as Ware's understudy in '89, career marks for some SWC starters. Klingler will be throwing to wideout Manny Hazard, who had more receptions (142) last year than anyone in Division I-A history, and handing off to Chuck Weatherspoon, who gained a remarkable 9.6 yards per carry in '89.

No doubt the Bears of Baylor spent much of the off-season enjoying films of their '89 season-ending 50-7 Texas Massacre, which was shot on location in Austin. That's the kind of momentum that can carry a team right into a new season—right up to Saturday, Sept. 1, when the Bears visit Nebraska. There, the momentum will cease. Those nonconference crunchers (Arizona State is on tap for the Bears the following week) will be misleading, though, because with a break here and there, Baylor could find itself in the thick of the SWC race. Coach Grant Teaff is returning to the I formation veer that he used in his first season, 18 years ago. The benefactor will be redshirt freshman fullback Robert Strait, a converted tailback who gained 8,404 yards and scored 127 TDs in four years at Cuero (Texas) High School. End Santana Dotson anchors a defense that was tops in the conference last year, and the Baylor secondary is airtight.

Spike Dykes's Texas Tech Red Raiders were the surprise of the conference last autumn, when they stormed to a 9-3 record. A visit to Ohio State and a rendezvous with Miami at Jones Stadium augur a more modest showing this fall, as does the loss of I-back James Gray, the SWC's leading rusher. Dykes welcomes back Butkus Award nominee Charles Rowe at linebacker, and the league's passers and receivers welcome back the entire Tech secondary, which ranked 100th in Division I-A in '89.

The eyes of Texas are firmly upon fourth-year coach David McWilliams, and they aren't smiling. McWilliams has presided over the Longhorns' first back-to-back losing seasons since 1937-38, and he could add a third, with Penn State, Colorado and Oklahoma on the nonconference schedule. Adding to McWilliams's woes was an off-season gambling scandal that surfaced right around the time that high school prospects sign their letters of intent. Nevertheless, the Longhorns have had three fine recruiting years, at a time when many Texas high school prospects are fleeing the state, but if some of those prospects don't pan out, McWilliams could find himself at the mercy of an angry mob of Texas alums.

TCU will rely on an offensive line with two sophomore starters to make the Triple Shoot offense work. Leon Clay is the quarterback hoping that these Frogs mature in a hurry. Donald Hollas of Rice was the SWC's top defensive newcomer in 1988 at safety. Last year, he was the Owls' quarterback. He will take snaps again this fall and will look for Eric Henley (81 catches in '89) often. SMU's two victories in '89 after two years of banishment apparently erased all memory of why the Mustangs were given the Death Penalty in the first place. Coach and athletic director Forrest Gregg has already said that the university should build the team a new stadium in order to help lure recruits to the struggling program, and in May, the school transferred Cynthia Patterson, the sole liaison between the athletic department and the admissions office, to other duties. Patterson was seen as a bulwark in the fight to maintain strict academic standards for athletes at SMU. It's no wonder Arkansas took a powder.

WITH WARE GONE TO THE PROS, WEATHERSPOON WILL NOW BE THE TOP COUGAR

SCOUTING REPORTS

Not since Jake and Elwood Blues drove their Bluesmobile to Chicago has a man in dark glasses and white socks caused such a stir in the Midwest as Penn State coach Joe Paterno. When the Nittany Lions announced in December that they would abandon the ranks of the independents, the **Big Ten** was transformed into the Bigger 11 and tremors were felt from Columbus to Ann Arbor to Pasadena. Fortunately for the conference's Fab Four—Michigan, Michigan State, Ohio State and Illinois—Penn State won't be on the itinerary for a few years yet, and their spots in the Top 20 are secure, at least for now.

At Iowa, junior quarterback Matt Rodgers returns after an up-and-down 1989 season, but at least he fared better than his father, Jimmy, who was fired in May by the Boston Celtics. In leading the Hawkeyes to a 4-3 start, Rodgers completed 62% of his passes with 10 touchdowns and only six interceptions. In the team's 1-3 late-season swoon, he connected on 49% with seven

interceptions and only two touchdowns. Hayden Fry, now the dean of Big Ten coaches after the retirement of Michigan's Bo Schembechler, insists he will stay with Rodgers this fall, but Jim Hartlieb is waiting in the wings. Fry's defense, which gave up 44 points to Oregon in the season opener and 43 to Minnesota in the grim finale, should be much improved, with senior tackles Jim Johnson and Matt Ruhland among the league's best.

At Indiana, the battle cry is "AT, phone home." The departure of tailback Anthony Thompson, the Heisman bridesmaid and the best player in Hoosier history, leaves coach Bill Mallory without a proven dot in his I formation. And speaking of unproven, the Indiana quarterback will be redshirt freshman walk-on Chris Dyer, who won the job in spring practice. The gaping hole at tailback will be filled by junior college transfer Vaughn Dunbar and Steve Goodrich. If they fail to fill AT's cleats, freshman Brett Law, who set a national scholastic record with 141 career

touchdowns and 952 career points at Sheridan High in Tipton, Ind., will be pressed into service. Thompson's little brother Ernie, a junior, will get a look at fullback. On the other side of the ball, all-conference senior defensive back Mike Dumas moves from cornerback to free safety in order to defuse the bomb; the porous Indiana defense gave up six scoring plays of 60 yards or more last season.

Purdue has a quarterback who is being compared with Randall Cunningham and running backs who are being compared with Richie Cunningham. With no significant addition to a rushing corps that averaged a mere 57.9 yards per game and 1.9 yards per carry last season, expect to see either the ball or flashy sophomore signal caller Eric Hunter's feet in the air quite a bit. Senior middle linebacker Darrin Trieb has led the conference in solo tackles the past two seasons.

Minnesota coach John Gutekunst had a worse '89 season than his TV sitcom counterpart at Minnesota State, Hayden Fox—and that was before Gutekunst lost his Thompson, Darrell, who finished his career as the school's alltime leading rusher. Last year, the Gopher secondary worked on a pass-fail system: Whenever the other team passed, they failed to stop it, allowing more than 220 yards a game through the air.

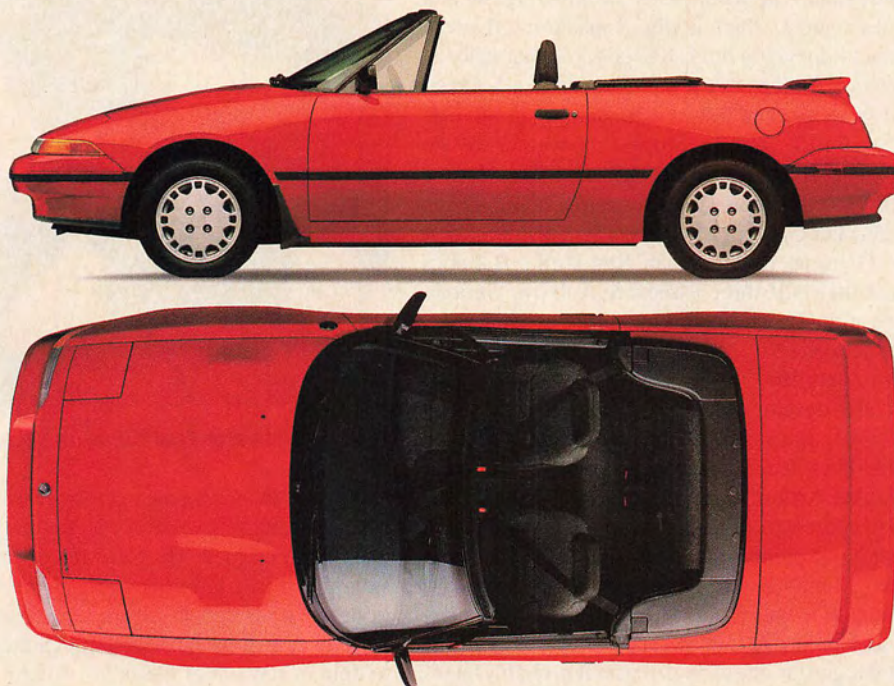
In January, former Notre Dame defensive coordinator Barry Alvarez replaced Don Morton as the coach at Wisconsin and immediately succeeded in convincing one wayfar-ing Badger to return to the fold. Quarterback Tony Lowery was wooed from the T-shirt booth outside Camp Randall Stadium, where he had taken to hawking souvenir garb after a falling-out with Morton. Lowery will be back under center in 1990 after a fine



PHOTO BY JACOB


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SCOUTING REPORTS

spring, but for the first time in four years, Alvarez can count on spending New Year's Day in front of the TV instead of on it. Northwestern has a superb receiver in Richard Buchanan (94 catches in '89), a lovely campus on the shore of Lake Michigan and, after giving up 497 points and going 0-11 last season, no earthly reason for continuing to subject its student-athletes to the rigors of football in the Big Ten.

While Auburn, Tennessee and Alabama remain entrenched in the upper echelon of the **Southeastern Conference**, disappointing seasons for Georgia and LSU in '89 created doubts about the future of those traditional powers—and perhaps opened the way for Kentucky to have a breakthrough season under new coach Bill Curry. When he was at Alabama, Curry got so fed up with the infighting and backbiting that he chucked it all to take a job that has become a virtual graveyard for coaches. However, the Kentucky program is definitely on the rebound, and Curry could be the right man at the right time. The legacy left by Jerry Claiborne includes quarterback Freddie Maggard, split end Phil Logan and linebacker Randy Halleran. What's more, Mississippi and Mississippi State replace Alabama and Auburn on the Wildcats' SEC schedule for two years.

In Steve Spurrier, the Florida Gators got an alumnus coach who is still revered for winning the 1966 Heisman Trophy, a Mr. Clean who figures to keep the program out of the trouble that dogged it through the 1980s, and a proven winner—20-12-1 in three seasons at Duke—who can get the most out of the team's considerable talent. Spurrier plans on throwing the ball more than 40 times a game, which is wise, considering that the Gators can no longer depend on the 100 or so yards that tailback Emmitt Smith, who left for the pros, always seemed to get. Quarterback Kyle Morris, suspended last year for gambling, will battle Shane Matthews for the starting job, and the winner will do much of his throwing to tight end Kirk Kirkpatrick. The Gators' formidable defense is led by end Huey Richardson and strong safety/outside linebacker Godfrey Myles.

Last season at Georgia, rookie coach Ray Goff's Bulldogs went 6-3, then lost their last three games, to Auburn, Georgia Tech and Syracuse in the Peach Bowl. This spring tailback Rodney Hampton, the school's No. 3 alltime rusher, decided to give up his senior year to enter the NFL draft. Unless freshman tailback Garrison Hearst develops faster than expected, Goff will have to depend more on the passing of quarterbacks Greg Talley and Preston Jones. Their leading targets will be split end Sean Hummings and flanker Arthur Marshall.

LSU, expected to contend for the conference championship in '89, lost four games by six points or less and slipped to 4-7, bringing the bittersweet Tommy Hodson era to an unhappy end. It was the Bayou Bengals' worst season since 1983. Without quarterback Hodson and record-setting placekicker David Brown-dyke, LSU's most dangerous offensive threat will probably be senior tailback Harvey Williams, though he has been plagued by injuries and inconsistent performance throughout his career. On defense, the Tigers will get a good deal of help from redshirt freshman Roovelroe Swan at outside linebacker. LSU's best hope for improvement may be an easier schedule that includes neither Auburn nor Tennessee.

To better last season's 8-4 record, Mississippi must not become discouraged in September when it meets Auburn and Arkansas back-to-back. Coach Billy Brewer is excited by tailback



RICHARD MACKSON

OREGON'S FORTUNES RISE AND FALL ON THE STRONG RIGHT ARM OF MUSGRAVE (14)

Randy Baldwin, who averaged six yards a carry last season, and he thinks quarterback Russ Shows might be just the man to replace John Darnell. The Ole Miss defense will be bolstered considerably if free safety Todd Sandroni, who had seven interceptions two years ago, is fully recovered from off-season surgery to his left knee. As usual, Mississippi State and Vanderbilt will have to fight to stay out of the cellar. After a 4-2 start last season, the Bulldogs faded to 5-6. It's unlikely that they will be much better this season, even with Tay Galloway, Tony James and Kenny Roberts trying to outdo one another at tailback. Vanderbilt, which ran up a 1-10 record—its seventh consecutive losing season—faces its toughest schedule in years with its usual dearth of talent. At least free safety Chris Donnelly, last year's Freshman of the Year in the SEC, will again get plenty of work. Last season he broke up 14 passes, a school record, and made 70 tackles.

In the **Pac-10** they spell parity P-A-R-O-D-Y. Southern Cal



and Washington (both in this season's Top 20 forecast) and UCLA haven't been very sporting over the past two decades, winning 17 of the last 18 league titles. This season, Oregon has the best chance of breaking the Big Three's Rose Bowl monopoly. The Ducks are coming off an 8-4 year in which they beat Tulsa 27-24 in the Independence Bowl, and three of the Ducks' four losses were by a total of 11 points. This fall, Oregon will enjoy an easier schedule, with seven home games and no USC. The Ducks' fortunes are in the capable hands of senior quarterback Bill Musgrave, who stayed healthy last season for the first time in his career. In his first two seasons, the Ducks were 10-3 with Musgrave under center; with him on the disabled list, they were 2-8. Coach Rich Brooks must find adequate replacements for departed running backs Derek Loville and Latin Berry.

Noting that Arizona quarterbacks threw for only 898 yards last season, coach Dick Tomey, a master of understatement, said, "We hope to be a better passing team this year." Tomey then generously excused one quarterback and two of his receivers

from spring practice so that they could compete on the baseball and track teams. The Wildcats' strength will be a defensive backfield that boasts cornerback Darryl Lewis and safety Jeff Hammerschmidt. But Arizona will be hard-pressed to match its '89 record of 8-4; this season the Wildcats face Southern Cal, UCLA and Washington on the road.

UCLA will be out to prove that last season's 3-7-1 performance—the Bruins' worst record since 1971—was an aberration, but coach Terry Donahue cautions that '90 is a rebuilding year in Westwood. Offensive coordinator Homer Smith, who spent the past three years with the Kansas City Chiefs and Alabama, returns to guide a unit that is loaded in the backfield but thin along the line. Quarterback Bret Johnson, who took much of the blame for the '89 travesty, quit school last week after getting angry about being replaced by junior Jim Bonds, a stronger thrower. On defense, free safety Eric Turner follows Kenny Easley, Don Rogers and James Washington as the only Bruin to start at that position since 1977.

SCOUTING REPORTS

In trying to remain in the top half of the conference, the Sun Devils of Arizona State will rely on the aerial tandem of tight end Ryan McReynolds and Paul Justin, the league's top passer (259 yards per game), who could quietly turn out to be an even better quarterback than that Robo fellow at USC. Stanford will be lucky to survive a grueling early schedule. The Cardinal will open the season on a Thursday evening at Colorado and travel to Notre Dame one month later. But Stanford should get a boost from 300-pound sophomore tackle Bob Whitfield (*page 90*) and a backfield that is accustomed to college football's rarefied heights: Tailback Glyn Milburn is a transfer from Oklahoma and fullback Ellery Roberts spent one season with Miami.

With prep phenom running back Russell White having done his Proposition 48 penance, California is counting on having an exciting ground game, if not much else. Defensive tackle Joel Dickson will also make a comeback. In 1988, Dickson was regarded as one of the country's top linemen, but he was injured in a shooting accident four games into the season. Last year, he injured an ankle on the first series of the Bears' opening game and decided to redshirt. Cal has 15 of 22 starters back but will struggle to get out of the cellar. By mid-October last season, Washington State was 6-1 and thinking Rose Bowl. That bubble burst with four losses in five weeks. The Cougars lost a dozen players to the pros and will need to patch up a secondary that allowed a league-high 296 yards per game passing.

Oregon State hasn't had a winning football team in 20 years, but the easygoing folks in Corvallis take it all in stride. In January, when coach Dave Kragthorpe decided not to leave for Utah, he was roundly applauded by the crowd at a Beaver basketball game. Last year's 4-7-1 record wasn't bad for a school that has a tough time competing for the most talented recruits, though

nosetackle Esera Tuaolo and scrambling quarterback Matt Booher would make any Pac-10 roster.

In its own way, the **Big Eight** is as cliquish as a suburban high school. You've got all the basic groups: jocks (Nebraska and Colorado), thugs (Oklahoma and Oklahoma State), punks (Iowa State and Missouri) and nerds (Kansas and Kansas State). To be sure, the groups occasionally overlap, but when the bell rings this season, look for Nebraska and Colorado to be in a class by themselves. Of course, the thugs will be detained in the principal's office for a while.

Oklahoma and its second-year coach Gary Gibbs can almost see the light at the end of the probation tunnel. The Sooners won't be allowed to play in a bowl game for the second straight year, but will be back on the air this fall after serving a one-year TV ban. It will be a new show in Norman, as Gibbs promises to throw the ball more. Quarterback Steve Collins and tight end Adrian Cooper should be able to put up some un-Sooner-like numbers while protected tackle to tackle by veterans.

No one but Nebraska, Colorado or Oklahoma has won the conference title since 1976, so the more intriguing battle in the Big Eight is the annual B Division championship, or the battle for fourth place. Iowa State is hoping that senior tailback Blaise Bryant (*page 76*), the nation's leading returning rusher (1,516 yards) can do for the Cyclones what Barry Sanders did for Oklahoma State in 1988: win the Heisman and carry his team into a bowl game. The Cyclones are the only team in the Big Eight's bottom five that finished with a winning record in 1989, and it was their first since 1986.

Oklahoma State, on the other hand, experienced its first los-

OLIVER (55) IS A BIG REASON WHY THE COWBOYS SHOULD BE TOUGHER ON DEFENSE



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SCOUTING REPORTS

ing season (4-7) in seven years. The Cowboys' NCAA probation sentence—no TV this year, no bowl games this year or next—may have had something to do with their down year, but the loss of Sanders and receiver Hart Lee Dykes to the NFL were the major reasons. This fall, coach Pat Jones's offense should be more in keeping with the Cowboys' tradition of run-oriented offenses. Tailback Gerald Hudson, who rushed for 910 yards in only 7½ games before being injured, will look for holes opened

up by four returning offensive line starters. Mike Gundy, the Big Eight's alltime leading passer, is gone, and either Earl Wheeler or Chris Smith will try to replace him. If the defense, led by nose-guard Ruben Oliver and tackle Stacey Satterwhite, lives up to expectations, Oklahoma State could climb back closer to its customary position just behind the big boys.

A similar ascent does not seem possible for Missouri. The once-proud Tigers have not had a winning record or finished

THE BIG GAMER

THE LARGEST BREAK DANCER IN PALO Alto, Calif., also claims to be the nation's best at a Nintendo football game called Tecmo Bowl. But real football is Bob Whitfield's true calling. He passed up schools like Notre Dame, Michigan, Miami and UCLA to attend Stanford, and last season, as a true freshman, he played every single down at offensive tackle for a Cardinal team that finished 3-8.

Stanford lists Whitfield at 6' 7", 300 pounds, but he says he's really a mere 6' 6", 280. He lost the weight—if not the height—during the summer by working in a warehouse and giving up Snickers bars, M&M's and the other sweets he loves. But who's quibbling over a few pounds? The kid is so huge, in potential as well as body, that a little hyperbole can be forgiven.

And speaking of hyperbole, get this from Whitfield: "Before I graduate, we're going to play in the Rose Bowl." Football history buffs might inform Whitfield, who won't turn 19 until

Oct. 18, that he was barely two months old when the Cardinal made its last Rose Bowl appearance, in 1972.

Stanford coach Dennis Green, who is responsible for snatching Whitfield away from Notre Dame, can only hope that he gets three more seasons from his prize catch. For a man his size, Whitfield does a nifty bit of dodging when asked if he intends to stay at Stanford instead of turning pro early. Indeed, Whitfield acts as if he has not thought much past the next Tecmo Bowl game on the 40-inch TV in his dorm lounge.

"Me and about 10 other guys on the team play all the time," Whitfield says. "I think I'm the best in the country, but I'm sure the other guys would call me a liar. It's just like real football. The guys get intense, they scream, it's great."

Until he began playing football, as a 260-pound ninth-grader, Whitfield was, he says, "a big, clumsy kid." However, by the time he was a senior at Banning High in Carson, Calif., he had

developed the eye-hand coordination necessary for a Nintendo wizard and the agility to dazzle the ladies with his break dancing.

"I always wanted to be little," says Whitfield, "but it didn't turn out that way."

Little? Why little?

"Because I was always told that the little guys get the girls," Whitfield says. "I'm trying to prove that wrong." But don't get the idea that because the big guy is light on his feet, he's easy to push around. He was the Cardinal's best blocker last season, making second-team All-Pac-10. And when Arizona State linebacker Israel Stanley kept mouthing off at Whitfield last season, Stanley got punched for his trouble. "Before I socked him, he thought I was a weenie," says Whitfield. "Then he found out I was Tyson." Stanley's behavior was improved for the rest of the game.

Although Whitfield was the Cardinal's youngest starter, he was a team leader by the end of the season. Before the season ended against California—the Big Game, as it's known in the Bay Area—he was selected to approach Green on behalf of the team, to request that the Cardinal be allowed to wear red pants with red jerseys. When Green acquiesced, the players were so happy that they beat the Bears 24-14.

"It was a change of pace, and the team really liked that," Whitfield says. "Now we've got to get him to go for black cleats. We have to have them, because they make you feel like you're so much tougher. Nobody has asked him about it yet, but I'm sure it will be me. They always nominate me."

Anybody want to bet against the black shoes? —WILLIAM F. REED



MIKEY PFEGER

WHITFIELD IS SURPRISINGLY LIGHT ON HIS FEET



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RACING INTO THE FUTURE.





HOWARD (34), AN ASPIRING POLITICIAN, ALREADY KNOWS A LOT ABOUT RUNNING

better than fifth in the conference since 1983. How far away is Mizzou? In games against the Big 3 in '89, the Tigers were outscored 151-24. One cause for optimism in Columbia, however, is the return of quarterback Kent Kiefer, who led the conference in passing yardage in '89, and receiver Linzy Collins.

The reward that Kansas got for winning four games last year, its biggest victory total since 1985, was the removal of two of its W's from this fall's schedule. Replacing gentle Kent State and Montana State on the Jayhawks' slate are Miami (not of Ohio) and Virginia. Kansas does have a spark plug in Tony Sands, its 5' 6", 180-pound tailback, who gained 1,109 yards last year. At Kansas State, the Wildcats are 4-50-1 over the past five years and haven't won a Big Eight game since 1986. Still, with nonleague games against Western Illinois, Northern Illinois, New Mexico and New Mexico State, the Wildcats might even win three for the first time since '84.

This fall, Fresno State should be the first team from the **Big West**, né Pacific Coast Athletic Association, to finish the season in the Top 20. Indeed, the Bulldogs might not lose a game, which says as much about the Big West as it does about Fresno. Four new coaches join the conference this fall, the most unlikely being 72-year-old George Allen at Long Beach State. "I took this job because I'm a teacher, and I want to save a struggling program," says Allen, who last coached in 1984 when he was the head man with the Arizona Wranglers of the USFL. It will take far more than Allen's inspirational speeches to revive the sagging 49ers, who surrendered 33.9 points a game in 1989.

Two of the coaching newcomers, both former offensive coordinators, should help their teams vie for second place behind Fresno State. Terry Shea takes over at San Jose State for Claude

Gilbert, who was banished to a desk job in alumni relations after a report commissioned by the athletic department revealed substance abuse by some players. (Gilbert is appealing his demotion before the California State University system.) Shea should rise above the controversy with the help of 5' 8", 193-pound tailback Sheldon Canley (1,201 yards rushing, 15 touchdowns in '89) and 13 other returning starters. At UNLV, rookie coach Jim Strong, an ex-Notre Dame assistant, will have only 60 players on scholarship, but the offensive line is back nearly intact, and Strong has two good quarterbacks in Derek Stott and Hernandez (Hunkie) Cooper, a transfer from national juco champ Navarro College.

Cal State-Fullerton lost 96% of its 1,793 rushing yards with the departure of running back Mike Pringle, but sophomore kicker Phil Nevin, a late cut from the U.S. national baseball team at third base, is back for scoring punch. Utah State, which won four of its last seven games in '89, welcomes back nine defensive starters and has a lofty aerial act in 6' 5" quarterback Kirk Johnson and 6' 7" tight end Ryan Duve. Kyron Johnson, arriving from Ventura College, will anchor Pacific's secondary, and Gari Calhoun, from Clemson via Orange Coast College, could emerge as the heaviest hitter in the Tigers' rugged linebacking corps. "We have a much improved class of recruits," says a cautious Pacific coach Walt Harris, whose team was 2-10 last season. "They look like football players."

Jim Hess received three sympathy cards when he left his job as athletic director at Stephen F. Austin to become coach at New Mexico State. "There are 106 schools in Division I-A and if this isn't No. 106, it's awfully close," Hess admits. The Aggies have had only one winning season since 1967 and have lost 17 straight. How desperate is Hess? He says he's considering passing on every play in one game. "At least that way we would get some recognition besides losing," Hess says.

Eight times in the past 11 years, Brigham Young has had the leading passer in the **WAC**, and in each of those years the Cougars won the conference title. This fall, with Heisman candidate Ty Detmer at the helm of a Top 20 team, BYU will again set the pace in the WAC. The Cougars' stiffest challenge could come from Hawaii. The Rainbow Warriors are coming off their second straight nine-win season under coach Bob Wagner and their first NCAA-sanctioned postseason appearance, the Aloha Bowl—played at home—in which they lost 33-13 to Michigan State. Last season, Hawaii ranked fifth in the country in scoring, averaging 38.1 points per game, largely because of a strong running attack led by halfback Jamal Farmer, who set an NCAA record for most rushing touchdowns by a freshman, with 18.

The largest hole in Air Force's arsenal is the one left by the departure of quarterback Dee Dowis, who seldom threw the ball but set five national quarterback rushing records. The likely candidate to fill Dowis's cleats is junior Ron Gray, who doesn't have much of a track record as a passer but was second in the country, to Notre Dame's Raghib Ismail, in kickoff-return average last season. The Falcons have been the WAC's top rushing team every season since 1982 and will look to fullback Rodney Lewis and senior halfback Chris Howard for leadership in '90. Howard, who spent the summer in Washington, D.C., working with the House Armed Services Committee and who aspires to be a U.S. senator some day, is comfortable in that role.

San Diego State has the tallest quarterback tandem in the nation in 6' 8" starter Dan McGwire, the brother of Oakland A's

first baseman Mark McGwire, and his 6' 7" backup, Cree Morris. The Aztecs are also solid on defense, with eight starters returning and redshirt freshman cornerback John Louis joining the unit. Wyoming's 5-6 record in '89 was its worst in the three years of the Paul Roach regime. But Roach isn't overly concerned about '90; he has 14 starters back, including Outland Trophy candidate Mitch Donahue (page 102). However, the Cowboys will be pressed to find a replacement for halfback Dabby Dawson, who rushed for 2,124 yards in his Cowboy career. In its first season under coach Earle Bruce, Colorado State improved from 1-10 to 5-5-1, and Bruce has a lot of veteran talent, including running back Tony Alford and defensive tackle Robert Chirico.

Despite finishing last in the WAC in '89, New Mexico had more conference players of the week—four—than any other school. Last year, five of the Lobos' losses were by a total of 18 points, and while New Mexico has had identical 2-10 records the past two seasons, most of a competent defense is back, as is quarterback Jeremy Leach. With quarterback Scott Mitchell having departed prematurely for the Miami Dolphins, Utah will look toward a couple of transfers to fill the quarterback spot: Jason Woods, a former catcher in the New York Mets organization, who chose Utah after Lamar dropped football, or Frank Dolce, who was an All-America at El Camino Junior College. After watching his team languish through a 2-10 season, Texas-El Paso coach David Lee decided that the Miners' greatest weakness was lack of strength, so he brought in world powerlifting champion Scott Warman to give the Miners direction. In UTEP's case, stronger won't necessarily mean better.

The Mid-American Conference has long been considered a cradle of coaches, but last year the cradle became a casket. Coaches at Ohio, Miami and Toledo were canned at the end of the season. Toledo's new coach, Nick Saban, may be walking into a championship. He takes over a team that finished 6-2 in the MAC, tied for second with Eastern Michigan behind league champ Ball State. The Rockets led the MAC in total offense, and with wideout Rick Isaiah leading a group of nine returning offensive starters, the attack should remain explosive. If the Rockets falter, look for one of Michigan's MAC entries, either Eastern, Western or Central Michigan, to finish at the top of the standings.

Eastern Michigan welcomes back a solid core of talent, including three first-team All-MAC selections from a year ago. The Hurons will be difficult to throw against with free safety Bob Navarro—who led the nation with 12 interceptions—roaming the field. The Chippewas of Central Michigan have to reconstruct their offensive front (three line starters are gone) to succeed with their run-heavy attack. At Western Michigan the Broncos believe a simple shift in fortune is all they will need to win the MAC. Al Molde's team finished 3-5 in the league last year but fell just eight

points short of a league title, dropping four one-point decisions.

Ball State's talent pool has dried up a bit since its trip to the California Raisin Bowl last December, where the Cardinals lost to Fresno State 27-6. Among the skill-position players, only tailback Bernie Parmalee (672 yards rushing) returns to the lineup. Bowling Green's ranks are perilously thin as well. The Falcons' vaunted aerial attack, which has led the MAC in passing yardage for five of the last eight years, will be grounded until coach Moe Ankney finds a quarterback to replace four-year starter Rich Dackin (2,679 yards, 18 touchdowns in '89).

As a player at Miami, new Redskins coach Randy Walker lost only one game from 1973 to '75. Walker's club won't compete for the league's upper division yet, because the Skins have little to build on after a 2-8-1 seventh-place finish in '89. Former Miami coach Dick Crum is heading into his third season at Kent State, where his first two seasons have been, well, crummy. For 10 years at North Carolina, Crum had a reputation as a boring coach who won a lot of football games, but last year his Golden Flashes reflected only their coach's personality, yawning their way through an 0-11 season. Other than Kent State, the only team that didn't win a MAC title in the '80s was Ohio. The Bobcats left new coach Tom Lichtenberg eight defensive holes to fill. That's bad news, considering that Ohio's defense allowed more than 31 points per game last fall. ■

Scouting Reports by William F. Reed, Jeff Bradley, Tim Crothers, Hank Hersch, Michael Jaffe and John Walters

V.J. LOVERO



PARMALEE WILL CARRY MUCH OF THE CARDINALS OFFENSE

SCOUTING REPORTS

INDEPENDENTS

OF THE INDEPENDENTS' BIG FOUR—MIAMI, NOTRE DAME, FLORIDA State and Penn State, all of which occupy spots in our Top 20 forecast—the Irish may be the only team still playing the loner next year. Penn State is joining the Big Ten, and Miami and Florida State may join the SEC, the ACC or even a brand-new league. A football Big East may not be far off, either. After this season, Pitt might decide to come in from the cold. Independence will be a tough road for the Panthers this fall, with games against Oklahoma, Notre Dame and Miami. If new defensive coordinator Fred vonAppen, with the help of super soph defensive end Keith Hamilton, can turn the D around, Pitt might be able to overcome its demanding schedule. New head coach Paul Hackett has the pieces of a dream attack in quarterback Alex Van Pelt and tailback Curvin Richards.

Quarterback Major Harris left West Virginia early for the CFL, a move that delighted Greg Jones. After being stuck be-

hind Vinny Testaverde in Miami, Jones transferred in 1987 and got stuck behind Harris. Now a senior, Jones will be protected by a line that features man-mountain tackle John Ray (6' 10", 330 pounds). Syracuse's record-setting receiver Rob Moore also made an early exit, to the NFL. He will be replaced by Qadry Ismail, younger brother of Notre Dame's Raghib. Louisville has had back-to-back winning seasons for the first time since 1977-78, and the streak will continue this fall with strong-armed (if immobile) quarterback Browning Nagle; a talented group of receivers, including Greg Brohm and Anthony Cummings; and a cream-puff schedule. The Cardinals' greatest improvement has been on defense, where 10 starters return.

After upsetting Florida State in its opener last season, Southern Miss went, well, south, losing four straight. The Golden Eagles were 4-2 after that, and they should remain upward bound if quarterback Brett Favre can rebound from a July auto accident. East Carolina will rely on the heavy hitting of linebacker Robert Jones, while South Carolina will count on the accurate toe of kicker Collin Mackie, the Gamecocks' alltime leading scorer. Both schools must replace top quarterbacks, as must Southwestern Louisiana, which lost run-and-shoot artist Brian Mitchell. James Freeman and Jeff Miller will run-and-gun for his spot.

Northern Illinois has no such void, with wishbone wizard Stacey Robinson and nearly everyone else returning from a 9-2 team. Robinson, a senior, rushed for 19 touchdowns and an NCAA-quarterback-record 1,443 yards last year. At Army, halfback Mike Mayweather already has the Cadets' career and single-season rushing records. Tulsa had an eye-catcher too, in pass catcher Dan Bitson. But Bitson suffered severe injuries in an off-season car crash and may never play football again.

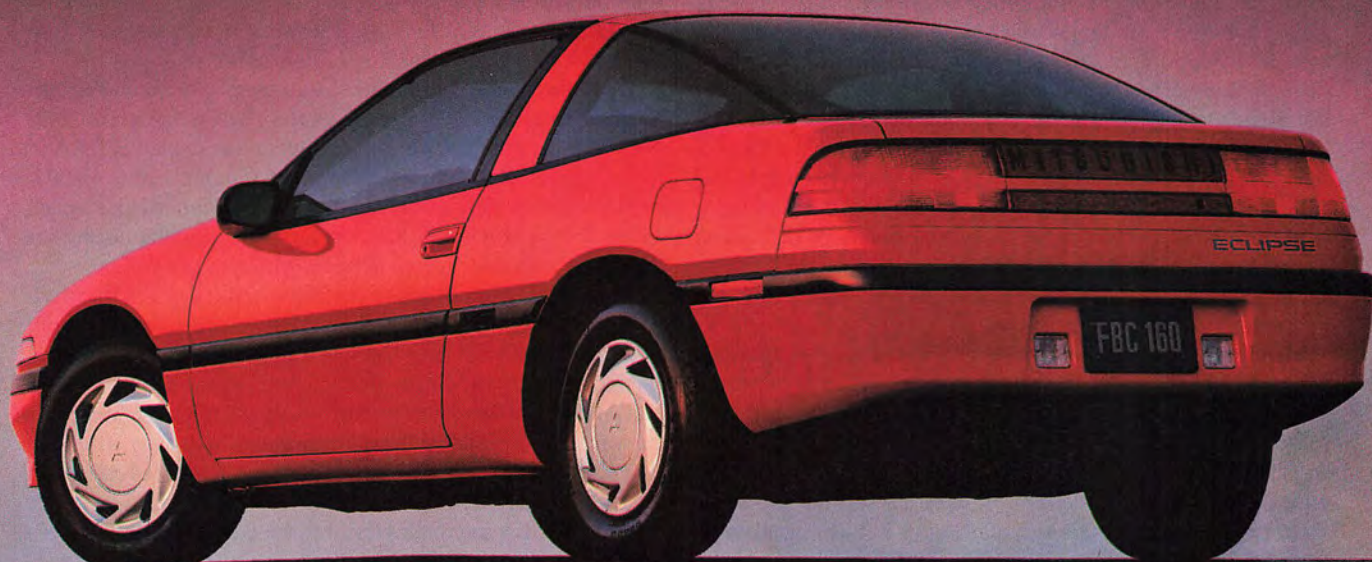
Most of a very good offense returns intact at Louisiana Tech, but a flimsy defense may not see much improvement. The high point of Virginia Tech's '89 season was the Hokies' 12-10 upset of West Virginia, and though 11 starters are back, Tech will be hard-pressed to equal its 6-4-1 record of '89. New Rutgers coach Doug Graber is seeking ways to establish better relations between the football team and the student body. A good start would be to improve on the Scarlet Knights' two wins of '89.

Over the past two seasons, Boston College is 5-17, and prospects for 1990 are not encouraging. There are many holes to fill on both sides of the line, and the schedule, which includes Miami, is a bruiser. Navy will set sail with a new coach, but with the same quarterback, Alton Grizzard, one of the few standouts on a mediocre team. Akron will be guided by a quarterback, Jeff Sweitzer, who has taken fewer than three dozen collegiate snaps in his career, and the chances of approaching last season's surprising 6-4-1 record are remote. Tulane, Memphis State and Cincinnati are lucky to have each other to knock around, and with visits to Wyoming, Penn State, Tennessee and Pitt, Temple will consider the season a major triumph if it doubles last season's victory total of one.



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DIVISION I-AA

GEORGIA SOUTHERN'S TIM STOWERS WOULD LIKE NOTHING MORE than to be placed alongside George Seifert and Dennis Erickson, two coaches who, in their rookie seasons, kept dynasties alive. Seifert took the reins from Bill Walsh and guided the San Francisco 49ers back to the Super Bowl. Erickson continued Jimmy Johnson's winning ways at Miami. Now the 32-year-old Stowers is laboring in the long shadow of Erk Russell, whose Georgia Southern teams won three I-AA championships in the last five years. Last season, the Eagles defeated Stephen F. Austin 37-34 in the title game. Stowers has had to replace four offensive linemen on a team that led the division in rushing (329.2 yards per game). Fullback Joe Ross accumulated 1,354 of those yards in '89 but had surgery in the off-season on his right knee. Three All-Americans have departed the defense, but Giff Smith, with 24 career sacks, and Steve Bussolletti are back to form the best defensive end tandem in I-AA.

The best bet to spoil Stowers's rookie season is Furman, where Frankie DeBusk, the best passer in I-AA, will be shredding Southern Conference secondaries for the third year. Last season, his 156.8 quarterback rating was fourth best in the nation for all divisions. Furman's toughest foe in the Southern Conference should be Appalachian State, but by the time the two teams meet in mid-October, the Mountaineers will have faced three

ACC teams, including Clemson and North Carolina State. If the Mountaineers have scheduled themselves out of contention, look for Tennessee-Chattanooga to challenge Furman. The Moccasins have running back James Roberts and the best punter in all of I-AA, Pumpu Tudors, who averaged 43.3 yards per kick in '89 and is a consensus All-Name selection.

Ever since Mark Duffner took over as coach at Holy Cross in 1986, nothing short of an army has been able to stop the Crusaders—the U.S. Army, to be exact. Under Duffner, Holy Cross is 40-4, and only the Cadets of West Point have beaten them more than once. The backfield has fullback Joe Segreti, who will be going for a hat trick of 1,000-yard seasons, and quarterback Tom Ciaccio, who completed 63% of his passes last year.

The Ohio Valley Conference is a dogfight between Eastern Kentucky and Middle Tennessee State. The Colonels boast tailback Markus Thomas, whose 1,620 yards was second in I-AA in '89. Thomas will run close behind the rear bumper of 6' 5", 305-pound All-America tackle Al Jacevicius. Blue Raider coach Boots Donnelly has 19 starters returning, including linebacker Anthony Coleman, the top defensive player in the Valley.

After three years of Idaho permafrost, the Big Sky is experiencing a thaw. John (Deep) Friesz left with the spring runoff, and the Vandals will not repeat as league champions. Montana, behind quarterback Grady Bennett, who threw for 3,091 yards last fall (second among returning I-AA passers), is the likely successor. The Nevada athletic department wants to drop the "Reno" from its team name, but Treاملة Taylor (64 catches in '89) won't drop many passes. And could the right name have been part of the job description for the new coach at Northern Arizona? The Lumberjacks hired Steve Axman.

Wishbone quarterback DeAndre Smith of Southwest Missouri State is small (5' 8", 180 pounds) but tough. In last year's division quarterfinal loss to Stephen F. Austin, Smith threw for 292 yards only six days after undergoing arthroscopic knee surgery. In the Southwestern Athletic Conference, Grambling coach Eddie Robinson should successfully defend the crown if 6' 6", 400-pound tackle World Smith leads fullback Walter Dean to another 1,138-yard rushing season.

Maine's Carl Smith may retain his I-AA rushing crown (1,680 yards), but the Black Bears won't hold off Connecticut for the Yankee Conference title. The Huskies have quarterback Matt DeGennaro (17 touchdown passes), split end Mark Didio (62 catches) and tailback Kevin Wesley (1,162 yards rushing) returning to a team that lost only three games in '89—two of them on the last play.

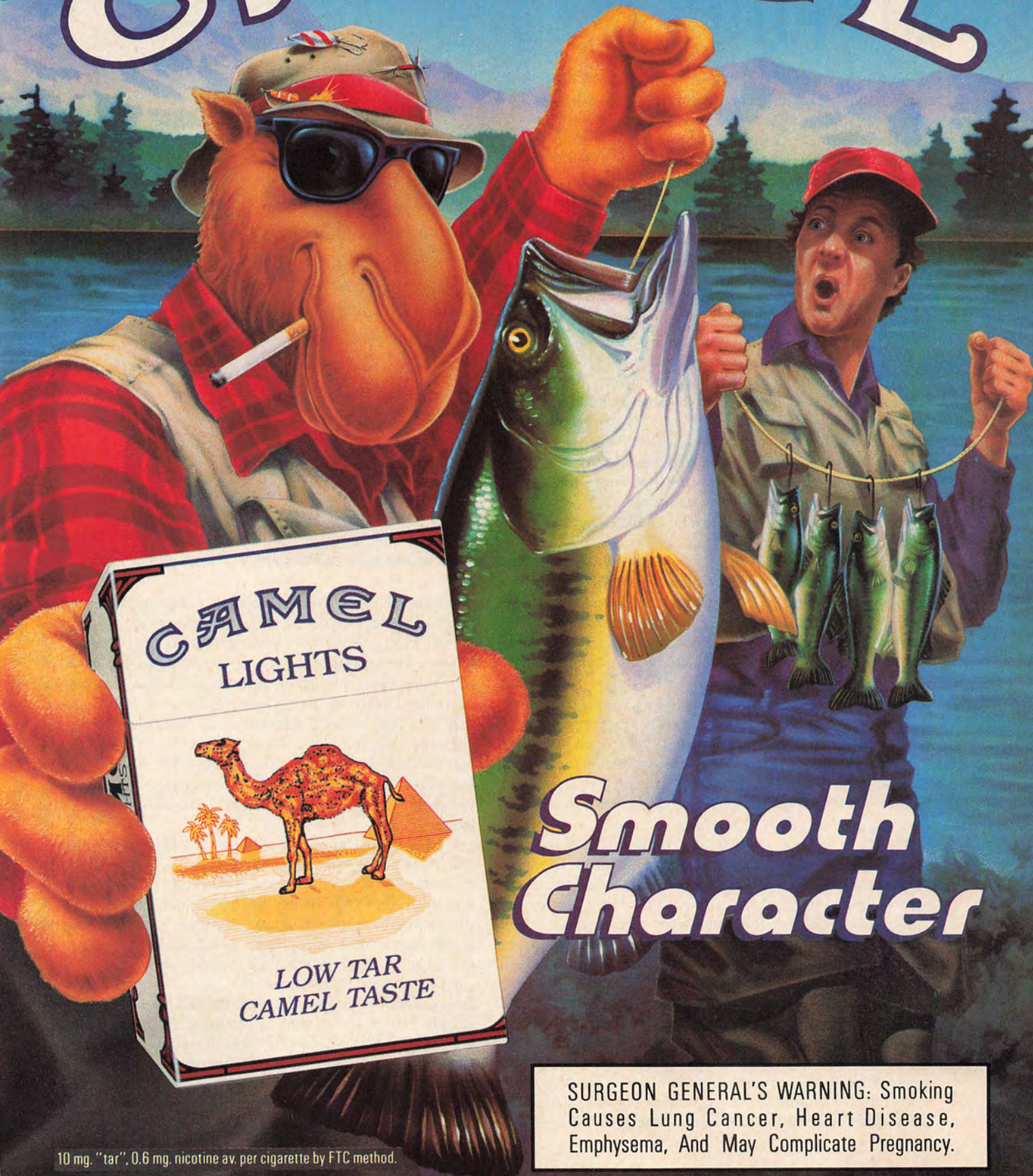
Yale's Carm Cozza knows that you can teach an old dog new tricks. The Bulldog coach of 25 seasons abandoned the I for the wishbone last year in deference to quarterback Darin Kehler. Kehler responded with 903 yards on the ground behind identical-twin peak guards Chris and Rob Michalik. Yale tied Princeton for the Ivy crown, and with the return also of All-Ivy linebacker Chris Gaughan, this time the Elis are in no mood to share.



DAMIAN STONHEVER

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SCOUTING REPORTS

DIVISION II

EXHIBIT A IN THE CASE FOR A PLAYOFF SYSTEM IN Division I-A football is the 1989 Division II playoff bracket. Mississippi College wasn't even expecting a bid when it was selected to make its second appearance in 10 years in the 16-team tournament. The Choctaws were the last team chosen, after they finished second in the Gulf South Conference. But when the flurries cleared at the end of the snowy championship game in Florence, Ala., Mississippi College had a field goal, Gulf South rival Jacksonville State had nothing, and perennial Division II powers Portland State and North Dakota State had egg on their faces after being eliminated in the quarterfinals.

Mississippi College is strong again this season. Quarterback Russ Purvis, who has been waiting patiently for two years, is expected to win the job now that Wally Henry has departed, and Robert Taylor gives the team experience at fullback. Senior flanker Nathaniel Bolton (62 receptions, including 13 in the '89 playoffs) returns as one of the nation's most potent offensive weapons. Two-platoon football was a way of life in the Bolton household in McLain, Miss., where Nathaniel was one of 20 children. Well, someone had to play both ways.

North Dakota State's elimination in the 1989 quarterfinals was a shock, considering that the Bison had appeared in the title game in five of the previous six years, winning four championship rings. Look for NDSU to rebound ASAP. Only six of last year's starting Bison are gone. Returning to the offensive backfield are two candidates for the Harlon Hill Award, given to the division's most valuable player. Quarterback Chris Simdorn and tailback Tony Satter, both seniors, are a pair of great reasons to run the option. Each rushed for more than 1,000 yards last year, and each has a shot at the Bison career rushing record. Satter is equally dangerous on kickoff returns; he broke through the wedge in 1989 for an average of 31.3 yards during the regular season, second best in the country. Coach Rocky Hager's swarming defense is led by senior Phil Hansen, a 6' 5", 258-pound defensive tackle with a linebacker's feet, who piled up 17 sacks last season.

The Bison will face another title contender in their season opener against Indiana (Pa.) University on Sept. 1. The showdown may be the high point of the regular season; Indiana was another upstart in '89, charging into the final four. The passing tandem of quarterback Tony Aliucci and receiver Andrew Hill, who hooked up 40 times during the regular '89 season, returns, but Hill's patterns may have to be a bit shorter because Indiana must replace three mainstays on its offensive line.

The home fans are more than just the 12th man at Portland (Ore.) State; they're also amateur offensive coordinators. As a promotional gambit, coach Pokey Allen allows the fans to call some of the Vikings' plays, and if the school's recent fortunes are a barometer, there are some pretty fair bleacher quarterbacks in Portland. Last season, in the second series of the Vikings' first game, Allen allowed the fans to call either a run or a pass by



ANTHONY NESTÉ

TAYLOR HELPED THE DARK-HORSE CHOCTAWS PULL A SNOW JOB ON JACKSONVILLE STATE

holding up placards, and he'll repeat that gimmick at some point in '90. In addition, a contest will be held each week in which Allen will select one play from among those submitted by amateur coaches. Fortunately, Allen and the fans have good material to work with, especially senior quarterback Dennis Del'Andrae, who many think is the best player in Division II. Del'Andrae is only 5' 11", but he found his receivers for more than 3,000 yards last season, carrying on the Viking throwing tradition of Neil Lomax and June Jones. One of the few players in the huddle who looks up to Del'Andrae is tailback Curtis Delgado, who makes up for his 5' 5", 175-pound frame with 4.5 speed and Astaire-like moves.

UC Davis is the only Division II titan ever to make the playoffs that doesn't offer scholarships to its football players. Why bother, when you've won the Northern California Athletic Conference title every year for the past 19? Senior quarterback Jeff Bridewell, who threw for almost 2,500 yards last season, should get the Aggies to 20. Junior defensive tackle Mike Shepard is responsible for more losses than a bad stockbroker.

At Texas A&I, things just won't be the same without Johnny Bailey. The Javelinas must replace the tailback who won three straight Harlon Hill awards, rushed for 6,320 career yards and set 102 NCAA, conference and school records. Senior Dennis Clay, whose perfectly respectable '89 season—656 rushing yards on 136 carries for a 4.8-yard average—was far overshadowed by Bailey's, will get the chance to prove that the Javelinas were more than just a one-man team.

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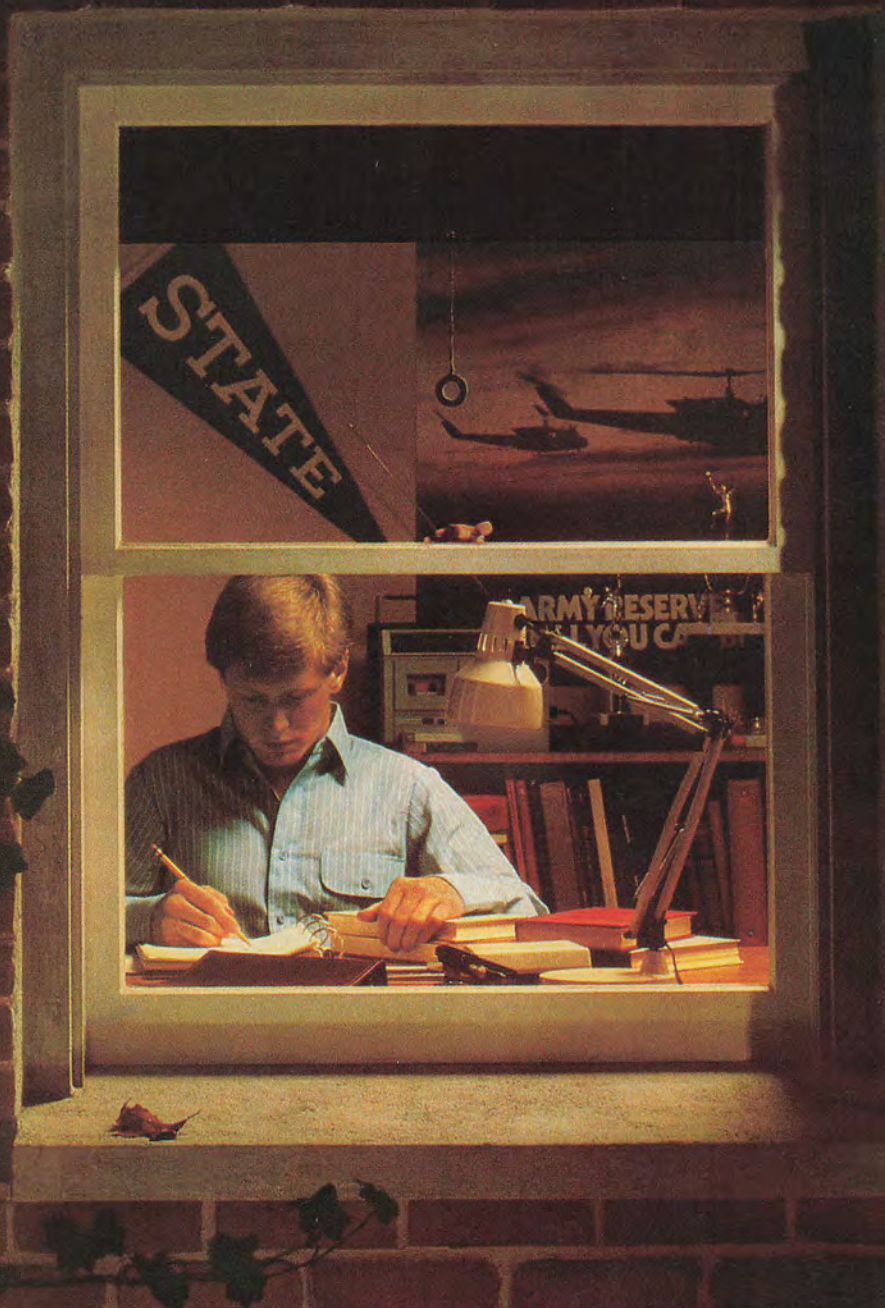
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DIVISION III

THE RICKETY BLEACHERS AT JOHN CARROLL UNIVERSITY'S Wasmer Field hold all of 3,500 people, but on Sept. 8 the small Jesuit school in University Heights, Ohio, will host more than twice that many fans. That's the day national champion Dayton arrives for a visit. "They'll be sitting on neighboring rooftops," says John Carroll quarterback Larry Wanke. "It's going to be a zoo." The biggest football game played at John Carroll in two decades will be a rematch of last year's first-round Division III playoff game, won by the Flyers 35-10 at Dayton. The 13-0-1 champs were a young team last season and were thought to be at least a year away from the title. That's bad news for the rest of the division this season. The Flyers have 17 starters returning and have added a 290-pound offensive lineman, Dave Postmus, a transfer from Illinois. Dayton may well go unbeaten again.

The Flyers may be the stronger team, but John Carroll has the best small-college player in the land in Wanke, a 6' 3", 220-pound drop-back passer. After a redshirt year and two seasons as the backup quarterback at Pittsburgh, Wanke went back home to nearby South Euclid, in January 1989, and enrolled at John Carroll. Last fall, he led the Blue Streaks to their first-ever NCAA playoff appearance. "I thought I was coming back to play high school football," Wanke says. "But after I got hit a few times, I realized that these guys meant business. Division I has

the size, speed and depth, but Division III has more flat-out team competition." Wanke's ability to put points on the board will be sorely needed this season, as John Carroll has nine defensive vacancies to fill.

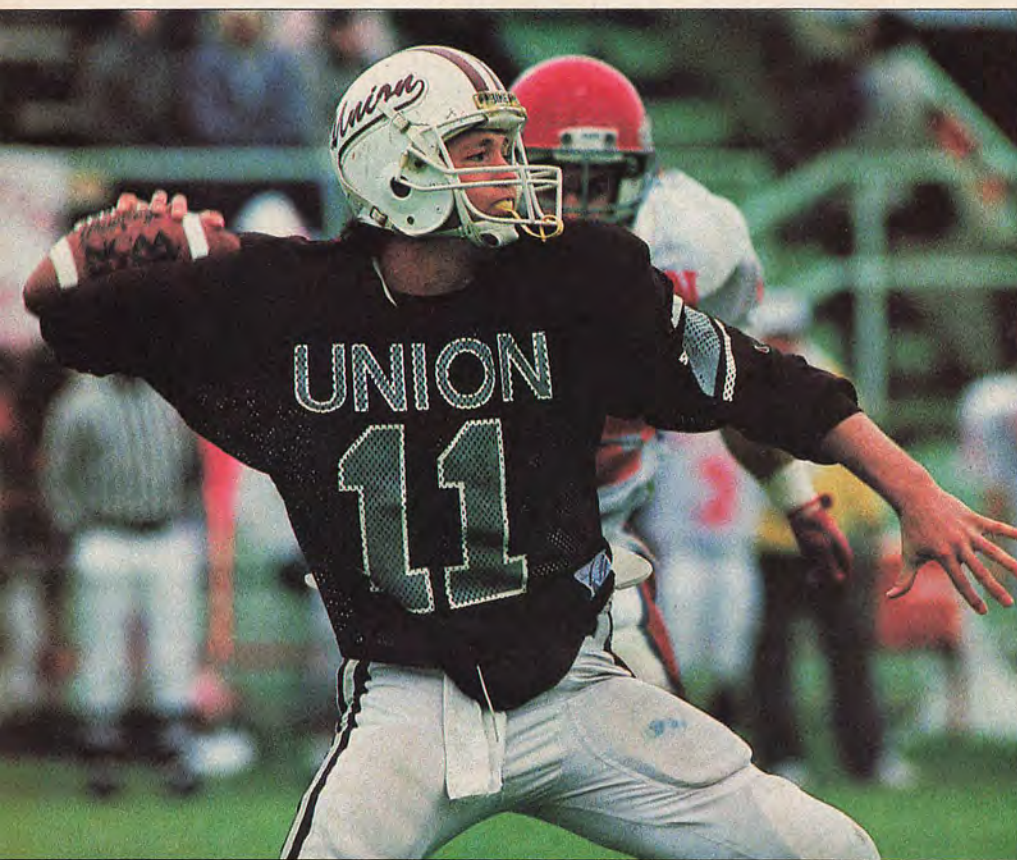
Union, last year's runner-up, has a better chance than John Carroll of unseating Dayton for the title. The Dutchmen, from Schenectady, N.Y., are a veteran team with talent that includes quarterback Brett Russ, who is 17-3 in his 1½ years as a starter. In the past five years coach Al Bagnoli has led Union to three undefeated regular seasons but is still looking for his first national crown. The Stagg Bowl loss to Dayton was especially frustrating for Bagnoli, because his Dutchmen finished the game ahead of the Flyers in nearly every statistical category. "There are a few plays we'd like to have back," Bagnoli says. "We had 20 first downs, seven points; they had seven first downs, 17 points."

As in seasons past, you can fast-forward Augustana into the playoffs. The Vikings, the only team to repeat as champions of Division III, owned the title from 1983 to '86 but haven't gone to the Stagg Bowl since. Though the Rock Island, Ill., school has reached the playoffs for nine consecutive years, the Vikings are in a bit of a slump—by their standards. They even lost at home last season, to Millikin, 33-8, for the first time in 42 games. Coach Bob Reade's son Barry, the oldest of his 11 children, will once again be at quarterback for the Vikings.

St. John's of Collegeville, Minn., is the best Division III team west of the Mississippi, but if the Johnnies played the way they practice, they would never win a game. Coach John Gagliardi's team doesn't hit in practice and never scrimmages. In extreme weather, the players take a vote on whether to brave the elements or practice in the gym. The Johnnies do not wear full pads in practice, nor do they engage in any rigorous conditioning. And the team never stays on the field for more than an hour and a half—except for Tuesdays, when they stay two hours. "John stresses the mental part of the game over the physical," says senior wide receiver Todd Fultz, who two years ago transferred from South Dakota State. "We go half-speed in practice. We're loose and comfortable and save everything for Saturday." On those Saturdays, Gagliardi has won more football games (268) than any other active coach except Grambling's Eddie Robinson, who has won 358.

Wagner, which missed out on the Division III playoffs last year for the first time since 1986, got a jump on the '90 season by obtaining permission to have spring practice. The Seahawks worked out for 10 days to prepare for an exhibition in Denmark against the Copenhagen Vikings. Wagner welcomes back all but five starters this fall, and gave Division III a taste of things to come when they whipped the Vikings 51-0 on May 27.

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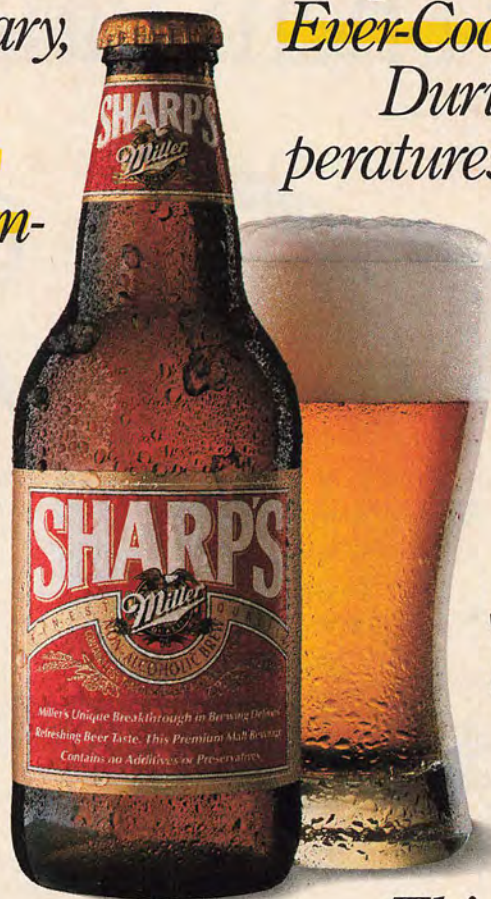
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[COLLEGE FOOTBALL '90

TREASURE HUNT

by
Austin
Murphy

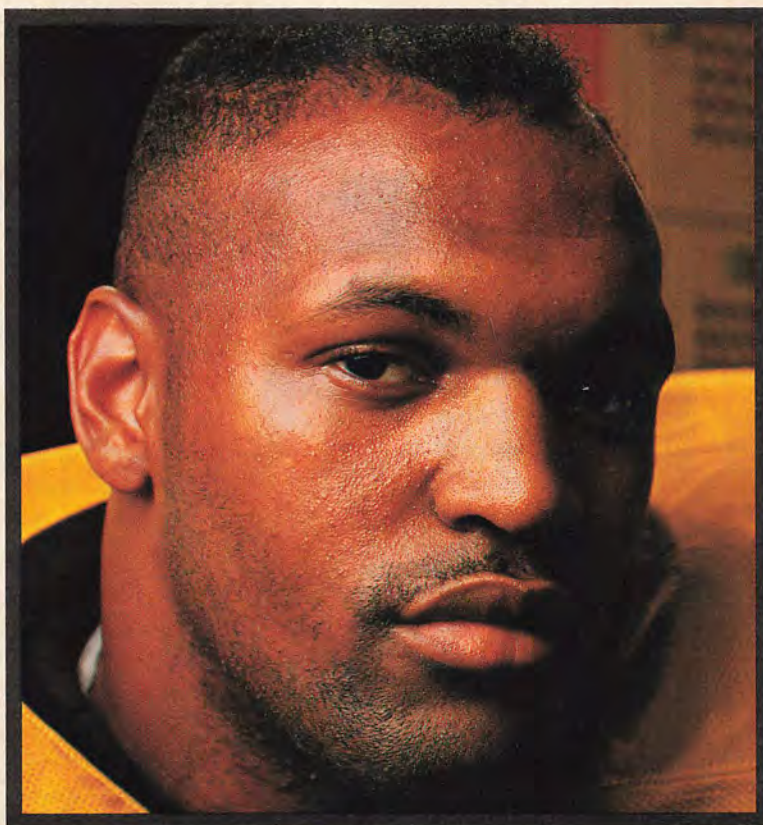
**College football's talent pool is remarkably deep,
and the pro scouts know where to mine it**

THERE ARE a lot of good college football players in the land, yet the ordinary fan cannot hope to scratch below the game's lush surface—the Michigans, the Miamis, the Notre Dames—to sample the gems hidden in the college substratum. NFL scouts, of course, aren't ordinary fans. They routinely seek out the strong and the swift in the depths of the lower divisions, the hidden recesses of the hyphenated schools, the canyons of the NAIA. The reward can be a Dave Meggett of Towson State or a Jerry Rice of Mississippi Valley State, players who fall through the college recruiting cracks only to emerge in the Pro Bowl. Who are the finds of 1990? Call the players on the following pages sleepers; the pro scouts call them cinches.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

IVORY LEE BROWN

ARKANSAS-PINE BLUFF
TAILBACK



SEVENTEEN SECONDS INTO THE SEVEN-MINUTE IVORY Lee Brown highlight video, you have seen everything you need to see. That's when Brown, a tailback at Arkansas-Pine Bluff, rushes off right tackle against Henderson State. He turns upfield, breaking one tackle like a man pushing through a turnstile, and enters the secondary. A cornerback from the far side of the field, number 29, has drawn a bead on Brown and accelerates toward him, anticipating a juicy, blindsided hit.

That's when Brown makes The Cut, a kind of instinctive side-hop, a near-instantaneous 45-degree change of direction that good backs, even very good backs, don't make. Brown makes it. As number 29 goes somersaulting past, with tube-sock fibers under his fingernails, Brown outruns five more defenders to the end zone. The rest of the video is more of the same: Brown hitting the line like a young Earl Campbell; Brown slashing and high-kicking, once he is past the linebackers, like Walter Payton. So far, 16 NFL scouts have made their way to see him at Arkansas-Pine Bluff, an NAIA school with an enrollment of 2,800.

Texans who remember his senior high school season in the town of Palestine must wonder, What ever happened to Ivory Lee Brown? In 1986, Brown rushed for more than 1,800 yards in 10 games. The only Texas schoolboy more highly ranked by recruiters that year was Darren Lewis, at Carter High in Dallas. Lewis ended up at Texas A&M, where his name will be mentioned often this season in connection with the Heisman Trophy. Brown ached to become an Aggie, too—"Even my wardrobe was maroon and white," he says ruefully—but he had problems with his SAT and enrolled instead at Tyler (Texas) Junior College. A&M expected Brown to go to College Station after his semesters at Tyler. Nebraska also thought it had a shot at Brown. Both schools failed to reckon with the Gunslinger.

Upon first seeing film of Brown, Archie (Gunslinger) Cooley, the coach at Pine Bluff, began lamenting the predicament of an

NAIA school. "I couldn't believe what I saw," says Cooley of the film. "My first question was, What can I do to get this boy? We don't have any facilities. Our stadium looks like a junior high stadium. How can I get him?" Go through the mother, a small voice told him. From the time Ivory Lee was three years old, his mother, Doris, had held down a steady job and raised eight children by herself. Brown does very little without consulting his "Mama." Cooley arranged for an audience with Mama.

"I told her the truth—that all we could offer was an education," recalls Cooley. "She said, 'You're the only coach who's come in here and talked about education. I want my son to graduate from college. Ivory Lee, I want you to go with Coach Cooley.' That's how we got Ivory."

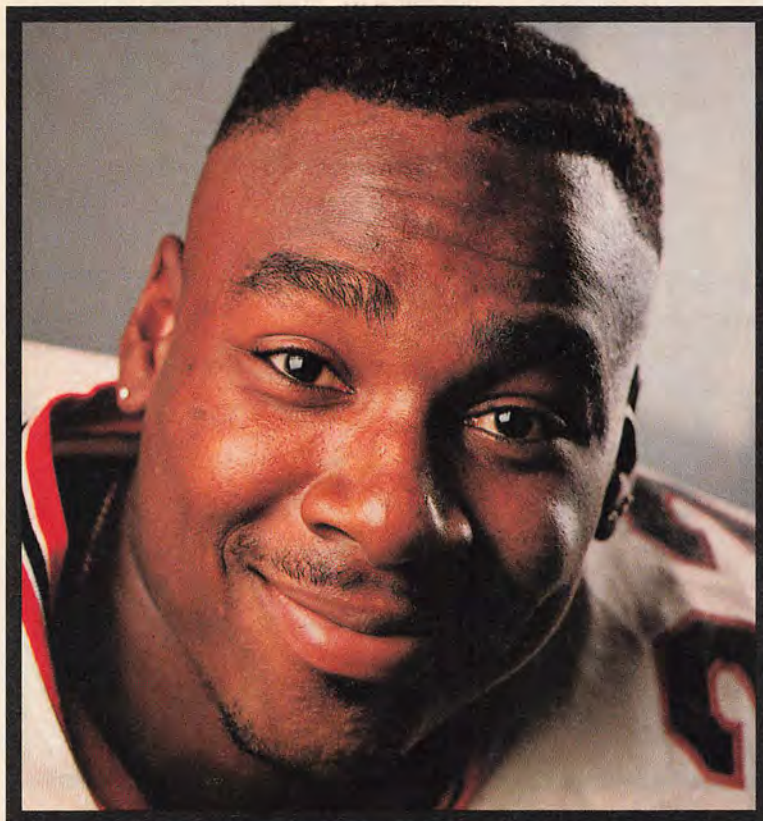
Cooley has become a father figure to Brown, a role that Cooley unhesitatingly exploits. "Let me tell you what I do when we got to have it," Cooley says. "I slide up to him and say, 'Hey, boy, your daddy got to have this first down.' He'll put his arm around my shoulders and say, 'You got it.' And he gets it."

Cooley walks a fine line between legitimate motivation and shameless exploitation of Brown's emotions. But then, Cooley has never been one to shy away from walking a fine line. That would help explain why 96 allegations of wrongdoing—ranging from falsifying eligibility certificates to sending players out on the field under the names and numbers of other players—were lodged by the NAIA against Cooley's program this past spring. Cooley denies all the charges and claims they represent an attempt by unnamed conspirators to destroy his program.

Meanwhile, Brown has no regrets about his circuitous path through college football. "I don't look back," says Brown, who is on schedule to graduate this spring or summer. "It doesn't do me any good to wonder what I could have done at A&M. Darren will probably end up in the pros, and maybe I will too. There's no telling what I'll be able to do if I get there." But 17 seconds of his highlight video leave one with a pretty good idea.

ALBERT FANN

CAL STATE-NORTHRIDGE
TAILBACK



ON THE EVE OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL'S NATIONAL signing day for high school seniors in 1987, Bob Burt got a phone call at home. Burt is the coach at Cal State-Northridge, 30 miles north of Los Angeles. The caller was Steve Landress, the coach at nearby Cleveland High. Landress had a recruiting tip.

"Give Albert Fann a call," said Landress. "He's interested in your program."

"Yeah, right," said Burt.

The skepticism was understandable. Northridge is a Division II commuter school, and Fann was a schoolboy All-American, a blue-chip tailback who had amassed 2,200 yards in offense during his senior season at Cleveland. The heavyweights lining up to enter the Fann sweepstakes included USC, UCLA and Colorado. Burt hadn't even tried to talk to him. "I thought it would have been a waste of time," he says. Then, around February, the big guys all backed off. "I got an incomplete in a geometry class I needed to graduate," says Fann. "I guess that scared them away." So, at Landress's suggestion, Burt drove to Fann's house. They got acquainted. Burt returned the next morning and left with a signed letter of intent.

Seldom has a football program owed more to a branch of mathematics. In his eighth game as a Matador, Fann returned a kickoff 85 yards in a driving rain to score Northridge's touchdown in a 7-6 victory over Santa Clara. In his three seasons with Northridge, he has rushed for 3,257 yards, caught passes for another 589 and scored 37 touchdowns.

Fann's father, Al Sr., was a prizefighter and semipro baseball player from Cleveland who saw his own sports career end after he took a wild pitch in the neck in the mid-'50s. Still itching to perform, the elder Fann joined Carimou House—"Carimou, that's a Swahili word for meeting place," he says—a Cleveland theater group. A decade later, he moved to Harlem, and in addition to earning his living as an actor—appearing in everything

from soap operas to commercials to Broadway's *The Wiz*—he opened an acting school. In 1977 Fann Sr. settled his family in Northridge and moved his school to Hollywood shortly after.

It was no coincidence that as a basketball star at Cleveland High, Al Jr. could take a charge as well as anyone: His 12 years of acting lessons had included instructions from his father on how to time his grunt, fling himself backward and windmill his arms, and the importance of not overdoing it. Does a Thespian background come in handy on the gridiron? Fann thinks not. "Football is reality," he says, "and your emotions are coming from the inside out. You can't pretend to break a tackle."

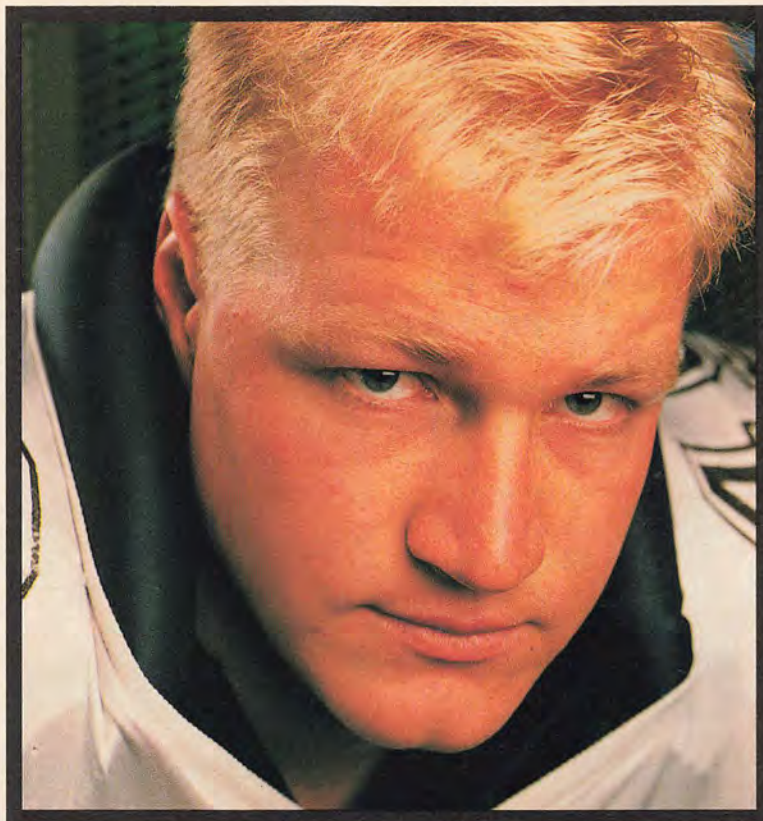
After a basketball practice during his sophomore season at Cleveland, Fann missed the last bus home, so Landress offered him a lift. "I got on the freeway to take him to the inner city," recalls Landress, sheepishly. Asked Fann, "Coach, where are you going? I live two miles away." The Fanns' house was the one with the Rolls-Royce in the driveway. It was during that drive that Landress talked Fann into trying out for football. Fann's mother, Barbara, had always frowned on the idea: She was afraid her boy would be hurt. She was right. After rushing for 600 yards in his first three games, he suffered a broken ankle during practice.

"What I have always liked most about Al is the way he punishes tacklers," says Landress. "And I like his discipline. He loves to work out." Indeed, nothing about Fann's 6' 2", 210-pound physique suggests Division II: His upper body might as well be on loan from Mount Olympus. Fann says he doesn't know what his 40 time is—Burt doesn't bother timing his players, saying, "I'm afraid I'll just be disappointed." Adds Fann, "Besides, there's a difference between 40 speed and football speed. I have gears, and when I need to, I can usually find a higher one."

"He has a knack for giving it that little burst at the right time," says Burt. "Once he's beyond the first wave, it's a footrace, an angles game." In other words, a kind of geometry at which Fann, for a change, excels.

MITCH DONAHUE

WYOMING
DEFENSIVE END



THE SCOURGE OF WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE quarterbacks shows up at a restaurant for breakfast in shorts, sandals and a loose-fitting, short-sleeved T-shirt with jagged, horizontal stripes of indigo and hot pink. "My fiancée picked it out for me," says University of Wyoming defensive end Mitch Donahue. This prompts a visitor to think, Mitch, you're a native of Billings, Mont., attending college of your own volition in Laramie, Wyo. Your hobbies are hunting and fishing. I didn't *think* you picked the shirt out for yourself.

While in most respects Donahue is as rough-hewn as the surrounding Rocky Mountain landscape, it soon becomes apparent that he has a more sensitive side. He proposed to his fiancée, Melissa Wolff, in April by arranging to have MELISSA . . . WILL YOU BE MRS. DONAHUE? appear on the electronic scoreboard during Wyoming's spring football game. Later, Wolff said yes. "I guess I'm kind of a romantic," says Donahue.

"He's a real nice kid, but you can't even talk to him on game day," says Wyoming defensive coordinator Del Wight. "He's wired pretty tight." Indeed, Donahue, who has gotten 27 sacks in three seasons, becomes so excited after a Cowboy victory that he has been known to do backflips on the field. Against Air Force in 1988 he landed a flurry of left hooks to the ribs of Falcon halfback Anthony Roberson well after the whistle.

Wyoming coach Paul Roach says that Donahue's success is a matter of ABC: "A) Speed. He goes 6' 3", about 260 and runs a 4.7. B) He doesn't stay blocked for very long. C) He's full throttle, every play, every game. He's an eggbeater-type."

Donahue will certainly wind up in the NFL, although he could be moved to middle linebacker. "We have him rated very highly. I don't know that I'd call him a sleeper," says New York Giants director of player personnel Tom Boisture. Of course, matriculation at Wyoming confers automatic sleeper status.

How does a Donahue-type talent find himself in Laramie?

"We stole him," says assistant coach Tom Everson. "He's still the best high school player I've ever seen. Teams couldn't run at him, and they couldn't run away from him."

By the time Donahue made his official visit to Wyoming in 1985, the students had left for Christmas break. So his host took him bowling "and to the Dairy Queen—stuff like that," Donahue recalls. "But I'd been praying a lot about the decision, and when I got here, I knew this was the place."

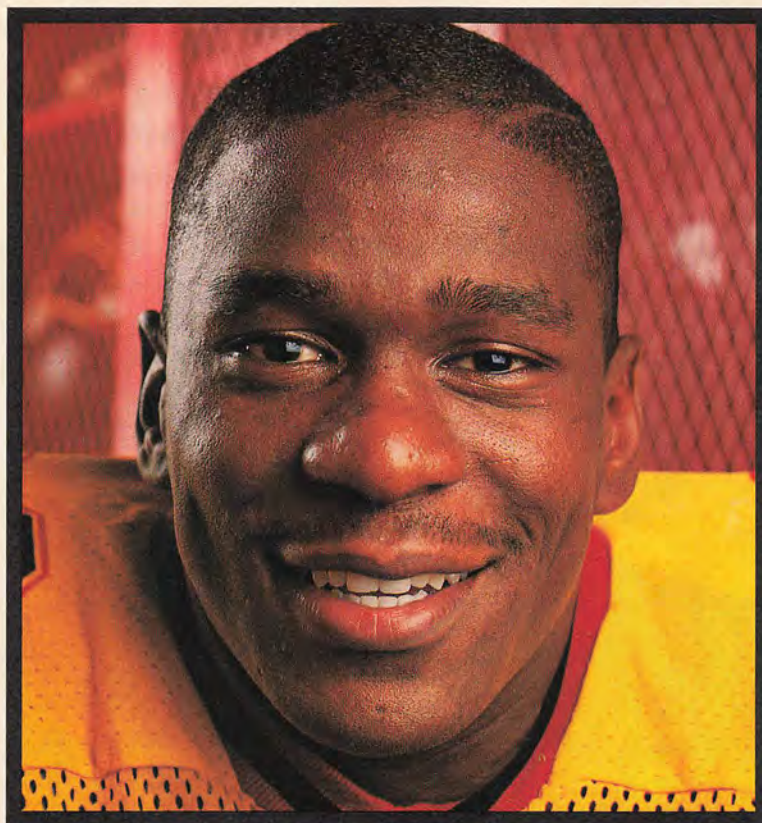
Was it fitting then for Donahue, a devout Christian, to rain left hooks on his opponent after play had stopped? "You mean the game against Air Force two years ago?" he says. "Let me give you the whole story." It seems that he was throwing with his left because the Falcon halfback had Donahue's right hand in his mouth—and wouldn't let go. "He about bit through my finger," says Donahue, holding the scarred digit up for inspection.

Donahue was cited for unsportsmanlike conduct, though he tried to explain to officials what had happened—the teeth marks on his ring finger being exhibit A. Wyoming scored 28 points in the fourth quarter to tie the Falcons 45–45. On Air Force's final possession, Donahue stripped quarterback Dee Dowis of the ball. Wyoming recovered and kicked the game-winning field goal with one second left. Recalls Donahue, laughing, "The reason the ref wouldn't listen to me when I was trying to show him my finger was because he thought I was flipping him off!"

Donahue's recounting of the story has attracted attention from patrons at other tables. There is a square-dance festival in Laramie this weekend: On this morning, the restaurant is awash in square dancers. "My parents do some square dancing, but I don't," says Donahue. "I'd really like to learn the country swing. It's a little like the Charleston." Right there in his chair, Donahue makes a clumsy attempt at the Charleston. Behind Donahue's back, a couple of waitresses are giggling at him—giggling at the scourge of the WAC! Of course, with Donahue dressed in pink and dancing in his chair, who could know that?

JAKE REED

GRAMBLING
WINGBACK



IT WAS PRO DAY AT GRAMBLING UNIVERSITY THIS SPRING, and Jake Reed found himself suddenly and immensely popular. A gaggle of NFL scouts were on the Louisiana campus to appraise 19 seniors-to-be. When it came time to run 40-yard dashes, Reed stepped to the line. "I came out of my stance a little wobbly," he recalls. When he finished, the scouts were staring hard at their stopwatches. "I thought I'd blown it," says Reed. Hardly. He had run a 4.38 and was politely asked to run again. So he ran a 4.39.

Now, your average scout is a jaded, stoic sort. Few things get him excited. But a sub-4.4-second 40 is definitely one of them.

"Before I ran, they didn't have much to say to me," says Reed, the latest and—at 6' 4", 215 pounds—largest, in a 28-year succession of outstanding Grambling wingbacks. "Then they *all* wanted to talk to me." The word on Reed from the bird dogs is unanimous: His senior season should be a springboard to a long, fruitful NFL career. Here are some of the people he won't be dedicating it to.

- The teacher at Newton County (Ga.) High, who told Reed's mother, Patricia, "If Jake goes to college, he'll be back after one semester."
- The college recruiters who shied away from Reed when they saw his SAT scores and suggested that he try a junior college.
- His basketball coach at Newton, who reportedly told one of Reed's football coaches that the kid's grades would keep him out of college, and felt that Reed's work ethic was ordinary at best.

In fact, Reed did not meet the NCAA's academic standards under Prop 48, but rather than lose a year of eligibility, he took out a bank loan and paid for his first year at Grambling himself. And he expects to receive his degree in criminal justice by next summer. "They don't have a test that measures how badly a kid wants to make it in his heart," says Harold Johnson, an assistant football coach at Newton. "If Jake had listened to some of those people, right now he'd be bagging groceries."

At wingback, Reed is primarily a receiving threat, and his speed makes him a terror on reverses. But Reed makes himself useful even without the ball. "Jake played on the line in high school, and he is one of the best blockers we have," says Eddie Robinson Jr., the offensive backfield coach and the son of Grambling's coach and legend-in-residence. "On sweeps around his end, he gets after linebackers like an offensive tackle."

Last year Reed also played tailback, which some scouts feel is his most natural position. Says Robinson Jr., "Then they see the film of his game against Mississippi Valley [in which he played wingback and caught four passes for 116 yards and a TD], and they say, 'I could see where you'd keep him at receiver, too.'"

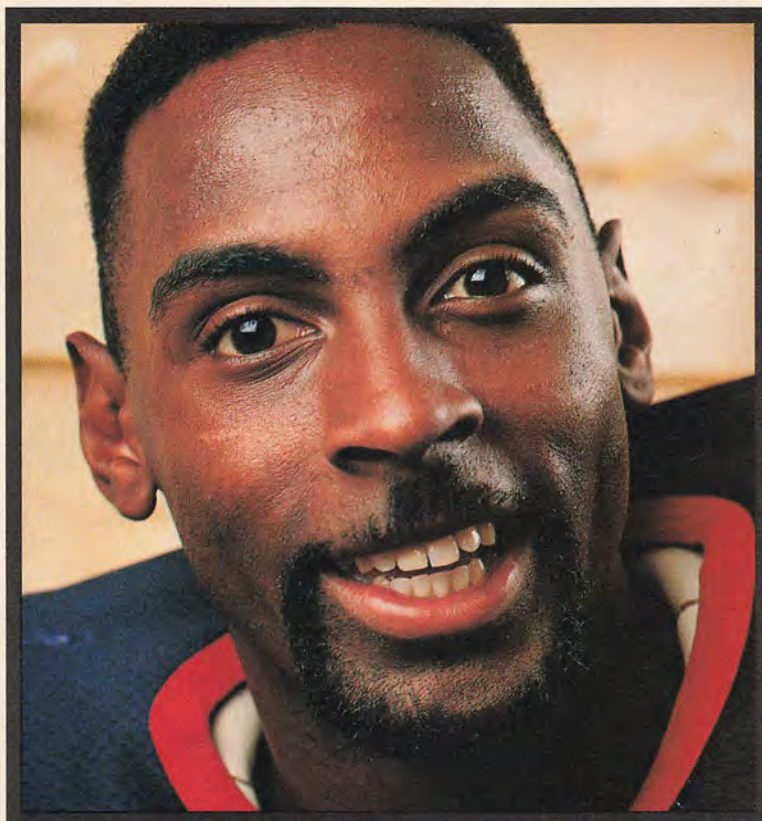
The film that left scouts slack-jawed was Grambling's Division I-AA first-round playoff game last November against Stephen F. Austin State. The Lumberjacks first tried to cover Reed with a linebacker. He quickly scored on a 25-yard touchdown pass, and three minutes later he scored on a 19-yard run. So Austin covered Reed with a safety, also to no avail: He scored on a 12-yard touchdown pass in the third quarter. By then, Lumberjack defenders were trying to take Reed out at the line of scrimmage. The strategy worked and Grambling lost, 59-56, a tough afternoon for defensive backs all around.

After watching Reed blaze through his back-to-back, sub-4.4's on Pro Day, the scouts took turns buttonholing him. "One guy with red hair—he was from one of the combines—told me to start acting like a pro now and to stay out of trouble," says Reed. "He said he couldn't see any reason why I shouldn't be making two or three hundred thousand dollars next year."

Reed tries not to think about the money, but it's hard. "I know you can't put all your hope in the NFL," he says. "You never know what will happen." Even as he talks so sensibly, Reed struggles to keep the excitement out of his voice. And fails. For a guy who was told he didn't belong in college, told he shouldn't even waste his time trying, just getting this far is a big deal.

TIM BARNETT

JACKSON STATE
WIDE RECEIVER



BEFORE KICKOFFS AT JACKSON (MISS.) STATE HOME games, two buses transport the team across town to Mississippi Memorial Stadium. Intersections are cleared, a police escort is provided. Citizens holler encouragement. “For a poor kid, that’s a heck of an experience,” says coach W.C. Gorden. “I get chill bumps just thinking about it.” Along the route, the players belt out impromptu chants and verses, boasting of the humiliations they expect to inflict on their foes. And, says Gorden, the brashest and boldest of his Saturday morning rapmasters is a senior wide receiver named Tim Barnett.

“Tim’s got so much natural talent,” says Gorden. “He could have been a ballet dancer, a poet or a blues singer. Instead, he’s out there giving people the blues.”

Those “people” are the opposing defensive backs. Pro scouts say that the sturdy, speedy Barnett will be one of the first wide receivers selected in next spring’s NFL draft. Last season, Barnett caught 36 passes—a modest number—but averaged a decidedly immodest 23.8 yards per catch. Of course, if attitude were paramount in the NFL’s annual auction, the 6’ 2”, 205-pound Barnett might be the first *player* taken. Give a listen to the musings of this incorrigible football nerd.

Barnett on his off-season conditioning: “I like to run the steps at Memorial Stadium. I run them eight or nine times in the middle of the afternoon, when the sun is hottest.” On two-a-days: “I enjoy them. You just have to remind yourself you’re out there because you want to be. I try to turn my work into fun.” On practicing in the rain: “It’s actually kind of enjoyable.”

Barnett could have wound up enjoying his workouts at any number of big-time schools, but he had been wooed by Jackson State offensive coordinator Cardell Jones as far back as the 11th grade in Gunnison, Miss. Barnett first caught Jones’s eye while running dashes at a high school track meet. “He was just a junior,” recalls Jones, “but I thought, There’s one kid I need to

keep an eye on. The two became friends. Other schools came calling to Gunnison, including Ole Miss and Mississippi State, but Barnett rewarded his most persistent suitor.

At first, Barnett struggled at Jackson. Some of the older players thought he was cocky, and he was a poor student. Redshirted as a freshman, he broke his collarbone three games into his sophomore season, then proved disappointing as a junior, dropping balls and making up pass routes as he went along.

“He was still learning the position,” says Jones.

“I was still distracted by my injury,” says Barnett.

Gorden has yet another explanation. “He was having, how should I say this, female-woman problems,” says the coach.

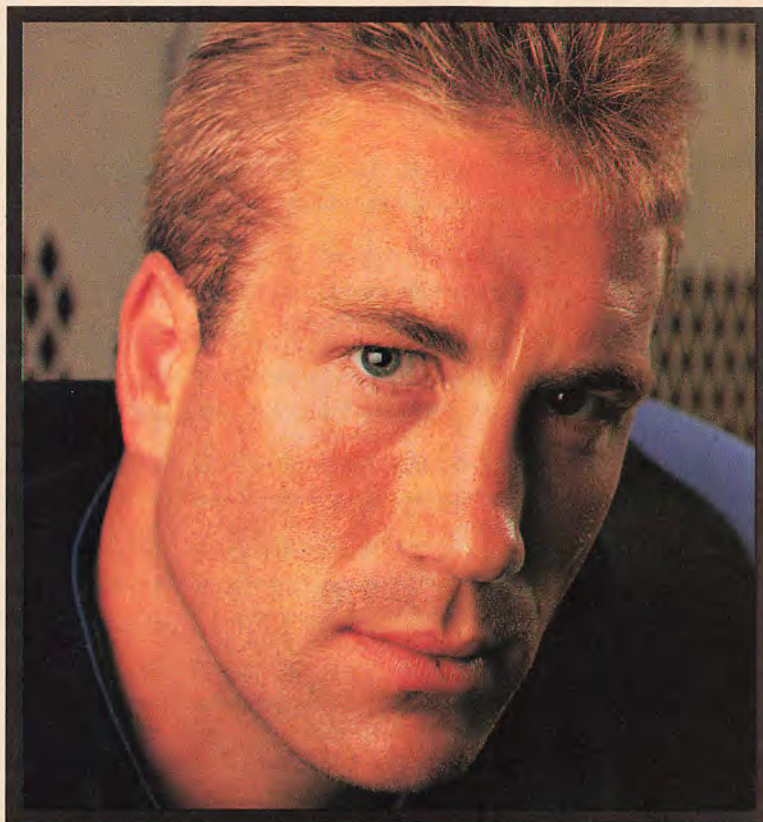
Gorden, who has been coaching the Tigers for 13 years, loves music. So he was pleasantly surprised last season, on a team bus ride, to hear B.B. King emanating from someone’s boom box. Asked the delighted coach, “Who is playing those blues?”

The bluesman was Barnett. “I should have known it would be Tim,” says Gorden. “He comes from the cradle of Mississippi rhythm and blues.” Barnett was raised by his aunt and uncle Eunice and Eddie McCloud. They managed a quail ranch in Gunnison, off Highway 61. Blues devotees regard 61, which connects Memphis and New Orleans, as a kind of sacred vine; the towns it skirts and bisects have produced, among other legends, King (Itta Bena), Muddy Waters (Rolling Fork) and John Lee Hooker (Clarksdale). Player and coach have been exchanging tapes ever since that bus ride.

Barnett now has his act together, on and off the field. He and his wife, Tiffney, have a seven-week-old daughter, his grade-point average is, he says, “right around 3.0,” and not only does he know his assignment on every play, but he can also tell you the tight end’s. The scouts are believers. Recalls Gorden, “They said, ‘Possession receivers are a dime a dozen. We’re looking for somebody who can run by people’”—that is, somebody who can fix a defensive back with a bad case of the blues.

TIM LANCE

EASTERN ILLINOIS
DEFENSIVE BACK



A WIDE, FLAT PLANE OF CARTILAGE RUNS DOWN TIM Lance's nose, like a playground slide. Lance, a nickel-back at Eastern Illinois, has broken his nose six times, four on the gridiron. "I'll make a tackle, and the face mask gets pushed back or the top part comes down," he explains. "My chin straps just won't stay snapped. I don't know what it is."

Of course he knows. Lance's misshapen schnozz is the price he pays for teeing off on his opponents with such wanton, gleeful abandon. He pays it gladly. Reviewing a video of the Panthers' 1989 game against Indiana State, Lance fast-forwards past one of his seven interceptions that season to show a visitor "a pretty good hit I had." A Sycamore wideout leaps for a high pass; Lance streaks into the picture and takes him out at the knees. Lance plays it back in slow motion. "He hangs on to the ball," says Lance. "Outstanding."

"He's smart—he directs our secondary—and he can run," says Brock Spack, an assistant coach at Eastern. "But mostly, Tim Lance can flat out *hit your butt*."

"This kid is a throwback," says a scout for an NFC Central team. "He can go out on a wideout or play heads-up on a tight end. When they played Liberty University, he jacked Eric Green around a few times." Green, it should be noted, is a 6' 5", 274-pound tight end who was the Pittsburgh Steelers' first-round draft choice in April. The scout anticipates that Lance will be used in the NFL as both a linebacker and a strong safety.

Lance traces his zest for contact to his early years as an AAU and Silver Gloves boxer. "I lost a lot of fights when I was seven," he says. "Once I got knocked *silly*. It taught me a lesson. If you don't want to get your butt kicked when you step into the ring, you've got to have an attitude." Lance was the Silver Gloves national champion for his age group in 1980.

The Lances hail from tiny Cuba, Ill. (pop. 1,648), 40 miles southwest of Peoria. "We lived on a farm," says Lance. "We had

a lake stocked with trout, a couple creeks running through the place. Did a lot of fishing and trapping."

What an idyllic setting in which to spend one's youth, a visitor muses.

"Yeah, right, whatever you say," says Lance. "We had a big backyard, 70 or 80 yards long, and my brother, Steve, and I used to play football on it. The barbed-wire fence was out of bounds. One time I got an angle on him and took him out in the barbed wire. He needed stitches." Explaining the incident to his parents, Tim said, "What was I supposed to do, let him score?"

Not to worry—Steve got in his licks. "He used to hit me in the head all the time," says Lance. "He hit me with a baseball bat, or he'd throw a wrench at me. He'd say, 'Here, catch!' and I'd turn around and take a ratchet to the head. He got pretty handy cutting butterfly bandages out of tape and slapping them on me."

Steve, who played tight end, was two years ahead of Tim at Cuba High and had several scholarship offers but turned them down to attend a junior college. As Tim's senior season progressed, he was doing well, but not getting much attention from colleges. In a game against Lewistown (Ill.) High, he had seven sacks and an interception, and four carries for more than 100 yards. He also punted four times for a 50-yard average, including a 73-yarder Cuba downed on the one. "I don't know how many tackles I had," he recalls. "Knocked a couple helmets off."

After the game a stranger from Lewistown approached Lance and said, "You beat us by yourself!"

Lance thanked him and got on the bus. As it turned out, the anonymous admirer was Scott Noble, soon to be a graduate assistant at Eastern Illinois. Three months later Lance got his only scholarship offer. On his visit to Eastern's campus in Charleston, coach Bob Spoo sat Lance down and told him he would have to choose between offense and defense. Lance's answer could double as his philosophy of life. "Coach," he said, "I'd rather hit than be hit."

NOTES

by William F. Reed

LOUD AND CLEAR

Now hear this, all you people who think a deaf player can't make it in big-time college football: Nebraska defensive tackle Kenny Walker, who can barely hear the Cornhusker marching band when he's standing next to it, is bidding to become the first deaf player in Division I-A to make All-America. He could also become the first athlete with his disability to be selected in a high round of the NFL draft (Bonnie Sloan, a defensive tackle at Austin Peay, was taken in the 10th by the St. Louis Cardinals in 1973). A 6' 4", 240-pound senior, Walker had a big game for the Huskers in last season's Fiesta Bowl,

rushing the passer so fiercely that Florida State was flagged for holding him on three straight plays.

In spring practice Nebraska decided to alter its defensive alignment, partly to get Walker onto the field more often. Under the Huskers' old system, Walker often had problems picking up signals. Before each play he would learn the defensive scheme by reading the weakside linebacker's lips in the huddle. However, when an adjustment was made at the line of scrimmage, a teammate had to tap Walker on the hip to move him, or the middle guard had to give him a hand signal. The new 4-3 "Miami stack" doesn't require pass rushers to make so many adjustments, and that could help Walker become a star. "He's got the tools," says defensive coordinator Charlie McBride.

Those tools include a 4.58 40, and only 5.4% body fat.

Walker lost his hearing at the age of two after contracting spinal meningitis and running a high fever. Yet by the time he graduated from high school in Crane, Texas, he was All-State and was heavily recruited. He considered attending a college for the deaf, but finally decided on Nebraska not only because of its football

program, but also because of its willingness to provide him with an interpreter. While Walker can read lips, when giving interviews he usually is accompanied by Mimi Mann, a sign-language interpreter, who works for the school's Handicapped Services Office.

NFL scouts have told Nebraska's coaches that they will be carefully watching Walker's progress this season, and Walker is just as curious about the pros. "I'd like to try it," he says, and McBride thinks he has a shot. "He's probably got as much ability as any defensive lineman we've had," McBride says. "People who know the

situation here know I couldn't just stop everything because of his deafness. But even if I did have to do that, the kids would understand because Kenny is one of our main guys."

THE BIG QUESTION

After Penn State accepted the Big Ten's invitation to join the conference on June 4, commissioner Jim Delany said that the league would have a new name within 60 days. However, he backed off on that statement almost immediately. "We're just not ready to change our name now," he said. "We're going to study it. We're probably going to get an outside firm."

That seems an unnecessary expense, now that the Minneapolis *Star Tribune*, after asking its readers for suggestions, has received a bunch of good names for free. Among them: the Big Ten + One, the Big Ten + Northwestern and the Northern Lights Conference. Don't like any of those, Jim? Well, how about the Big Choke in the Rose Bowl Conference? The Five of One, Half a Dozen of the Other Conference? The Geographically Close to Notre Dame Conference?

One of the difficulties with surrendering the league's traditional name, says Delany, is that Big Ten "stands for a set of traditions and values. It's more than a reflection of the number of schools." He's also concerned that, in light of the conference restructuring that will almost certainly take place in the next year, some other league might snap up the Big Ten name and the cachet that attaches to it.

There would appear to be but one logical solution for this collection of cold-weather schools—the Big Chill?—and that is to keep the league to 10 members. Any guesses as to who might be asked to leave?

BAD BET

New Florida coach Steve Spurrier, asked what he said when introduced to Gator quarterback Kyle Morris, who was suspended last year for gambling, replied, "I told him, 'How in the world could you bet on Clemson against Duke?'" Spurrier, of course, coached the Blue Devils, 16-point underdogs, to a 21-17 upset of Clemson.

NO VACANCIES

The heat that surrounds the Notre Dame-Miami rivalry was turned up another notch last month when Notre Dame



DANNY TURNER

WALKER AND MANN SILENTLY DISCUSS ONE OF HIS ART PROJECTS

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DEWAR'S SCOTLAND

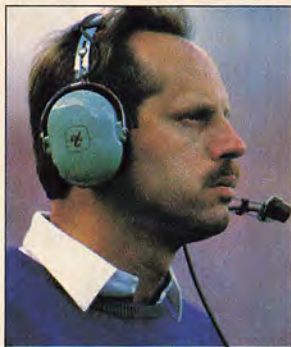
began negotiating with Florida State for games in 1993 and '94. Notre Dame, you'll recall, declined to renew its series with Miami after this season's Oct. 20 game in South Bend, even though the Irish-Hurricane rivalry has developed into the game's best and has generated enormous national interest.

"It [Notre Dame's deciding to schedule Florida State] is extremely unfortunate because Notre Dame has always said that if they had an opening, they would contact us," said Miami athletic director Sam Jankovich.

Notre Dame's schedules are indeed full through 2004, but the potential openings developed when Penn State, looking forward to its move to the Big Ten, approached the Irish about getting out of its 1993 and '94 games in order to schedule a Big Ten team. Asked why Notre Dame didn't contact Miami first, assistant athletic director Roger Valdiserri said, "Do they [the Hurricanes] have openings in those years?"

The answer, at the moment, is no, although Miami could conceivably buy out contracts with lesser opponents—of

THE TITANIC BATTLES BETWEEN THE FIGHTING IRISH AND THE HURRICANES WILL BE A MEMORY AFTER THIS SEASON



JOHN BIEVER

ARCHER SAYS FANS SCORN SCHOLARS

which it has more than its share—to get Notre Dame back on the schedule. As for Florida State, the Seminoles have only 10 games firmed up for '93 and hope to create an opening in '94 by dumping an opponent already on the schedule.

Valdiserri does not think Miami has any reason to complain. "A football series is not like a marriage contract," he said. "In 1995 and '96, for example, we're interrupting our series with Michigan to play Ohio State. Because of the national scope of our alumni, we try to play all over the place."

PLAIN TALK

The preseason Truth Hurts Award goes to LSU coach Mike Archer, who said this when asked about the pressure to win: "They can talk about education, but fans aren't paying \$22 to see the guys throw their books out on the field. You can talk about your graduation rates, but they don't want to hear about it. That's a shame. But that's a fact of life."

DOUBLE PLAYER

As a quarterback at Cincinnati's fabled Moeller High, Scott Schaffner had a fellow named Ken Griffey Jr. to throw to one year. Now, as Schaffner prepares to

begin his junior season at Minnesota, Griffey, 20, is an All-Star centerfielder for the Seattle Mariners.

"He's the best athlete I've ever seen," says Schaffner. "If he had decided to play football, he'd have started as a wide receiver. I told him that, and he said he doesn't like to get hit. For the money he's making, I don't blame him."

Schaffner, who also played baseball with Griffey, says, "There were times he'd hit a ball so far it was like a golf ball. We played on a field with no fence. You'd see outfielders 500 feet back, and still he'd pop it over their heads."

SQUIBS

Wisconsin defensive tackle and team captain Don Davey (SI, Sept. 5, 1988) can become the first four-time first-team Academic All-America football player in the 38-year history of the award. Davey is working on his master's degree after getting his undergraduate degree last spring in mechanical engineering. . . . Jack Crowe is the first Arkansas assistant to be hired as head coach there since 1944. . . . New Kentucky coach Bill Curry, formerly the coach at Alabama, on how tough it was to please Alabama writers: "There was a joke going around that when I went on a fishing trip, the boat tipped over, but I got to shore by walking on water. The headline in the next day's paper read: CURRY FAILS AT SWIMMING."



JOHN BIEVER

SMART

by Geoffrey Norman



BALL



ON GAME DAYS AT CHICAGO,
PLAYERS CARRY HELMETS
RATHER THAN BOOKS

**You think college football players can't be rocket scientists?
They can at the brainpower schools that play in Division III**



Like any head football coach, Dwight Smith looks forward to the first day of practice, when he can get down to the real work of his trade. Time, at last, to get out of the office and the film room, to get his mind off the fumbles and injuries of last year and on the promise of a new season. Time for blocking and tackling, X's and O's, fundamentals and execution. The good stuff. And besides, fall is just a great time of year.

Especially in New England, where Smith is employed and where he probably looks forward to the first practice with even more curiosity than other coaches. Smith is head football coach at the Massachusetts Institute of

Technology in Cambridge, and he is always keen to discover just what sort of players will be coming out for football.

"We get all kinds," Smith says. Except, needless to say, the dumb kind.

While the coaches of national powerhouse teams, and teams that have such aspirations, will have spent more days and nights than they care to remember in the company of their incoming freshmen—laying on the charm and spinning visions of glory—Smith won't have met most of his new players. He doesn't have the money to recruit, and if he did, he wouldn't bother anyway, because *nobody* comes to MIT—whose faculty includes as many Nobel laureates (seven) as Notre Dame has Heismans—to play football.

"We get a few real players," says Smith, who is in his 13th year at MIT. "We just hope there are enough that we can build the rest of the team around them."

Smith is also interested in raw numbers. Fifteen to 18 freshmen showing up

on the first day of practice would be "real good," he says, since that would put the squad size at around 45 and would enable him to conduct something like a full-scale practice most days.

This is an important consideration, Smith says, because once classes begin, his problem is not simply that his players' minds are elsewhere—"their bodies are elsewhere, too." There are practices, and plenty of them, at which he does not have enough players for a scrimmage.

Sitting in a small, cluttered office he shares with two coaches of other sports, Smith shrugs and smiles. "Coaching is about challenges, and we just have some special challenges here." He is a mild man who seems almost perpetually amused.

At registration tables set up on a volleyball court outside his office, students are signing up for courses in, among other things, plasma kinetic theory and celestial mechanics. Smith's players take classes like those. In fact, his entire backfield last

AT SWARTHMORE (LEFT)
AND MIT (BELOW), THE
STUDIOUS LOOK IS A
CAMPUS TRADEMARK



year majored in aeronautics and astronautics (aero/astro). "We called it the rocket backfield," he says.

This will be MIT's third season of Division III football. The school played club football for 10 years. Before that, there was no football. It had been banned by a narrow vote of the student body in 1901. In 1988, the year of MIT's return to the gridiron, the Beavers (nature's engineers, don't you see) went 3-2 against the varsity programs at small Massachusetts colleges such as Stonehill, Assumption and Bentley. "We never got blown out," Smith says. "We lost by six and three points, and we never got pushed around, even though we played only one kid who weighed more than 200 pounds."

MIT is certainly one of the few schools playing football at which the combined SAT scores of any player are higher than the total weight of the offensive line. "MIT students average 735 in math," Smith says. Their average SAT total is

SMART BALL

1,350, and every player is a student first. There are no athletic scholarships. No academic scholarships either, since it is impossible to make the case that any one student deserves such recognition over any other. Financial aid at MIT is based solely on need. Annual tuition alone is \$15,600, which is \$600 more than the school's entire budget for football. Players buy their own shoes.

Which leads you to wonder, first, why anyone would bother to play football at MIT and, then, how good the football is. Could the despairing college football fan find some solace at the Division III level, where the term *student-athlete* is something other than a laughable oxymoron?

Smith does not try to answer those questions. He is a coach, content to work with the players he gets and to leave the big-think to the administration and others. "Why don't you come out to practice and talk to some of the players?" he said one day last year at the end of August.

Practice, on a cool, achingly clear afternoon, began at four. It was orientation and rush week, so the team was holding two practices a day (morning practice was at nine) until classes began. After that, practice would last from five to seven every afternoon. Those hours are supposed to be sacrosanct at MIT, time for students to do something other than study or attend class (although many professors schedule exams then in order not to waste class time on them). The school has long

recognized that students need to relieve the pressures that come with the territory of a first-class education. The athletic department has done its part to make sure that outlets are available. Students can choose from among 37 varsity sports.

As the football players drifted out of the locker room on their way to the practice field, they passed baseball players, soccer players, cross-country runners and tennis players. Down on the Charles River, out of view, the sailing team and the crew were practicing. The stereotype of the MIT nerd who never leaves the library except to go to the bathroom is plainly a creature born of imagination and envy. These are healthy, alert-looking young people—even the football players. This comes as a surprise to some of the school's opponents. In MIT's first season, the players at Assumption wrote $E=mc^2$ on their wristbands, presumably as some kind of taunt. "Yeah," one of the small MIT linemen said, "and we not only understood the formula, we also beat them."

Practice began with the usual calisthenics, counted off by the four team captains. But a few elements of the picture seemed a little off. There weren't very many players. Fewer than 45. Even in pads, they didn't look very big. And two of them were not in pads at all but were wearing Jams and T-shirts. Smith explained that they were kids who had never played football before but thought they would like to



give it a try. "So it's a little early to give them uniforms."

Does he get many first-time players?

"Yeah, we get a couple every season. But it works both ways. There are some kids here who started in good high school programs and then decided to put football behind them when they got here. Some of them may come out later, when they're sophomores or juniors. When we were a club, we had a few guys wait until they were in grad school before they came out. I guess by then they figured they could handle the academic load."

You have to wonder just what kind of person would say to himself upon entering one of the world's most prestigious academic institutions, What the hell, long as I'm here, I think I'll play a little football.

Another aspect of the MIT practice that did not seem quite right was the nearly desperate shortage of assistant coaches. Only four, as far as I could see.

"That's right," Smith said. And only one of them, offensive line coach Tim Walsh, was on the MIT payroll. The others were volunteers who worked for "token pay." One of the assistants, Larry Monroe, played club football for four years at MIT and was doing research in



THE MIT MARCHING BAND MAKES UP FOR ITS LACK OF NUMBERS WITH A TOTAL LACK OF SERIOUSNESS

W. JOHNSON ATHLETICS CENTER



efficient nonpolluting energy sources while coaching the defensive line on the side. (He will not be coaching this season.) "Football was always a way to relax and have fun," said Monroe. "Do something a little physical, you know, after you've been at it in the lab all day."

One of Smith's other assistants, Dick Yule, is part owner of Who's On First, a celebrated bar near Fenway Park. Another, Mike Herman, is in the computer business. None of the assistants did very much yelling at practice. "That doesn't work with these kids," Smith said. "They motivate themselves."

That, however, does not make coaching any easier. Smith's players grasp concepts readily and don't have any trouble with the playbook. It is the simplest book they'll see all year. But their bodies cannot always do what their minds so clearly visualize. "We spend a lot of time on fundamentals," Smith said. "A lot of time."

As the practice ran on, this was evident. Hang around a major college practice field and you will see players doing hard things almost effortlessly. Here they labored, and there was no blinding speed. No "gifted" athletes. But you could not help thinking how much it would do for the reputation of college football if those gifted athletes at major schools tried as hard in the classroom as these gifted students tried at football practice.

In the contact drills the sound of impact was loud and oddly pleasant in the late summer air. The players might not be big, but they hit. One linebacker, Rick Bullesbach, an architecture student, caught a forearm under his face mask and suffered a broken nose. He came out until the bleeding stopped.

Another linebacker, Darcy Prather, one of the few blacks on the team, stood a running back up with a shoulder to his midsection. You could hear the *pop* for a hundred yards.

"Way to stick him, way to stick him," the other players shouted.

Prather, who was honorable mention Division III All-America the last two years, comes from Hazelwood, Mo., weighs about 185 and studies electrical engineering, which is the essential stat at an institution like MIT. He listens attentively when he is asked a question and then responds quietly and articulately. You can't help thinking, What a *great* kid. When Prather is asked if he has ever felt pressure at MIT to get out of football, he says, "Not from any of my professors, no."

From anyone?

"Well, actually, yes. But not from anyone here. When I go home and see people and they find out I'm still playing football, they say, 'Man you've got to be *crazy*, getting an education like that and wasting your time on *football*.'"

WHEN PRACTICE SPACE IS SCARCE, THE MIT TEAM SOMETIMES HAS TO LOBBY FOR A PLACE TO WORK OUT

This is the implicit reservation about football at MIT, about gifted students playing football anywhere—that it is a waste of time. The planted axiom is obvious: Only dumb guys, or guys who are getting paid *something*, would bother.

Shane LaHousse came closer than anyone to being a genuine star during MIT's first two seasons of football. As a high school player in Southgate, Mich., he made a visit to the University of Michigan, where he was promised "preferred walk-on status." He went to the Air Force Academy instead, then transferred to MIT after he learned that his eyesight had deteriorated to the point where it would disqualify him from flight training. He was MIT's leading rusher in 1988 and again last season. "Football was not a waste of my time," he says.

On the contrary. "When you've been in labs or class all day and the pressure is really starting to get to you," LaHousse says, "it feels great to go out there and knock heads for a couple of hours. Get dirty and get it out of your system and then go back to work. This may seem strange, but I did my best academic work during football season. I was just *sharper*."

And the notion that football might in-



SOUND MINDS IN UNSOUND BODIES: ICE FOR AN INJURY AT SWARTHMORE (TOP), VOLTAGE AT CHICAGO

terfere with his real work in Cambridge is absurd. "It's the other way around," he says. "In our first season, one game we lost was played on a Friday night. I think we could have won, except that that morning there had been a big aero/astro exam and the whole backfield had been up all Thursday night studying. We couldn't do anything right during the game. We were half a step off all night."

This sense of . . . well, call it *perspective* about football extends to everyone at MIT—players, coaches, students and faculty. There is no admission charge at football games. MIT has cheerleaders (all women) who lead the fans in the following chant:

*E to the u, d-u-d-x, e to the x, d-x
Cosine, secant, tangent, sine
3.14159
Integral, radical, u-d-v
Slipstick, slide rule, M-I-T!*

There is a band, which practices briefly before games and then performs, among other things, a salute to entropy, in which the formation more or less collapses. When the team turns the ball over, or the

other team scores, MIT fans are likely to break into a spontaneous cheer:

*That's all right
That's O.K.
You'll go to work
For us someday.*

Royce Flippin, MIT's athletic director, and a star running back at Princeton in the '50s, says, "There is no resentment or suspicion among the faculty about the importance of football in the scheme of things. They know that *nothing*, certainly not football, is a threat to their status."

There is no detachment in the players' practice or play. Brian Teeple, a defensive back from Massillon, Ohio, compares MIT's program to the big-time

football he knew at Massillon-Washington High. "We had two-a-days in August, weeks before school started. We had one coach whose contract was not renewed after a 6-4 season. We were put on probation for two years for illegally recruiting players. At MIT, we want to win just as bad, and it feels just as good when we do. But we have a broader perspective."

As the sun went down, the team finished with a series of 10 100-yard wind sprints. The two young men in Jams and T-shirts ran them all. They lingered after the other players had drifted back into the locker room and asked Smith about uniforms. He told them to come back for practice in the morning, and if they were still around at the end of the week, he would see about getting them suited up.

"Nine o'clock," Smith said.

"Well, I've got a problem with that," one of the men said. "That's when I'm supposed to meet my adviser."

"As soon as you can make it, then."

Walking back to his office through the tranquil purple twilight, Smith said mildly, "That's the way it works. You're always making adjustments, always trying to make something out of nothing."

The greatest obstacle to the development of a university in this country is the popular misconceptions of what a university is. The

two most popular of these are that it is a kindergarten and that it is a country club. Football has done as much as any single thing to originate, disseminate and confirm these misconceptions. By getting rid of football, by presenting the spectacle of a university that can be great without football, the University of Chicago may perform a signal service to higher education throughout the land.

—ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS
President, University of Chicago
Jan. 12, 1940

The first Heisman Trophy winner, Jay Berwanger (1935), came from the University of Chicago. Amos Alonzo Stagg coached there for 41 seasons, from 1892 to 1932, winning six Big Ten titles outright, tying for a seventh and going undefeated in four seasons. After the 1939 season, the school where Stagg had invented uniform numbers, wind sprints and the lettermen's club, dropped football. If he wanted to hire football players, Hutchins said, then he would speak to George Halas about employing his Bears. (The design of the C on the Bears' helmets, incidentally, was borrowed from the University of Chicago.)

Thirty years later, after the university tore down Stagg Field to build a library, Chicago stepped tentatively back into the football waters at the relatively calm Division III level. Plainly, there was no danger that the school would be tempted to take on Michigan. Those days were over. Chicago was without a doubt one of the great universities of the world. Its faculty included eight past or future Nobel Prize winners, including Saul Bellow, who would get the prize for literature in 1976. Chicago had become a breeding ground not for football players but for journalists, artists, writers and actors as well as engineers, economists, physicians and physicists.

Adding to the school's insularity was the fact that it is privately funded and that it's situated in Hyde Park, on the South Side of Chicago, amid deteriorating neighborhoods where children grow up without learning to read anything, much less Aristotle and the great books. So the University of Chicago is a kind of oasis, set off from the ordinary world but very much aware of it. The campus police squad is the second-largest private security force in the state of Illinois. All of this

tends to concentrate the mind exceedingly. The University of Chicago is a terribly serious place, and it's amazing that, having once gotten rid of football, this institution ever accepted it back.

"It was a fairness issue, as much as anything," says Mary Jean Mulvaney, who retired as athletic director of the university last year, after 14 years on the job. As women's athletic director before that, she supported the idea of bringing football back to Chicago, and she remains one of its strongest boosters. "The boys who wanted to play argued that it was discriminatory to have all these other varsity sports and still ban football. The faculty gave in, but there was resistance. Now, after 20 years, everybody accepts the fact that we have a football team. I think people realize that we want diversity at the university, and with a football team we get a certain kind of student, who is still qualified, who might not come here otherwise. And, of course, our players are very much members of the university community. One player on the 1989 team, for example, was also student body president, and a really neat kid. All of them are."

Chicago has not set the world on fire in the two decades since it resumed football. The team's record over that span is 47-122-2. Its struggle during the first few years was more to survive than to win. These days the new Stagg Field is sometimes filled to its 1,500 capacity on game day. The fans come to urge their team to victory with the Scholarly Yell, one of the greatest cheers of all time:

*Themistocles, Thucydides
The Peloponnesian Wars
X-squared, Y-squared, H₂SO₄
Who for, what for
Who in the hell are we cheering for?
Go Maroons!*

Last year was coach Greg Quick's first at Chicago. He was a center on the 1978 Division III championship team at Baldwin-Wallace, in Berea, Ohio, and has coached both high school and college ball since graduating. Yet, there were some surprises at Chicago. "When I came here," he says, "I called a meeting of the upperclassmen. All 48 of them were on time. I tell them to keep the film room clean, and they do it. Every little piece of paper, every pop bottle gets picked up. The chairs are back in place, and the last man turns

out the light. Discipline isn't a problem with these kids."

Quick was also struck by the way his players passed time on the team bus on the way to their first road game, at the University of Rochester in upstate New York. "I don't know what I expected, exactly. The usual, I guess. Sports pages and girlie magazines. But these guys were reading *The Economist* and *The New Republic*. One of them was paging through *War and Peace*, and another had a copy of Emerson's essays. I knew these kids tested smart, but I didn't think they would be so involved in intellectual things."

Their braininess has worked to Quick's advantage. Once, preparing a two-minute drill, he showed the offense a series of five plays that would be run automatically, with the quarterback calling the formation at the line of scrimmage according to

the spotting of the ball. "We gave that to them one night, one time, and the next afternoon we called for it at practice. They went through it the first time without a single mistake and then did it again during the game."

The downside for a football coach of Quick's intensity is obvious: There is no way that his players can make an unequivocal commitment to football. "We try to get them to schedule their labs on Monday, when we don't do anything at all until eight o'clock, when we have a meeting and look at some film. Still, we get guys who have seminars that last until after practice starts on other days. We have labs and exams. We have to adjust."

Quick is plainly not as phlegmatic as MIT's Smith about the concessions a coach must make to academics. Also, Quick believes that it is possible to sound echoes of Chicago's football past, albeit at a fairly low volume. There is a fading black-and-white photograph on the wall of Quick's office that shows 15,000 people

IT'S HIGH FIVES FOR THE SWARTHMORE DEFENSE AS IT TRIES TO BLOCK A KICK BY DICKINSON COLLEGE



SMART BALL

crowded into the old Stagg Field in 1907 to watch Chicago play Carlisle. "The school was only 15 years old then," he says with something like amazement. "In 1905, they beat Michigan when the Wolverines hadn't lost in four seasons. I'd like to bring a little of that tradition back."

Maybe he can. But what he has inherited is already pretty remarkable. Before practice, on a field a few hundred yards from the lab where, in 1942, Enrico Fermi accomplished the first sustained nuclear chain reaction, ushering in the atomic age, Quick's 59 players loosen up and talk among themselves about the things that are important to them. One conversation involves an application for a Rhodes scholarship. One man sits on his helmet, just like a Raider, reading a paperback anthology of Molière's plays. Quick and his assistants run a tight, physical practice with lots of yelling by Quick himself. He has a big voice, and it carries across the campus. Joggers look up suddenly when he roars, "B—, that's —! Now line up again and do it the way we told you."

After one practice last fall, Alan Schafer, the student body president, lingered on the field. A defensive lineman who weighed 205, he made grades good enough for the Dean's List, sang bass in the prestigious Motet Choir, was house manager for his fraternity, Phi Delta Theta, and worked 15 hours a week as a building supervisor at the Henry Crown Field House to qualify for some financial aid. When he graduated in June, he entered a business management training program at G.E. Capital in Minneapolis.

Asked why he came to the University of Chicago, he said, "Well, mainly because of its academic reputation. But also because I wanted to play Division III football. I knew I could play here, and I probably couldn't have played at the Ivies. But it was the academics first. There might be better engineering schools, but I don't think anyone beats Chicago in my field."

Which is?

"Public policy. It's a blend of several disciplines. Sociology, political science, economics."

So would he duck out of a class taught by Chicago's Nobel laureate economist Milton Friedman for football practice?

"In theory, yes. But he's at the Hoover Institute, out at Stanford, right now. You could still take a course from George Stigler, who also won a Nobel in economics, and leave early for practice." Schafer smiled.

Can those spheres be harmonized?

Schafer smiled again. Hutchins, the man who banished football, once said that whenever he felt compelled to exercise, he lay down until he got over it. Hutchins was also very fat.

But the question remains pertinent. What is the place of football, here or at any other place of learning?

"Actually, football fit in well for me," Schafer said. "It was a very important part of my life—both the physical outlet the game provided and the social element, the team. The academic side of life is pretty solitary, so the group part of football is a nice complement. Also, nobody there is playing for a résumé he can show



to the NFL. We aren't playing for the crowds. In a way, this makes the game itself that much better. The game is the whole thing. You play to win, and winning feels great."

Proportion, measure—the truths the ancients knew. If the Romans have taken over Division I-A football, the Athenians are still alive in Division III.

Still, if the players are bright and interesting and the coaches are full faculty members who share the university's vision, what happens to the most fundamental thing in football—the game itself? There is no talk, when you visit one of the brain-power campuses, of being able to compete at all levels. The best athletes on any of these teams could not start at most Division I-A schools. But they do play football, and you wonder about the quality of Division III games.

So last fall, on a weekend when Hurricane Hugo had left a trail of storms along the East Coast, I arrived at Swarthmore College in Swarthmore, Pa., for the Get-



BESIDES X'S AND O'S, CHICAGO'S PLAYERS ACTUALLY MASTER THE REST OF THE ALPHABET, TOO

tysburg College game. For the past two years, Swarthmore has been rated by *U.S. News & World Report* as the best small liberal arts school in the country. The campus consists of 320 acres for a student body of only 1,300. The student-to-faculty ratio is 9½-1. Swarthmore is most emphatically not a football factory. Or any other kind of factory. It resembles, more than anything, an estate.

But there is a football tradition at Swarthmore. In the 1980s, the college twice shared the Centennial Conference championship. It had not beaten Gettysburg in five years, however, and the game was expected to be close and tough.

While the players taped up and dressed, coach Fran Meagher worried about the weather—rain would hurt his pass-oriented game—and talked about the common theme of programs like his: "These kids have a lot on their plates. We can't expect them to make every practice, so what we do ask is that they let us know when they're going to be missing. A phone call goes a long way. But because they're highly motivated, a lot of them will do the little bit of extra work. I've had kids ask me for the key to the weight room so they could come down and lift after they got through studying at 10 at night.

"We even have conflicts with the games. Last year, one of our best receivers, Bob McCann, had to take his law boards on a game Saturday. He scheduled them over at Villanova [like Swarthmore,

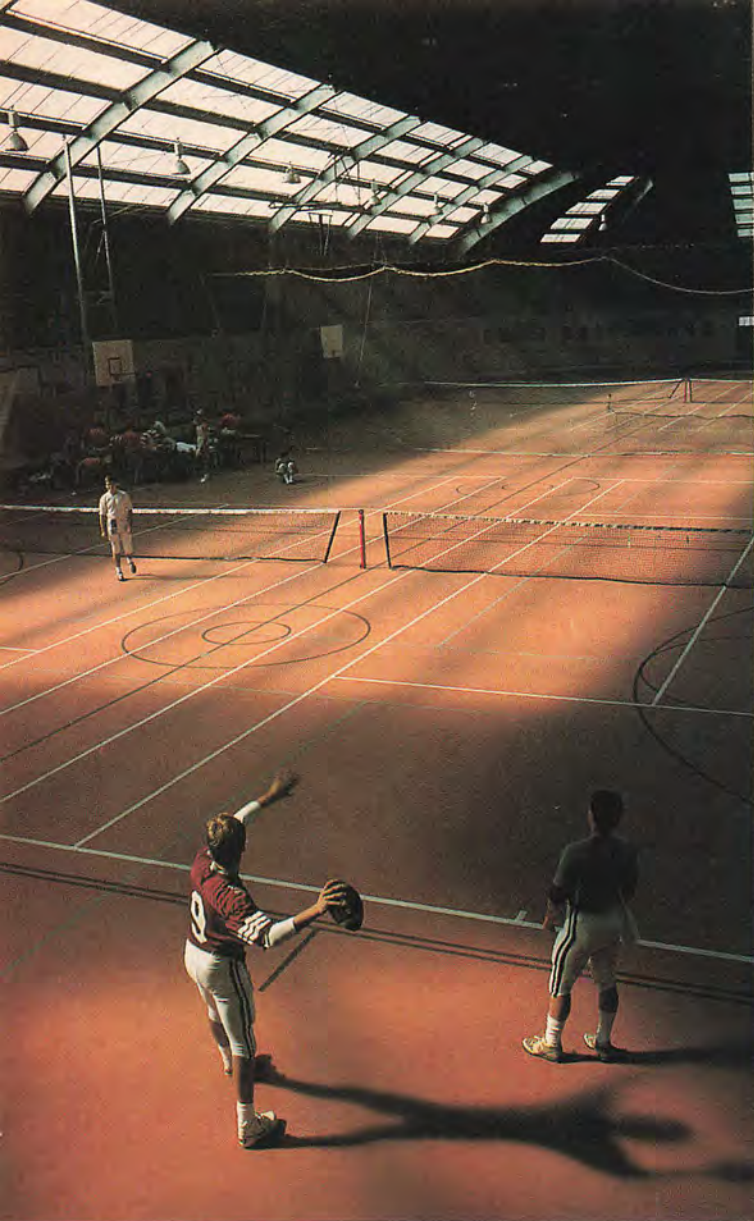
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TO WARM UP, SWARTHMORE PLAYERS TAKE TO THE TENNIS COURTS BEFORE TAKING THE FOOTBALL FIELD

a suburb of Philadelphia] and had his father drive him. When he finished, they jumped in the car, and he dressed on the way down and got here in time for the second half. Caught two balls. One was a 75-yarder for a touchdown. We might have won that game if we'd had him in the first half. But what are you going to do?" Swarthmore lost to Ursinus, 31-25. McCann got into law school.

At this level of football, it seems, there is never any question about priorities.

For Gettysburg, Meagher had his full squad, and except for one short shower, the rain held off. In spite of a low sky the color of an old bruise, 300 or 400 people were in the stands for the kickoff.

"O.K., men," one of the Swarthmore players shouted, "animal-instincts time."

Swarthmore took the ball the length of

precisely, and when he collided with the intercepting defensive back, the sound seemed to go straight to your bones as the ball popped loose. This is a contact sport, and when the contact is good, the size of the stadium and the name of the conference and even the ability of the players seem unimportant. The hitting is the thing.

In the second quarter, with the sky getting lower and the wind picking up, Gettysburg began to move the ball. But Walsh, who was now playing safety, stepped in front of a Gettysburg receiver and took an interception 90 yards to put Swarthmore up 18-0.

Just before the half, during another Gettysburg drive, the wind blew one of the goalposts over. When Gettysburg scored, a maintenance worker had to stand under the uprights, propping up one of the posts with a two-by-four, during the extra-point attempt. It was good.

Swarthmore then drove and missed a

fourth-down conversion from the Gettysburg 12. Halftime, 18-7 Swarthmore, but it felt closer than that. The weather turned worse, but no one left.

In the third quarter, it was all Gettysburg. As the visitors made two long drives, one for a touchdown, runners from a women's cross-country meet arrived at the finish line on the track that runs around the perimeter of the football field. The fans in the stands alternately applauded the runners and exhorted the Swarthmore defense. "Come on, hold them!"

Swarthmore's offense was stalled. On one third down, Martin could not get around end and Swarthmore had to punt. When he came off the field, Martin slammed his helmet on the ground. Like the hitting, the rage to win is here at Swarthmore just as at Soldier Field, the Orange Bowl or any other arena where they play the game.

Early in the fourth quarter, Gettysburg took the lead, 22-18. On its next possession, Swarthmore put together a few runs by Martin and a couple of crucial pass plays into the tough middle of the field, and the home team scored again: 24-22. But with only minutes to go, Gettysburg seemed able to move the ball when it needed to. "Come on, Deee!" the Swarthmore players shouted, pleading now.

Gettysburg drove toward the lame goalpost. A field goal would win it. The passion was now in everyone present. Everything important was, for some absurd and magical reason, tied up in a sprawling, disorderly game.

The Gettysburg quarterback rolled out and threw. Walsh made another steal. When he came out, his teammates mobbed him, shouting, "ChrisWalsh! ChrisWalsh! My man ChrisWalsh!"

A 54-yard Martin run to the Gettysburg 15 iced it. He had gained 140 yards in the game. Afterward, players, friends and families stood around the field, talking and laughing and enjoying the feeling. "This is what it is all about," Walsh said. In Division III, even the clichés are the same.

It was a good day for smart-guy football at MIT, too, which enjoyed a 45-13 romp over Stonehill. When the victory was pretty much in hand, Smith was able to give game time to a lot of his players, among them Mehrdad Sarlak, one of the football

novices who had come out at first in Jams and a T-shirt. He had kept his appointment with his adviser the following day but had come back for the next practice, and he kept coming back until Smith gave him a uniform. He played defensive back and helped MIT to a 4-3-1 season.

This season Smith, as usual, does not know what to expect when his squad comes out for the first day of practice. He has lost two members of his aero/astro backfield—the quarterback and the tailback—but fullback Garret Moose is still there, and incoming quarterback John Hur is an aero/astro major. Prather will be back, and there are at least two freshmen who should be able to help on both sides of the line. Also, Smith will have a new part-time assistant coach, Vaughn Williams, who played defensive back at Stanford and a little with the 49ers and the Colts. “He should be a real help,” Smith says.

Quick is also expecting better days at Chicago. He wants badly to improve on last year’s 2–7 season and believes he can,

“now that we’ve had a year to adjust and learn a new system.” Football coaches everywhere are preternaturally optimistic, and they speak essentially the same language.

At Swarthmore, Meagher will not be trying to improve on a 5–5 year that could easily have been 7–3. He took the head coaching job at Centennial Conference rival Muhlenberg College, in Allentown, Pa. “It was just a great opportunity,” he says. “There isn’t the same academic reputation, and I’ll have more players. With the small numbers I had to work with at Swarthmore, it was always like walking along the edge of a cliff.”

But Swarthmore will be competing for the conference championship, according to tricapitain Rob Ruffin, a junior linebacker majoring in engineering, who was a Pizza Hut honorable mention All-America last season. “I’m looking forward to this year,” he says. “We got our playbooks in the mail, and it looks like we’ll be doing more basic things. I like that. We’ll be trying to make what we do

work. I did a lot of off-season conditioning, and I’m about six-four, 215. As a captain, I’ll be trying to lead by intensity.”

Karl Miran, Swarthmore’s new coach, was an assistant at Amherst College in Massachusetts, so he knows what to expect. “Small squads and schedule conflicts are things you just have to cope with at this level,” he says. “You have a small squad, and the talent is thin. You have to play some of your best players both ways, and sometimes you lose close games because people get tired.”

Not distracted, just tired. “On game day, they want to win as bad as anyone at any level,” Miran says. “But they know that football is just a part of their lives, and certainly not the most important part. It’s something that they do at the end of the day, and if you really want to communicate with them, you have to remember that and realize that sometimes the best way to make a point is with humor. You’ve got to laugh with them.”

Which might be the last word in the guide to thinking man’s football. ■

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INSIDE BASEBALL

BY
TIM KURKJIAN

MANAGING STRESS

Rookies and veterans lacking stretch-run experience aren't the only ones who succumb to the pressures of a pennant race. It's crunch time for managers, too. Recently, they have been feeling the heat, and it has caused some pretty odd behavior.

Lou Piniella, whose Reds as of Sunday had lost 21 of their last 36 games and had seen an 11-game lead in the National League West reduced to 6½ games, has been the most volatile manager. His troubles started two weeks ago, when he traded barbs, and then apologies, in the press with

San Francisco manager Roger Craig. On Aug. 21, as Cincinnati continued to tumble, Piniella held a closed-door clubhouse meeting during which he told his team the story of the tortoise and the hare. "We've been the hare all year, and now we've got to be the turtle," he said. Reds pitcher Rick Mahler said, "It made a lot of sense. I especially liked it when he acted out all the characters."

The sight of Piniella bunny-hopping through the Cincinnati clubhouse couldn't have been any better than his imitation of Earl Weaver later that night. During an argument with umpire Dutch Rennert after Rennert had called Cincinnati's Barry Larkin out in a close play at first base, Piniella flung his cap, then picked up first base and threw it about 18

feet. He chased down the base and tossed it another 35 feet.

That's nothing new for Piniella, who has always been temperamental. But some people think that Piniella may be more nervous than ever because as a first-time National League manager, he must make more decisions on pitching changes than he did as skipper of the Yankees. Keep in mind that after the first game of the season, Piniella was telling Reds general manager Bob Quinn that he was already running short of pitching and needed an 11th and maybe a 12th pitcher.

The Dodgers' Tommy Lasorda has seen it all in his 15-year managerial career, but on Aug. 21, even he was left muttering over and over, "I can't believe it, I can't believe it," after Los Angeles blew an eight-run lead in the ninth inning to lose 12-11 to the Phillies. The Dodgers led 11-1 in the sixth inning, when Lasorda began benching his starters. The move exploded in his face—and prevented L.A. from closing to within 5½ games of the Reds—when rookie shortstop Jose Offerman committed two errors in the ninth, which kept Philadelphia in contention until pinch-hitter John Kruk hit a three-run homer to tie the game and Carmelo Martinez hit a run-scoring double to win it two batters later.

Other than hurling a few objects in the dugout that night, Lasorda was too stunned to get angry until a reporter asked him if he felt like screaming. Lasorda threatened to throw his desk at the reporter. He should have thrown it at the three relievers who blew the lead: Dave

Walsh, Tim Crews and Jay Howell.

The manager who seems to be handling the pressure the best is Pittsburgh's Jim Leyland (SI, Aug. 27). He has blown up with the best of them, but he told his players at a meeting after the All-Star break that no matter what happened in the second half, he wasn't going to start smoking cigarettes again, and he wasn't going to flip over the post-game buffet table anymore. "We have a mature team. I don't have to do that now," says Leyland.

The low-key approach has worked for him. The Pirates are playing aggressively on the field and staying loose in the clubhouse. At week's end, they held a three-game lead over the second-place Mets in the National League East. Leyland's theory for the stretch run is simple: "Stay with what we've done all year."

He has not had any reliever appear in more than two straight games and, according to pitching coach Ray Miller, "He won't the rest of the year, either." Nineteen Pirate pitchers have won a game this season. Leyland's strength as a manager is his willingness to use all his players. "Give everyone the chance to be the hero," he says.

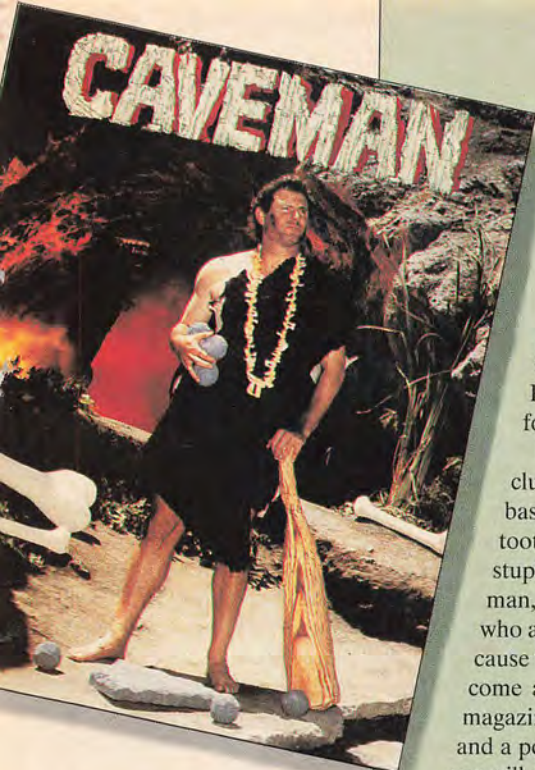
So, which way is best, Piniella's or Leyland's? "You can look at that two ways," says Leyland. "A guy who [loses his temper] sends a message that he's extremely competitive. That can be a very good thing. But it's not for me."

Cincinnati first baseman Todd Benzinger contends that Piniella's fire and ire are just what the Reds need. "Teams tend to take on the character-



With the pennant race heating up, is Piniella starting to lose his cool?

COURTESY OF SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS



Robinson makes no bones about liking his moniker.

istics of the manager," he says. "His ranting and raving might be a negative for his life span, but it's good for this team."

If nothing else, the city of Cincinnati got a kick out of Piniella's base tossing. Two days after his outburst, *The Cincinnati Enquirer* held a base-throwing exhibition downtown. Seventy-five people, including the mayor and a TV anchorwoman wearing high heels, threw a base farther than Piniella did.

LIKE FATHER . . .

This year 25 sons of former major leaguers have played in the majors. It's believed to be the largest number ever to play in one season. Moreover, another eight sons of current and former big leaguers were selected in the June draft. Why so many?

"I don't know, but here's a theory," says Royals general manager John Schuerholz, who has five sons of former major leaguers on his roster. "[For some time now], players have been making so much money, they don't have to go from their [baseball] job to the factory after the season the

A REAL THROWBACK

Last season former Giants pitcher Mike Krukow affectionately nicknamed San Francisco pitcher Don Robinson "Caveman" because of his hulking build, hairy features and scarred body. So Duffy Jennings, San Francisco's vice-president for public relations, asked Robinson to dress in caveman garb for the cover of *Giants Magazine*.

Robinson carried a papier-mâché club that was stained to look like a baseball bat, and he wore a saber-toothed-tiger necklace. "I felt kind of stupid in that outfit, but I'm the Caveman, so I had to do it," says Robinson, who admits that he likes the nickname because "it shows I'm a gamer, that I've overcome a lot of injuries." That issue of the magazine sold out (30,000 copies) in 11 days and a poster was made of the cover. Robinson will donate all his royalties from the poster to Cody Bedrosian, Giants pitcher Steve Bedrosian's son, who has leukemia.

COMEBACK OF THE YEAR AWARD

The Phillies haven't come from behind in the ninth inning to win a home game since June 28, 1987, but they made one of the greatest ninth-inning comebacks in history on Aug. 21 in Los Angeles. They scored nine runs in the ninth to edge the Dodgers 12-11. When winning pitcher Roger McDowell was asked if he had ever seen such a rally, he said, "The only time was in Strat-O-Matic, against my brother."

The win was the Phillies' second wild victory in Los Angeles this year. On May 19, they defeated the Dodgers 15-12 in 11 innings. In that game, Philadelphia reserve infielder Rod Booker entered the game in the eighth and went 3 for 3 with three RBIs. It was the first major league game Booker's father, Selma, had ever seen him play in person. The Aug. 21 game was the second. Booker went into that game in the seventh, and in the

ninth he walked, singled, scored two runs (including the game winner) and stole a base. "I've got to get my father to more games," says Booker. "I might have to fly him to Philly for some."

IT'S WORSE WHEN THEY LOSE

In this year of the brawl (SI, Aug. 27), players from the same team are now fighting. Juan Bell (brother of Toronto's George) and Donell Nixon of Triple A Rochester got into a fistfight in the dugout on Aug. 21 during the Red Wings' 7-5 victory over Syracuse. The win clinched the International League's Eastern Division title for Rochester. Before they could be separated, Bell and Dixon spilled out onto the field and into the photographers' section next to the dugout. Red Wing officials declined to comment on the cause of the brawl but said that both players apologized after the game.

OL' WHAT'S-HIS-NAME

The 1990 Pirates have used 41 players, some of whom have come and gone in a matter of days. Shortstop Armando Moreno arrived Aug. 3 and left Aug. 5, without seeing any action. On Aug. 23, Pittsburgh coach Rich Donnelly said, "I guarantee half these players don't even know his name." He polled 15 Pirates; only one coach and six players knew Moreno's first and last name. Pitcher Neal Heaton got only his last name—"and that's because his locker was next to mine," he says.

Said coach Tommy Sandt: "I hope Moreno does better at [World Series] share time."

BY THE NUMBERS

- Through Sunday Blue Jay shortstop Tony Fernandez had more triples (16) than the Yankees (15) or A's (15).
- San Francisco reserve infielder Ernest Riles was 11 for 29 (.379) with four homers and 12 RBIs as a pinch hitter, and 16 for 81 (.197) with three homers and seven RBIs in his other appearances.

way they did in the old days. They have the luxury to take four months off and be an instructor for their sons. They can build them a batting cage, buy equipment—in addition to the genetic benefits [they give them]."

Last season Ken Griffey Sr. and Jr. became the first father-son combination to play in the majors at the same time. Now a movement may be afoot in

Seattle to unite Ken Sr., who last week was waived by the Reds, and Ken, Jr. to play for the Mariners in September.

BOOK 'EM

Some managers too often play "by the book." Doing so eliminates second-guessing, but it isn't always the best strategy. Take the Aug. 20 game between the Rangers and Mariners at Arlington Stadium.

With Texas trailing 5-2 in the seventh inning, righthanded-hitting Pete Incaviglia of the Rangers came to bat with runners at first and second and nobody out. Incaviglia was mired in an 0-for-24 slump, and was facing Mike Jackson, a hard-throwing righthander. According to one Ranger, Incaviglia "has not pulled a ground ball over third base in the last five years."

INSIDE BASEBALL

The "book" says to guard the line in late innings to prevent an extra-base hit. So, as he usually does, Seattle manager Jim Lefebvre went by it. With Mariner third baseman Mike Brumley standing on the third base line, Incaviglia rolled a puny grounder between third and shortstop for a single, igniting a three-run rally. If Brumley had been positioned normally, Incaviglia's grounder might have been a double-play ball. Then, with two out in the seventh, Brumley, still hugging the line, was late getting to a grounder to his left. Brumley booted it, allowing the tying run to score, and the Rangers went on to win 6-5.

Then there's Minnesota manager Tom Kelly, who says, "I've never read the 'book,' but I know it's out there." Kelly is daring and aggressive, and will violate the book in certain situations. "Columbus took a chance," he says.

Regarding second-guessers, Kelly says, "If you're afraid, get a dog and drag it around with you. Some managers get into a losing streak and then go strictly by the book. If it

says bunt, they bunt because they don't want to hear about it later."

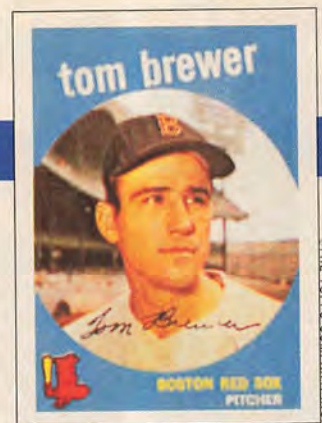
On Aug. 19, Kelly put four infielders on the right side against Toronto's Fred McGriff, a lefthanded pull hitter. McGriff beat the strategy with a line-drive single to right center, but Kelly defended the overshift. "Why, in our ballpark [with the short rightfield fence] would he want to hit the ball the other way?" said Kelly. "I should have put a short fielder out there, too, like in softball."

PERILS OF YOUTH

Atlanta, with all its young players, just keeps getting worse. The Braves are on pace to become the first National League team since the 1944 Brooklyn Dodgers to finish with an ERA a full run higher than the league average. The problem isn't manager-general manager Bobby Cox, but speculation persists that he won't be back next year, in either capacity. . . . Some talented pitchers just can't handle the pressure of late-inning relief. One appears to be Seattle's Mike Jackson, who as of

Sunday had blown nine saves in 11 tries this season. . . . The Cardinals' decision to move Willie McGee to rightfield and put rookie Ray Lankford in center is another sign that McGee won't be in St. Louis next season.

He's eligible for free agency, and the Cardinals don't appear too concerned about losing the possible winner of the National League batting crown. . . . With an eye toward 1991, the Angels are working out Dave Winfield at first base and outfielder Dante Bichette at third. That increases the chances that first baseman Wally Joyner will be traded in the off-season. California needs a third baseman. Jack Howell, who is at Triple A Edmonton, isn't the answer. . . . Red Sox catcher Tony Pena is such an unorthodox free swinger that he sometimes takes a couple of steps toward the ball before swinging. "I call it the Curly Shuffle," he says. Still, Pena had two three-walk games last week, which is as many as he had in his first 10 years in the major



Happy 59th to a Boston All-Star.

leagues. . . . San Diego Charger defensive end Burt Grossman is writing a no-holds-barred column for the San Diego *Union*. He has been especially tough on Padres third baseman Mike Pagliarulo, calling him a "stiff" and "Paglisomething." . . . Last Saturday at Tiger Stadium, Detroit first baseman Cecil Fielder hit homers number 40 and 41, off Oakland's Dave Stewart, and the second blow cleared the roof in leftfield. Only Harmon Killebrew and Frank Howard had ever accomplished that feat. Through Sunday, Fielder had 108 RBIs, which means that he has a chance to drive in more runs than the top two Tiger RBI men (Lou Whitaker and Chet Lemon) had between them last year (132). . . . The game between the A's and the White Sox at Comiskey Park on Aug. 20 was played on a very wet field. Before the game, Oakland centerfielder Dave Henderson said he hoped that no one would get hurt. In the first inning he tried to make a sliding catch of a fly ball and suffered a cartilage tear in his right knee. Henderson underwent arthroscopic surgery and will probably miss the rest of the season. . . . Those plucky White Sox just won't leave the mighty A's alone. "They can't shake us," says Chicago general manager Larry Himes. "We're like a bad headache. They wake up in the morning and we're there. And aspirin won't do any good."

WHEN THEY ARE GOOD . . .

As starters, these pitchers are very good on their best days but horrid when they lose.

	WON	ERA	LOST	ERA	DIFFERENCE
Kevin Tapani, Twins	11	1.13	6	12.91	+11.78
Trevor Wilson, Giants	7	1.53	5	12.98	+11.45
Melido Perez, White Sox	11	1.37	11	10.72	+9.35
Mark Gardner, Expos	6	0.92	6	9.59	+8.67
Jimmy Key, Blue Jays	8	2.45	6	10.73	+8.28
MAJOR LEAGUE AVERAGE	-	1.97	-	6.82	+4.85



Minimum five wins and five losses through Aug. 25

SOURCE: STATS, INC.

CHART BY JOHN GRIMWADE



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A GOLDEN TEAM'S SOLE SURVIVOR

Mark Koenig is the last of the 1927 New York Yankees

BY DAVE NEWHOUSE

The wonderful memories appear with a grainier texture these days, flickering inside Mark Koenig's head like a fading silent movie. He can make out images, but the echoes are gone, for the cheering stopped more than 60 years ago. The only voice heard now is his own: He is the last of the 1927 New York Yankees.

"Those days are one of the highlights of my life," Koenig said recently during a conversation at his California home. "They were my life. I sure miss those guys."

And in life's autumn reverie, he can see them as if it were only yesterday: Ruth, Gehrig, Meusel, Lazzeri, Dugan, Combs, Pennock, Hoyt . . . still considered by many baseball observers to be the greatest team ever. Koenig was the shortstop.

"I was ordinary. Very ordinary," he says. "I had small hands and made too many errors. The only thing I had was a powerful arm. I don't think I could have stayed up on any other club. The Yankees could have carried a midget at shortstop. That's how good a club it was."

Koenig, 86, is bewildered that he should be the last survivor of that storied '27 team. "I don't understand it," he says. "Maybe they got on base more and wore themselves out."

Yet it was Koenig who was on third, after slapping a triple, when Ruth lifted his 60th home run into the record books. "I just ran to the dugout," Koenig says of that historic moment. "It was just another home run."

The Babe. Koenig remembers the man more vividly than any of his home runs.

"Ruth wasn't too well educated. He didn't read much. He

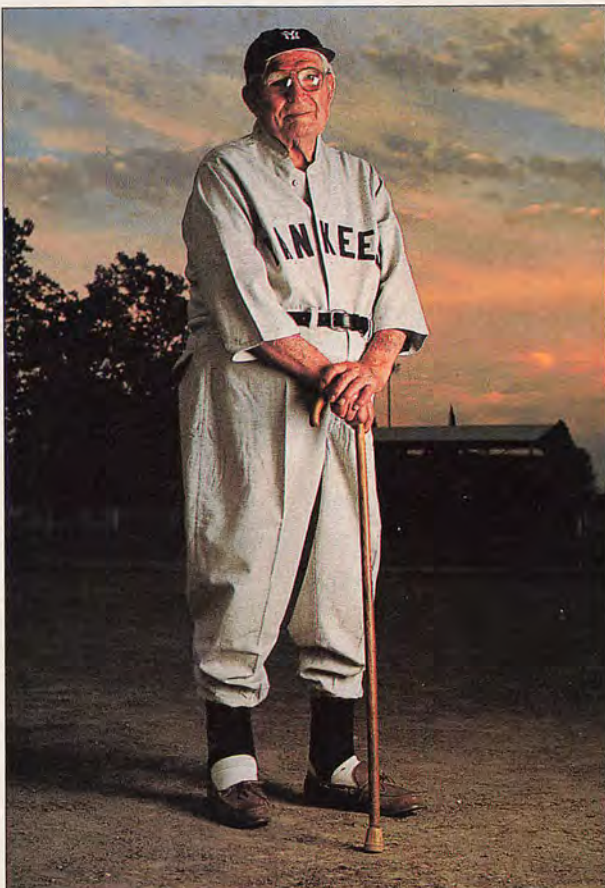
didn't know Robin Hood from Cock Robin," Koenig says. "We never saw much of him, just on the field. On the road, he roomed by himself. But myself, [catcher] Benny Bengough and [leftfielder] Bob Meusel went to New Jersey with him several times after ball games. Ruth had a

friend named Jimmy, a little bald-headed guy who owned this place in Passaic. Ruth would bring him a couple of autographed balls and a bat. You should have seen it, long tables loaded with sandwiches, beer coming in large steins. Sure, it was Prohibition. But it didn't matter."

Nothing mattered to those '27 Yankees, who had the stamina to play hard by day and by night. Even without a curfew, they batted .307 as a team, won a then league-record 110 games (in a 154-game schedule), ran off with the pennant by 19 games and swept Pittsburgh in four games in the World Series.

"We stayed in this fancy hotel in Washington with these ambassadors who wore red ribbons across their chests," Koenig remembers. "We came in one morning at three and decided to take a swim. The pool was in the lobby, and by the time I asked someone at the front desk if it was all right, [catcher] Johnny Grabowski had taken off all his clothes and dove in. Only it was the wrong end and he came up with this big bump on his head."

Early to bed, early to rise would have been advice wasted on many of those Yankees, who could hit even half asleep. Besides Ruth's 60 homers—four more than the total hit by any of the seven other clubs in the American League that season—Lou Gehrig hit 47. The Yankees belted 158 homers. Ruth, the rightfielder, batted .356, drove in 164 runs and led the league in runs scored, with 158. First baseman Gehrig batted .373 and topped the league with 52 doubles and a then record 175 RBIs. Centerfielder Earle Combs also hit .356 and was first in the league in base hits, 231, and triples, 23. Meusel batted .337, knocked in 103 runs and stole 24 bases, second in the league. Second baseman Tony Lazzeri hit .309 with 102 RBIs and 22 stolen bases, third in the league. It was, as the phrase of



GEORGE STEINMETZ/UNIFORM COURTESY MITCHELL AND NESS



CINDY CHARLES

Koenig, 86, has his family close by, but he still misses his old teammates.

the day had it, a Murderers' Row.

"Miller Huggins was a good manager, although he was a nervous little guy who moved his feet a lot in the dugout," says Koenig. "But he didn't have to be much of a strategist with that club. Lots of times, we'd be down five, six runs, and then have a big inning to win the ball game.

"Ruth was the best athlete on the team. He had a great pair of hands. I never saw him drop a fly ball. He had a wonderful arm, and I can't ever remember him throwing to the wrong base. And he was pretty fast for a man his size."

The exact opposite of the flamboyant Ruth, of course, was the subdued Gehrig. "Gehrig was a very nice chap," says Koenig. "I don't know how he ever got married. He was so bashful. I never saw him with a girl."

Gehrig attended Columbia University for two years before signing with the Yankees. Koenig doesn't visualize Columbia Lou as a typically cerebral Ivy Leaguer, however.

"One time in Waco, Texas," Koenig says, recalling a barnstorming trip, "Gene Robertson, our third baseman, Gehrig and myself were sitting on top of the third base dugout. There was a big screen behind it. Robertson said, 'Gee, they could sure hurl epithets at you here.' Gehrig turned around and said, 'They can't throw them through that screen.'"

The Yankees of the Roaring '20s always were good for a laugh, whether at their own expense or in inventing a roaring good time.

"We had some friends in St. Louis who made home brew," Koenig says, "and we knew where to get the most wonderful slabs of barbecued ribs. On the train trip home from St. Louis, we'd sit in boxcars, open the doors, eat the ribs and throw empty beer bottles at passing light poles."

Tempers did fly on occasion. Late one season the Yankees were in Baltimore for an exhibition game. Ruth played first base that day in his hometown. A double-play grounder was hit to Lazzeri at second, but his throw sailed over Koenig's head. Ruth began yelling at Koenig, convinced that the shortstop had made no effort to catch the ball. When the inning concluded, Ruth was still fuming.

"I was batting second the next inning," Koenig says, "and I was leaning over to pick up a bat when Ruth came up behind

me and shoved me down the dugout stairs. We just wrestled; no punches were thrown. Ruth was six feet two, 215. I'm six-even, and weighed 170 then, but I handled him O.K.

"Well, we both got thrown out of the game. We had berths across from each other on the train, but Huggins moved me to another car. I didn't talk to Ruth until the last day of the season. Then we shook hands and that was it. No hard feelings."

Koenig joined the Yankees in 1925, the same year that Gehrig replaced Wally Pipp at first base and Ruth had his famous stomachache, which reduced his season to 98 games, a .290 batting average and only 66 RBIs. For all the legendary accounts of Ruth's overindulgent life-style, Koenig never saw him intoxicated or hung over.

"But he sure was bigger than life. He drew in the fans, didn't he?" says Koenig, referring to the Yankees' million-plus attendance for all but two seasons in the 1920s, unheard-of success at the time. "Sometimes, though, he didn't care about anything but himself. He stood up the queen of the Netherlands on the courthouse steps in Minneapolis. He probably was with a dame."

Koenig took over as New York's starting shortstop in 1926. A switch-hitter, he batted second, between Combs and Gehrig, and hit .271 along with a career-best five home runs, including one that's indelibly etched in his memory:

"Lil Stoner of Detroit had one of the best curves in the business. One day he threw two curves by me for strikes. I turned around and winked at Gehrig. I was strictly a fastball hitter, and I knew Stoner would try to throw one by me. Sure enough, he did, and I hit it into the right-field stands. Ty Cobb was playing center-field, but he was also the Tigers' manager. As I was running around the bases, he held his nose, then waved his arms up and down at Stoner. Cobb had a nasty disposition. He wasn't well liked by anybody."

Koenig's poor fielding proved costly in the 1926 World Series against St. Louis, which was highlighted by Grover Cleveland Alexander's coming out of the bullpen to strike out Lazzeri with the bases loaded in the seventh inning to save a 3-2 victory for the Cardinals only one day after Alexander, 39, had beaten New York with a complete-game 10-2 win. Koenig

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WONDERWORD™

by JO OUELLET

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ELDNAHPATANKSSE	ECREGATIREHOPSN
NTLAICEPSRCETHS	ELAPARTXEUENPIM
JBUCKETBRAEROEA	SETESNEFEQSAAES
OESAHOEELPEETSBNB	AAETEIOAIITDPN
YNOPIEAXAAMAR	CNDSORRITNUAY
RNIEMTEIEW	ABHCTUERET
SGSASVLRWU	DRAFTOIIAH
VNEOOM	MYSDET
LROCBRE	ITEASSY
SYOIED	SARARET
TILS YSESNORN	CAPS THVGIOTL
HCDERTEEALTNQOE	BNEERGUNI NEHOA
GOLFBALLROSNSR	LLABTOOFKNIRDTY
IROUSATAGAWTAEU	SRABSKCORFOXOBO
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REMINISCENCE

made four errors in the Series, and mis-cues by him and Meusel contributed to a three-run St. Louis inning in the seventh game that cost the Yankees the Series.

"I was the goat of the Series, me and Meusel," Koenig says. "The sportin' writers said I had to go, that I would never make it. It kept up, and Huggins called me in to his office one day and said, 'Listen, I'm running this ball club. As long as I say you're going to play, you're my short-stop.' He gave me a little confidence."

Koenig improved his hitting to .285 in 1927. He then hit .500 to lead the Yankees in the World Series, and he didn't commit an error as the Yankees finished off Pittsburgh in four games.

"The Pirates watched us take batting practice before the first game," he says. "Ruth, Gehrig and Meusel kept hitting ball after ball out of the park. The Pirates were beaten before they started."

Koenig and Lazzeri, the Yankees' double-play combination, were both born and reared in San Francisco and sometimes roomed together on the road. One morning in Chicago, Koenig received the scare of his life.

"Lazzeri was combing his hair and—zoom!—the brush flew out of his hand and hit the wall," Koenig recalls. "He was having an epileptic fit. Then he flopped on the floor and started convulsing. I was stark naked, but I ran out in the hall and banged on Waite Hoyt's door. I knew he was a coroner's helper. He got Lazzeri's head up and his tongue out."

"Lazzeri only had those fits in the morning. That's what finally killed him, you know. He had one of those fits coming down the stairs and broke his neck."

Hoyt led Yankee pitchers in 1927 with 22 victories. Wilcy Moore, a 30-year-old rookie who both started and relieved, added 19 wins and led the league with a 2.28 ERA. Herb Pennock also won 19 games; Urban Shocker, 18. The pin-strippers' pitching staff was murderous too. Dutch Ruether and George Pipgras combined for another 23 wins.

Koenig doesn't accept the argument that pitchers are harder to hit now because of their variety of pitches.

"Today they have split-fingered fastballs, but back then they had spitballs, shineballs, mudballs," he says. "And you never got a nice white ball to hit all the time. The guys would throw the ball

around the infield. They all chewed tobacco and rubbed the ball up. You don't have that problem today."

The two other starters were Jumping Joe Dugan, the third baseman who hit .269 and received his nickname because of his quickness in pouncing on bunts, and catcher Pat Collins, who played in 89 games and batted .275.

Koenig batted .318 in 1928, his last season as the Yankees' regular shortstop, and New York made it another World Series sweep, this time over the Cardinals. The following year, a brash young player with a quick lip, Leo Durocher, played most of the season at shortstop. Koenig filled in at third base while hitting .292.

In 1930 the Yankees sold Koenig to Detroit. After two years with the Tigers, and a brief try at pitching, he was asked to manage in the minors. He said no, and Detroit sold him to the San Francisco Missions of the Triple A Pacific Coast League. He was only 28, but he was convinced his big league days were over. Then gunshots resurrected his career.

Cub shortstop Billy Jurgens was shot twice by a woman in a hotel room in July 1932. Although he recovered enough to play 115 games that season, Jurgens hit only .253, and the Cubs were looking for some punch for the pennant drive. They enlisted Koenig, who joined Chicago when the team was six games out of first. Koenig went on an offensive tear, hitting .353 over 33 games and sparking new life in the Cubs, who won the National League championship by four games over Pittsburgh.

The Cubbies' reward was the Yankees. In spite of Koenig's valuable role in September, his teammates voted him only a half share of the World Series pot. "I thought it was kind of cheap," he says. So did Babe Ruth.

"When the Cubs came out on the field before the first game, Ruth called them cheapskates and nickel squeezers," says Koenig. "All the Yankees were pulling for me."

In the Series opener, Koenig tripled off Red Ruffing, but injured his hand sliding into third. He didn't come to bat again in the Series, but watched in Game 3 when Ruth pointed—did he or didn't he?—to the centerfield fence before homering off Charlie Root.

"I get more letters about that than any-



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The Yanks went to bat politically: Gehrig held the R, Koenig the S and Ruth the T.

linked Koenig to the legend of George Herman Ruth.

"I was in on a couple of important things," Koenig says, looking back. "Otherwise, no one would have heard of me."

Koenig passed up a chance to be part of a third historic baseball event, one in which Ruth wasn't involved. The Cincinnati Reds, for whom Koenig played in 1934, became the first major league team to travel by airplane.

"Jim Bottomley and I refused to fly," he says. "We took the train."

thing else," Koenig says. "I tell people that I give Ruth the benefit of the doubt. But I really think he raised his hand to acknowledge that he had two strikes, or one strike left.

"Of course, I wouldn't put it past Ruth

to do something like that. Lots of times, he'd say, 'I feel good today. I think I'll hit a home run.' And, by golly, he did."

So Koenig neither documents nor denies Ruth's "called shot." But that home run and Ruth's 60th five years earlier

Koenig lasted 11 years in the big leagues, batting .279 lifetime. His final two seasons, with the New York Giants in 1935 and '36, were his unhappiest. "The Giants had a midnight curfew. That was brutal," he says. "If you wanted to eat out,

WITH ALL OF US LOOKING...



AND LISTENING...



WE ARE BECOMING ONE WORLD



TIME WARNER
The world is our audience.

you had to get permission from Bill Terry, the player-manager. I didn't like Terry. If he had a bad day at the plate, he wouldn't talk to you. If the pitchers, like Hal Schumacher, had a bad day, he would treat them awful.

"I'll tell you, I never had a better manager than Huggins. And I never got along better with any team than I did with the Yankees. They all pulled together. A wonderful team."

It is 63 years now since Murderers' Row, and Koenig is ill. He has been battling cancer for eight years. "I eat four, five cloves of garlic every day," he says. "You can read in the newspapers that garlic has been beneficial to cancer patients. But it also keeps people away."

He chuckles. There are other physical problems. Gout. A deteriorating back has left him stooped and forces him to use a cane. Weakening eyesight. He wears glasses as thick as a Coke bottle.

"I get by," he says.



Koenig had a powerful arm, but he was error prone; he made four in the '26 World Series.

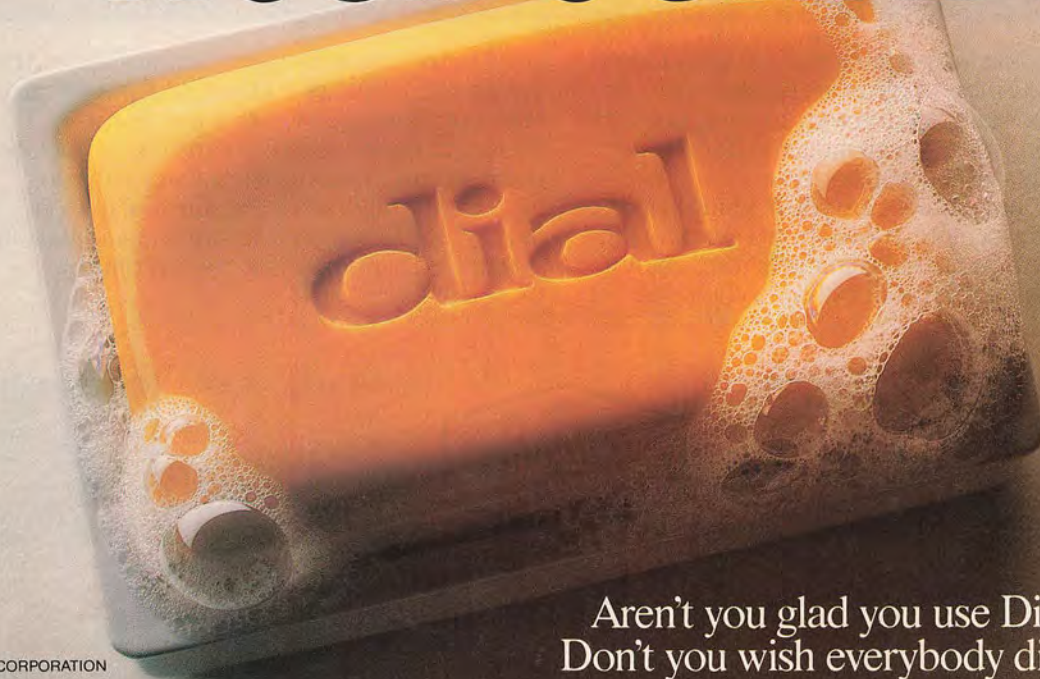
dot on the map 150 miles north of San Francisco. Koenig has the cottage in back.

Though he didn't finish high school, Koenig is a bright man who never gave up on learning. He spends his days reading and working crossword puzzles. "I finish most of them," he says proudly. At night he sits in a reclining chair watching television until he falls asleep. He sleeps three, maybe four hours a night, always upright, in the recliner. To lessen his physical discomfort, he is glad to talk about the old days, which allows him to project Ruth, Gehrig and the rest of the '27 Yankees across the theater of his mind.

It helps a little. ■

Dave Newhouse is a sports columnist for the "Oakland Tribune."

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FOR THE RECORD

A Roundup of the Week Aug. 20-26 • Compiled by Michael Jaffe

BASEBALL—Sun Chao-Chi pitched a two-hitter and struck out 16 as TAIPEI, TAIWAN, defeated Shipensburg, Pa., 9-0 to win the Little League World Series, in Williamsport, Pa. The title was Taiwan's 14th in 17 appearances (page 24).

BOATING—CHIP HANAUER, driving *Miss Circus Circus*, beat Tom D'Eath, in *Miss Budweiser*, by 200 yards to win an HFC Unlimited Hydroplane event and \$35,000 in Milwaukee.

BOWLING—ROWDY MORROW and DAVE SOUTAR beat Jimmy Certain and Doug Kent 234-216 to win a PBA doubles tournament and \$28,000 in Buffalo.

EQUESTRIAN—DALE HARVEY, riding Pik Trump, had two penalty-free rounds and a jump-off time of 31.81 to defeat Rob Gage, aboard Dutch Chocolate, by .35 of a second and win \$9,000 and a Grandprix event in Los Angeles.

GOLF—JOSE-MARIA OLAZÁBAL scored an 18-under-par 262 to defeat Lanny Wadkins by 12 strokes and win \$198,000 and the World Series of Golf, in Akron. Olazábal's margin of victory was the largest in 15 years on the American pro tour.

MARK McNULTY shot a final-round seven-under-par 65 to beat Craig Parry by three strokes and win his third German Open, in Düsseldorf. McNulty had an 18-under-par 270 for the tournament and earned \$150,000.

PETER PERSONS fired a tournament-record 20-under-par 260 to defeat Richard Zokol by two strokes and win a PGA Tour event in Chattanooga. Persons, who broke Brad Faxon's 1986 mark by one stroke, collected \$108,000, more than doubling his earnings this year.

PHIL MICKELSON won the U.S. Amateur Championship, in Denver (page 25).

GEORGE ARCHER shot an 11-under-par 205 over 54 holes to beat Bruce Crampton by two strokes and win a Senior PGA Tour event in Kenmore, Wash. The victory was worth \$52,500.

BETH DANIEL shot a final-round four-under-par 68 to beat Penny Hammel and Chris Johnson by six strokes and win an LPGA tournament in Brooklyn Park, Minn. Daniel, who had a 13-under-par 203 over 54 holes, earned \$56,250. The victory was her third in six weeks.

HARNESS RACING—JAKE AND ELWOOD (\$4,20), driven by John Campbell, took the lead just before the half-mile mark and held on to defeat Road Machine by 2½ lengths and win the Cane Pace, the first leg of the Triple Crown for pacers, at Yonkers Raceway. The 3-year-old bay colt covered the mile in 1:55½, earning \$97,310.

HORSE RACING—MISERDEN (\$68), ridden by David Flores, took the lead down the homestretch to beat Notorious Pleasure by a half length and win the Cabrillo Handicap, at Del Mar. The 4-year-old colt ran the 1½ miles in 1:48 and earned \$187,300.

BEAU GENIUS (\$6,40), Ricardo Lopez up, rallied to defeat Tricky Creek by a nose and win the Philip Iselin Handicap, at Monmouth Park. The 5-year-old horse covered the 1½ miles in 1:48½ and earned \$150,000.

DEPOSIT TICKET (\$4,60), with Gary Stevens in the saddle, cruised to a 4½-length victory over Fighting Affair in the Hopeful Stakes, at Saratoga. The 2-year-old colt ran the 6½ furlongs in 1:16½ and earned \$139,680.

WHO'S TO PAY (\$4,40), under Jerry Bailey, finished strongly on the turf track to beat Jalaajel by a neck and win the Saratoga Breeders' Cup. The 4-year-old gelding covered the 1½ miles in 1:46 and earned \$93,570.

LAY DOWN (\$11,20), ridden by Chris Antley, held off Quick Call by a nose to win the Forego Handicap, at Saratoga. The 6-year-old son of Spectacular Bid ran the seven furlongs in 1:22½ and earned \$51,840.

BLACK TIE AFFAIR (\$2,60), Jorge Velasquez up, beat Bio by 3½ lengths to win the Equipoise Mile, at Arlington International Racecourse. The 4-year-old colt finished in 1:36 and took home \$47,825.

MOTOR SPORTS—ERNIE IRVAN, driving a Chevrolet Lumina, defeated Rusty Wallace, in a Pontiac Grand Prix, by .21 of a second to win a NASCAR event at Bristol International Raceway. Irvan averaged 91.782 mph over the 500 laps of the .533-mile oval and earned \$49,600. It was Irvan's first Winston Cup victory.

AYRTON SENNA, driving a McLaren-Honda, led from start to finish to beat Alain Prost, in a Ferrari, by 3.55 seconds and win his third consecutive Belgian Grand Prix. Senna averaged 131.562 mph over the 44 laps of the 4.312-mile track and took home \$137,866.

AL UNSER JR., behind the wheel of a Lola-Chevrolet, defeated Danny Sullivan, in a Penske 90 Chevrolet,

by 28 seconds to win the Denver Grand Prix. Unser, who averaged 71.24 mph over the 80 laps of the 1.9-mile, 16-turn street circuit, collected \$123,866. The victory was Unser's third in as many weeks.

SHOOTING—BRUCE SHAW won three of four events at the National Hunter's Pistol Championships, in Bradford, Pa. PHIL ROESSEL shot a 111 (out of 120) to edge Wes Ninemire by one point for the overall title, but Shaw shot a 114 to defeat Roessel by five points in the small-bore category and a 96 to beat Roessel by seven points for the Smallbore Open Sight crown. In the Open Sight championship, Shaw outshot Dennis Van Tassel 98 to 94.

TENNIS—STEFAN EDBERG defeated Goran Ivanisevic 7-6, 6-3 to win a U.S. Open prep tournament and \$32,800 in Commack, N.Y.

IVAN LENDL beat Aaron Krickstein 6-4, 6-7, 6-3 to win his fourth WCT Tournament of Champions, in Forest Hills, N.Y. The victory was worth \$100,000.

GUILLERMO PEREZ-ROLDAN defeated Omar Camporese 6-3, 6-3 to win a clay-court tournament in San Marino, Italy, and \$18,000.

RAMESH KRISHNAN beat Kelly Evernden 6-1, 6-1 to win a hard-court event and \$18,300, in Schenectady, N.Y. ANKE HUBER outdueled Marianne Werdel 6-1, 5-7, 6-4 to win \$13,500 and the women's title.

MILEPOSTS—SANCTION LEVIED: By the United States Olympic Committee, against vice-president GEORGE STEINBRENNER, 60, shifting his status to "inactive."

SUSPENDED: By the National League, for one game, Los Angeles Dodger catcher RICK DEMPSEY, 40, for fighting in a game with the Philadelphia Phillies on Aug. 20. He was also fined \$1,000.

By the American League, for three games, Texas Rangers third baseman STEVE BUCHELE, 28, for his part in a brawl with the Chicago White Sox on Aug. 17.

By the NFL, for five weeks, Miami Dolphin nosetackle BRIAN SOCHIA, 29, for testing positive for steroids. Sochia is the fourth player to be suspended this pre-season for violating the league's drug policy.

DIED: CHRIS SILVA, 29, the first black swimmer to compete in the U.S. Olympic Trials (1984 and '88); of injuries suffered in a car accident; in Fort Lauderdale.

FACES IN THE CROWD

JOE TRAVER



LINDSAY AQUILINA
WILLIAMSVILLE, N.Y.

Lindsay, 8, a center, scored 30 goals in 12 games in leading the Strikers of the Amherst Soccer Association girls' eight-and-under division to a perfect record and the league title. She had at least two goals in all but one of her team's games.

TIM KELLY



DOUG WEBB
DRAPER, UTAH

Doug, a senior at Alta High, led the Hawks to their first-ever state 4A baseball title. A right-handed pitcher, Doug was 7-1 with a 1.89 ERA, 73 strikeouts and a .535 batting average. He was named the state's Most Valuable Player.

JACK LOFTUS



EVELYN GRANT
BANGOR, MAINE

Grant, 67, a housewife, shot an 11-over-par 83 to defeat Nellie Gerrish of Bar Harbor by two strokes and win the Hermon Meadow Ladies Golf Invitational. Over her career, Grant has also won three state and eight senior championships.



WAYNE CLEMENTS
BUNNELL, FLA.

Wayne, a recent graduate of Flagler Palm Coast High School, won his second consecutive state decathlon title. His total of 7,340 points included first-place finishes in the 100 meters, the 220 yards, the 440, the high jump and the long jump.

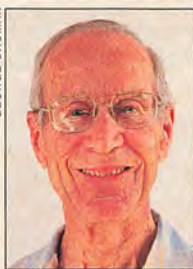
PETER BYRON



SHELLEY BUSTILLO
MIAMI

Shelley, 9, set Florida 10-and-under age-group records in the 3,000-meter, mile and two-mile runs, and in the 1,500-meter and mile race-walks. She also won the TFA national race-walk title, defeating Tammy Anderson by 1:28.6.

GEORGE SHUMAN



JIM WATSON
REDDING, CALIF.

Watson, 91, a retired engineer, rolled strikes in three of his final five frames to defeat Pete Varvaroff by one pin, 661-660, and win a senior league tournament in Sacramento. Watson, who started bowling at age 65, has a 145 average.

DON'T HANG IT ON COACHES

Reforms in college football must start at the top

BY WILLIAM F. REED ■



BILL LUSTER

IN RECENT MONTHS YOU MAY have noticed some contradictory statements relating to academics by your favorite big-time college football coach. One minute he is railing against the NFL for diminishing his program's graduation rate by making his seniors miss spring classes to participate in endless tests and tryouts for the pros. The next minute he is fuming at the reformers who say they want to limit the time athletes can devote to football so that players will have more time for studies.

The supposed do-gooders—and there are many college presidents among this group—want to ban athletic dorms, limit the time a scholarship athlete can devote to his sport to 20 hours a week and abolish, or severely limit, training tables and spring practice. Some coaches are so mad they would like to secede from the NCAA.

As always, the coaches will tell you that their only concern is their players' welfare. "In our part of the country, it's imperative that we have athletic dorms and training tables," says Mississippi coach Billy Brewer, who is living in the Rebel athletic dorm this season with his wife, Kay, while they shop for a house. "Most of our kids come from poor economic backgrounds, and this is a chance to improve them. We're doing a good job on the academic part of it and the discipline part of it, and the players like it."

"Think about the great football coaches—Rockne, Blaik, Bryant, Wilkinson, Dodd," says another SEC coach, Auburn's Pat Dye. "[The reformers] are trying to structure the game so that these types of individuals have less influence on young people's lives, and that's a tragic mistake. If [the reformers] really want to help the kids, they should see to it that the coaches have *more* time with them."

Dye and Brewer may be extreme in their intransigence—but not by much. Under siege, coaches are digging in their heels and insisting that the key to success on the football field has not changed: Control virtually every aspect of your players' lives. This argument might be more persuasive, of course, if we hadn't seen so many examples in recent years of how the current system has failed off the field. How many dreary stories have we read about football players, ostensibly living under their coaches' thumbs, becoming involved in drugs, brawls and rapes? And where is the evidence that proves there is a beneficial relationship between athletic dorms, curfews and training tables on the one hand and grades on the other?

Unlike ordinary students, who are encouraged to partake liberally of the feast of opportunities available on a college campus, football players live regimented lives and rarely stray from the athletic complex. Given the chance, maybe some of them would rather spend more time in a chemistry lab, or reading books, or even discussing world events over a brew.

This is what the coaches are afraid of. Coaches wonder why football time should be restricted, when it's O.K. for, say, journalism majors to work 10 hours a day on the student newspaper or for chemistry students to work late into the night in the lab. The difference is that football players are rarely given a choice as to how they spend their time. They are often little more than laborers who, incidentally, don't get compensated nearly well enough for their labors. It's big business, serious business, and there's the rub.

A great deal is expected of a big-time college football coach. As head of a multimillion-dollar business, he is supposed to win enough to fill the stadium, get the team on TV, earn a bowl

bid and make the alumni so happy that donations keep rolling in. He must accomplish all of this in order to put his program so far in the black that it will be able to support not only itself, but the rest of the athletic department as well (as many as 28 varsity sports in the case of Penn State). At the same time, he is expected to see to it that his players graduate within five years, even though many come out of high school so ill-prepared that they have no business being in college in the first place.

From the coach's perspective, how can he help but be confused about his mission? Especially when it is the very university administrators who espouse reform—not the coaches—who are negotiating huge TV contracts and talking about creating superconferences. Many administrators still haven't come to terms with how to reconcile their desire for profit with the lofty ideals of their schools.

Until they do, the coaches will remain trapped in the middle, paying lip service to the ideal—that education comes first—while desperately trying to maintain control of their players and their sport. University officials could help coaches shed their antiquated notions about how to run their football programs by guaranteeing the coaches that their jobs aren't solely dependent on how many games they win or how much revenue they generate.

But you don't hear much of that, do you? Of course not. So don't be too hard on your favorite coach if he seems to be talking out of both sides of his mouth. He's probably only trying to figure out what his university's priorities really are. ■

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Monday - 11 AMIMSA GTP
Monday - 11:30 AMCART Vancouver Grand Prix
Monday - 4:30 PMMotorweek Illustrated
Tuesday - 2 AMESPN's SpeedWeek™
Thursday - Midnight

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Saturday, Thursday - 11 PM
Sunday - 7 PM & Midnight
Wednesday - 10:30 PM
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Between Doubleheader GamesSunday Night Baseball
Yankees vs. Red Sox
Sunday - 8 PMMONDAY
Phillies vs. Pirates
OR Blue Jays vs. Tigers
1:30 PMA's vs. Red Sox
OR Royals vs. White Sox
7:30 PMGiants vs. Padres
OR Astros vs. Dodgers
10:30 PMTUESDAY & FRIDAY
Doubleheader
Teams to be announced
7:30 PM & 10:30 PMWEDNESDAY
Teams to be announced
7:30 PMGames subject to
change or blackouts

Chi Chi

Rodriguez

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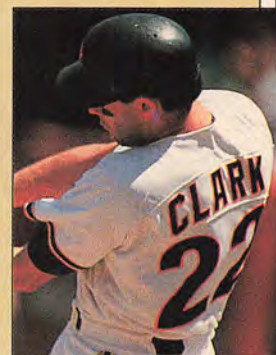
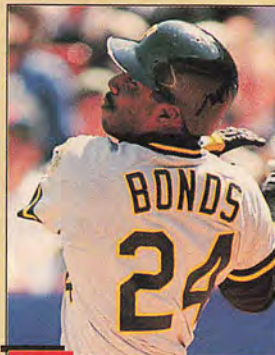
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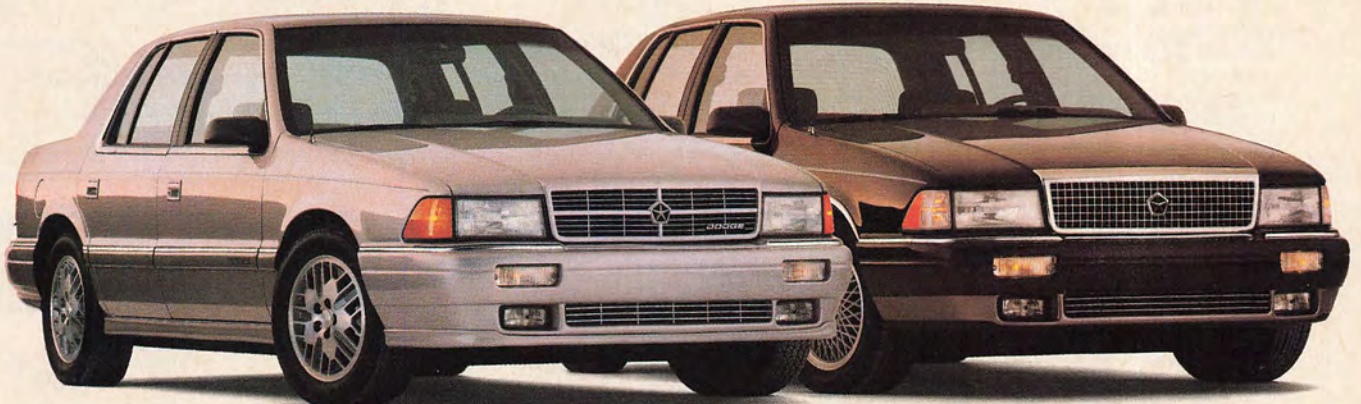


The Americans that beat Honda now beat Toyota.

80 out of 100 car owners considering a Japanese model rated Dodge Spirit and Plymouth Acclaim superior overall to Toyota Camry. And 91 out of 100 rated Dodge Shadow and Plymouth Sundance superior to Toyota Tercel.*

Dodge Spirit ES.

Plymouth Acclaim LX



Dodge Shadow

Plymouth Sundance



* Combined raw score of two 50-member panels; Honda reference to identical earlier test against Accord EX and Civic DX.

** Not affiliated with the U.S. Government. † On new dealer stock. Short term financing for qualified retail buyers through Chrysler Credit. Other rates for longer terms.

†† Based on '89 M.Y. Corp. avg. fuel economy. ‡ Always remember to wear your seat belt.

EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR	SPIRIT/ ACCLAIM	TOYOTA CAMRY	EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR	SHADOW/ SUNDANCE	TOYOTA TERCEL
(Evaluate the following:)			(Evaluate the following:)		
Front view	65	35	Front view	76	24
Side view appearance	70	30	Side view appearance	66	34
Rear view appearance	64	36	Rear view appearance	63	37
Wheels	83	17	Trunk	91	9
Overall exterior appearance	73	27	Overall exterior appearance	74	26
Instrument panel appearance	73	27	Instrument panel appearance	69	31
Seat appearance	69	31	Seat appearance	78	22
Carpeting appearance	72	28	Carpeting appearance	76	24
Interior door trim	73	27	Interior door trim	66	34
Overall interior appearance	80	20	Overall interior appearance	81	19
COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE			COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE		
Front seat comfort	87	13	Front seat comfort	82	18
Front seat legroom	91	9	Front seat legroom	81	19
Rear seat comfort	89	11	Rear seat comfort	59	41
Ease of rear seat entry/exit	93	7	Ease of rear seat entry/exit	46	54
Ease of under-hood service	91	9	Ease of under-hood service	76	24
Overall comfort and convenience	89	11	Overall comfort and convenience	84	16
Rear seat legroom	92	8	Instrument panel gauges	66	34
Overall interior room	90	10	Trunk room	71	29
Tilt steering wheel	85	15			
DRIVING EXPERIENCE			DRIVING EXPERIENCE		
Driving ease	70	30	Driving ease	83	17
Cornering ability	63	37	Cornering ability	71	29
Steering response	62	38	Steering response	67	33
Pickup and passing ability	64	36	Pickup and passing ability	76	24
Transmission smoothness	58	42	Transmission smoothness	65	35
Overall driving experience	69	31	Overall driving experience	86	14
Maneuverability	58	42	Braking response	75	25
Acceleration	63	37	Overall fun to drive	82	18
RIDING EXPERIENCE			RIDING EXPERIENCE		
Riding smoothness	66	34	Riding smoothness	88	12
Riding steadiness	66	34	Riding steadiness	84	16
Seating comfort	81	19	Seating comfort	88	12
Quietness	53	47	Quietness	75	25
Overall riding experience	72	28	Overall riding experience	90	10
Support to your body on turns	73	27	Lack of wind noise	78	22
OVERALL SUPERIORITY	80	20	OVERALL SUPERIORITY	91	9

American quality came through again. And more people who said they would probably buy a car from Japan, probably won't. It happened in an impartial, independent test by U.S. Testing Company Market Research, Inc.** Two groups of Ford and GM owners, definite prospects for a Japanese model, compared Dodge Spirit ES and Plymouth Acclaim LX to Toyota Camry LE. Two other groups checked out Dodge Shadow and Plymouth Sundance against Toyota Tercel DLX. They went over the cars inside and out, judging 33 different counts of styling, comfort and performance.

When the results were in, Spirit and Acclaim were hands-down winners over Camry. Same for

Shadow and Sundance over Tercel.

"They're going to give the Japanese cars a run for their money."

The talk after the test was all about Dodge and Plymouth. For instance: "The car was responding to me—I wasn't responding to the car." ... "Zippy, comfortable, luxurious" ... "The way the car handles is magnificent" ... "The pickup was much, much better" ... "American cars have it over the Japanese in a lot of respects."

The Ultimate Incentive.

It can save you money on the Americans that beat Honda and Toyota, and it could save your life.†



**0% financing
saves money.**



**Air bags
save lives.**

The savings: buy a Spirit, Acclaim, Shadow or Sundance with 0% Annual Percentage Rate short-term financing ... or get \$750 cash back from Chrysler.† The safety: a driver-side air bag standard on every one. But not on Camry or Tercel.

For complete information about the test, write U.S. Testing Company Market Research, Inc., P.O. Box 1411, Wheeling, Ill. 60090.

Chrysler has the highest corporate Average Fuel Economy of any American car company.††

Advantage: Chrysler. 

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